

THE EASTERN ROAD

PLATE I



DR. BATCHELOR AND AN AINU WOMAN
UMPOO.

[See p. 54

The Eastern Road.

BY

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WITH 19 FULL-PAGE PLATES

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P R E F A C E

THE journey of which this volume forms a record was undertaken in 1922. As Albert Kahn Travelling Fellow it was my agreeable duty to travel round the world, and to visit the United States, Japan, China, Java, Ceylon, India and some countries in Europe. I have devoted this volume to a consideration chiefly of Japan and China.

The motives of the founder of the Fellowships are in the highest sense humanitarian ; he aims (as I understand it) carefully to select, through the distinguished body of Trustees of the English Foundation, young men and women and to give to each of them, year by year, the splendid opportunities afforded by such an extended period of travel. He hopes that, by this means, their minds may be so broadened and attuned to the essential principles and potentialities of civilization in its widest sense, that when they return they will, in the course of time, have some influence first on the public opinion and thought of their own countries, and also eventually on international opinion. The attempt to carry into effect such ideals can be undertaken in no spirit of presumption, particularly in these days of international turmoil ; the most able and confident would scarcely look for results until after many years. Still less can one hope, so soon after the travel is over, to write anything which, even remotely, sums up one's own thoughts on world-wide problems. That is in no sense the object of the book. But each Fellow on his return is required to write a report of his impressions ; this is mine. Even such an undertaking is no light one, and I cannot but feel that, though I have tried to enter into the spirit of the Fellowship the task has been one too great for accomplishment, either in the time at my disposal or with the eyes that I possess. He who would fulfil M. Kahn's ideas adequately, must have the vision of a Humboldt denied to more ordinary mortals. It is one of the conditions of the Fellowship that the holder should, as far as possible, eliminate his personal advantage, but there are memories which must, of necessity, be a treasure which no one can take away, the memory of the dawn

coming over the hills, of wild gallops over the plains, of strange talks in outlandish places when ἡέλιον λείσχι κατεδύσαμεν.

I should like to express my indebtedness to the Trustees for the arrangements they have made to publish this volume, the more so because, in the past, the reports of Albert Kahn Travelling Fellows have only been privately printed. I have limited myself to a very small part of my journey, that part which, owing to the present condition of the world's politics, seems most likely to be of interest to others than specialists. Throughout the whole of my journey, however, I was struck by the fact that in different lands the same problems were appearing, though not infrequently disguised by differing geographical conditions.

In nearly every country I visited there was a singular lack of that feeling of peace which it was possible to experience in the days before the war. Mexico was disturbed, possibly not an unusual occurrence; in Japan, at least, that was my impression, the Economic situation and the adaptation to the new industrial conditions was threatening to cause a feeling of unrest similar to that which the industrial revolution caused in our own country. China was in the throes of a civil war. In Java there was talk but as yet no actual stirring. The situation in India is too familiar to need comment. Of conditions in Europe I need not speak; the Ruhr crisis was coming to a head while I was in Berlin, and everybody was waiting to see what action France was going to take.

It was a world of conflict, of jarring cultures, races and nations, and the traveller searched widely for peace where there was no peace. Sometimes I have passed from the main thread of my argument, humanity, in order to talk of human surroundings. I have done this for two reasons, first, because I believe profoundly in the effect of environment on mankind, and secondly because of a feeling illustrated by the story of an old Chinese sage.* His thoughts had been so high and his life so blameless that once, as he was walking alone, engaged in philosophic contemplation, he was met by a celestial messenger, who informed him that the high Gods had observed his blameless conduct with satisfaction. The sage was asked to choose any reward he would. Without hesitation he chose to be allowed to wander alone among the mountain-tops and to observe the beauties of Nature.

*Told by R. F. Johnston in "Peking to Mandalay."

As he spoke these words he heard, as it were, an echo of heavenly laughter among the mountains and the messenger replied, "Ask what you will, ask for long life or riches or honour, or for anything that men count for happiness, but ask not for this one thing, for that is the greatest privilege of the immortal gods." Perhaps the old gods are dead for I have enjoyed what was denied to the scholar of my story and in places I have written thereon.

Many of the pleasantest and most lasting memories of my journey are concerned with natural scenery. I sailed up the great rift through which the St. Lawrence flows as the woods were beginning to take on their autumn colours. In New Hampshire the maples were wearing the brilliant robes they don to greet the Indian summer. The first journey through the Painted Desert and the apparently never-ending miles of sage-brush and sand will remain something which the smell of alkali dust will always recall. The valley of Mexico, with the great volcanoes hidden in mist, is said to be one of the wonders of the world. For myself, if I were bidden to choose, I should say that the valley of Oaxaca is more beautiful yet. Behind is the gorge through which the railway runs, to the left the wooded slopes of the Sierra Madre, in front two valleys separated by hills. The plain glistens with little villages, set, like emeralds, in a rich casket of a precious metal. Then I saw tropical forests and the first sight of the Pacific beating its long rollers on a shelving beach covered with volcanic dust. Honolulu has a tourist literature of its own; yet are not many of the islands as beautiful, or even more beautiful, in their sea-borne luxuriance? The beauty-spots of Japan have been carefully catalogued and, as it were, arranged with all the grace and prettiness of one of their own gardens. When I think of Japanese neatness and the ordered grace which characterizes Japan (not all Japan, but much of it), and compare her with the wilder spots of the earth's surface or the infinite variety of China, I am tempted to quote Austin Dobson:—

The ladies of St. James' are painted to the eyes,
Their white it never changes, their red it never dies;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida, the colour comes and goes,
It fades into the lily, it blushes to the rose.

Some, no doubt, will blame the rustic boor who cannot perceive the true import of art. Yet the gods of China, terrifying deities of great power, have permitted me to see

her unadorned beauty in the plains of the North, in the quiet cloistered calm of the temples of the Western hills, even in Peking itself. I saw the great desert of Arizona and, long ago, the Nubian desert; I met my old love, parkland passing into desert in Rajputana. Like the Pucelle Angevine of the old French poets, who had the beauty of raven locks and of blue eyes, this borderland country has both the gorgeous colouring of the true desert and the variety which is so characteristic of parkland.

Those of us who travel in this present age are in a fortunate position. Our tales are received with less incredulity than in the days when Marco Polo could not leave the house without the small boys calling "liar" after him. We are still open to the complaint that his village made to a sage, who ascended up a moonbeam from the Wall of China and came to a new land much better than ours. "If it was so much better," said the village, "why did you come home again?" (No doubt the old man's tales were somewhat long.) He replied that he preferred the familiar things to that which was strange, even though the strange things were ever so much better.

I have attempted to make my survey as impartial as possible. It has often happened that the familiar thing, by its very familiarity, has seemed preferable, though the strange seemed better. Even though I have tried, as far as possible, to enter into the true spirit of my Fellowship and to avoid the prejudices inherent in any training, yet it has often been difficult, if not impossible, not to look at the world with the vision distorted by the peculiar conformation of lenses through which an ethnologist regards his fellow man.

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THE EASTERN ROAD

CHAPTER I

JAPAN

MOST travellers from Europe visit Japan at the end of their tour in the Far East. They have then the advantage of passing by the route by which the primitive Japanese themselves travelled and by which the various waves of culture have reached Japan. They also can envisage more clearly the position that Japan holds in Asia. I travelled, it so happened, from San Francisco. I arrived in Japan just after the Washington Conference, at a time when the eyes of the world were turned on the Pacific. It is clear then that certain features should demand my immediate attention, perhaps to the exclusion of others of greater importance. When I left Japan, there were three subjects which remained in my mind dominating all others, first the importance of race problems in relation to the political position of Japan, secondly the immense effect of the geographical surroundings, both on the social as well as the political life of the people, and, thirdly, the wonderful natural beauty of the land. In Hokkaido, the northern island, I was fortunate enough to see something of the Ainu, but it is more convenient to treat those interesting people separately.

Owing to recent political discussions on the subject

of racial equality, the ethnographic position of the Japanese has become a matter of considerable interest. Before discussing this, let me give a description of the personal appearance of the average Japanese, from notes which I made after wandering about the city of Tokyo. The general stature of the people is short, though hardly so short as that of the full-blood Indians in Mexico, but very much shorter than that of the Pekingese. There is a noticeable difference of stature between the sexes. The actual proportions of the body are very different from those of Europeans, the head being bigger and the legs shorter. In spite of the shortness of the limbs, the fore-arm seemed to be rather longer in relation to the upper arm than is usual in the west. The colour of the eye is always a rather dark brown. There is quite a big range of skin colour. Some of the women, without any make-up, appeared quite relatively fair, but the fair ones have a marked red spot on the cheeks. I am inclined to think that the men are rather darker than the women. The hair is black and straight; in my wanderings about Tokyo I did not see a single Japanese with curly hair, although I afterwards met a Japanese diplomat in Peking who was very proud of his curly hair which he ascribed to Ainu blood. The distance between the eyes is very noticeable. The bridge of the nose is low, although I have seen one or two men with an almost aquiline nose. The cheek bones are high and the lower classes seem to have rather higher cheek-bones than the upper.

In Japan, especially in the cities, one seems to see a great deal of difference and diversity of feature. If one goes into a village of North American Indians, most of them seem to conform to a particular type. In Japan this is not the case. Such a diversity of feature is usually a good indication of a mixture of

race, which we have every reason to believe has occurred in the formation of the Japanese people.

To analyse their component parts is more difficult. It seems not improbable that three or four stocks have entered into the formation of the people, and I am inclined to suspect that there are rather different elements in the upper and in the lower classes, as has also been suggested may have occurred in Europe. It has been said that the Ainu strain has not survived among the modern Japanese, a theory that is supported by the absence of curly hair. The flatness of the cheek bones, to which I have drawn attention, suggests a kinship with some of the tribes of northern Asia, examples of whose physical type exist to-day in Hokkaido. Some authorities have seen a survival of the Mongol type in these people, a theory which naturally makes it difficult to account for their presence in the islands and to fix a date for their arrival. If, however, they are associated with the inhabitants of the coast of eastern Asia, this difficulty becomes less. The second strain, and one that is very prominent among the upper classes, has been called by Baelz the Manchu-Korean type. It is characterized especially by its extreme slenderness of build. A third and probably the most prominent element in the population may be called, for want of a better term, Malay. This is an unsatisfactory word, but in the case of the Japanese may be used as a convenient method of indicating at least their geographical place of origin.

It will be seen then that the Japanese are racially very mixed. It is quite clear that physically the bulk of the population are widely separated from the Chinese, and their psychological characters are equally widely divergent. The term "Mongolian" has been widely used in connexion with the Japanese, unfor-

unately perhaps, as such a term leads to vagueness. There can be little doubt that they form a branch of the great yellow race, but they are certainly a specialized branch. The diversity of feature would suggest that, as the result of admixture, they still retain a good many of the traits of the races or sub-races of which they are compounded, and that these traits appear in differing degrees in different people.

Geographically, Japan at first sight presents certain parallels to Great Britain. Like those islands, Japan is also separated from the mainland by a strait of no great width, but, unlike the British Isles, separation from the mainland is really considerable because of the comparatively large distance of the effective centres of population from the mainland. The nearest effective ports on the mainland and the Japanese shore are Shanghai and Nagasaki respectively, and these are separated by 450 miles of stormy seas. The insular position of Great Britain, which has formed a barrier to aggression, has never formed a barrier to trade or culture contact. Japan, on the other hand, has been able for many centuries to isolate herself from culture contact, and in that way to develop a culture which, though so clearly reminiscent of its far-off origin, is yet entirely different from the original.

Japan is essentially a land of mountains. Fertile plains are almost absent, and the lack of sufficient arable land has established a culture in which it is still bad manners to leave a single rice grain in the bowl. In most countries geographical conditions, which include high mountains and deep valleys, combined with the absence of large plains, result in the formation of numerous communities often differing from one another physically as well as culturally. In Japan, the comparatively recent conquest of their

present territory by the Japanese has prevented such a development. There are, of course, local differences, but on the whole Japan represents a homogeneous culture. The great variety of the landscape caused by the numerous mountains fails to produce that feeling of distance that is so characteristic of countries like Mexico or China. From Fujisan it is difficult to realize that some of the neighbouring mountains are over 10,000 feet high. The diminutive stature of the people may also to a certain extent contribute to this feeling of smallness, but this can hardly be entirely the case, for the inhabitants of Mexico are also of small stature. In spite of the ruggedness of the mountains and of the lava fields there is always a tidiness of the landscape reminding the traveller of those little gardens with the tea houses where the Japanese delights to honour his guests. I remember very vividly a long journey in South Western Japan in spring-time. The maples were just coming out and though most of the cherry blossom was finished the fresh new greenery of spring was taking its place. The hillsides were covered with pink azaleas. We passed in and out among the mountains ; every turn of the railway showed some entirely fresh view.

The day was a lovely one, and in the late afternoon we looked across the sea at the votive gate of the shrine of Itsukushimajinga at Miyajima. Seldom have I enjoyed so limited a view so much, for limited it is—no distance, no wild expanse, just sea and hill-side and the Gate. Seen from this distance, the shrine fulfils all the canons of Japanese art, a big setting for a tiny thing, like the painting of the sleeping sparrows in the palace at Kyoto.

The foreground is blue sea, with one or two fishing boats, so inconspicuous that they do not detract from the central theme, the harmony of the gate and the

sea. Lonely and isolated as it appeared is the great red *torii*, the votive gate. Behind to the left is the little sacred village, where no man may be born or die, and then the holy island rising up behind, dark green with pines, and crimson here and there with the spring foliage of the maples and the azalea flowers. The sea channel stretches right and left ; to the left openings and islands and yet more islands can be seen ; but the central figure in the landscape is the old red Shinto gate with sea in front and the steep green holy isle behind. Familiarity with the *motif* in art does not spoil the first view of the shrine ; quite the contrary. On a spring day, with sunshine and spring flowers, it stands up a perpetual monument—for all that it is built of wood which soon decays—of impressive beauty and archaic simplicity.

I have described at some length one of the famous beauty spots of Japan, because they mean so much to the Japanese and to their culture. Fujisan has become almost as familiar to the world as any other view. It is the only mountain that everybody in the west recognizes when they see its picture. We know more of Mont Blanc, Everest is intellectually not unfamiliar, but the introduction of Japanese goods and Japanese art has made Fuji almost a household word. The great gate is no less familiar, only its name is not known.

The country round Mount Fuji has been described again and again, yet it merits a further description, if only because here, in detail, we can see the relation of the Japanese to particular environment as well if not better than elsewhere. I went on my pilgrimage to Fuji in spring-time, just as the cherry blossoms were at their best. I left the train at Otsuke and, braving the dangers of a tram ride in the wet, took the light railway to Yoshida. It was raining heavily and all

the streams were full. All along the edge of the road were water-wheels innumerable, of all sizes, from small ones about three feet in diameter to huge things about eight times as big. In many of the houses we just caught a glimpse of looms, for this is the centre of the silk district and there are mulberries all along the roads and in terraces up the hill-sides, like the vines in southern Europe. There was a dwarf cherry in bloom in front of almost every house and even the carpenter as he worked had a bowl of flowers in front of him, a sprig of cherry, perhaps, or a bunch of daffodils. From Yoshida we walked to Funatsu through lava fields with little terraces of mulberries. There were many coolies working in the fields, and they, little pine trees and the cone of Fuji made up the landscape. The village of Funatsu leads down a winding street to the lake; it consists of a series of houses with the backyards of each joined to the backyard of the next. Behind lies Fuji, in front pine- and maple-clad hills sprinkled with snow running up from the lake. All along the lake, (it is called Kawaguchi) there are little tiny fishing villages. A few small islands dot the northern shore. We landed at Naganama.

This place was at the moment principally concerned in constructing a road, it seemed a kind of *λειτουργία*; the road was given by a wealthy farmer to avoid the nemesis of public opinion that he was getting too rich! Up from the lake we climbed till we got to the crest. We looked back at the snow on the summits above Kawaguchiko, and turned to find that in front was a village and a lake of almost exactly the same type as that which we had passed. The river valleys have been dammed by a great out-pouring of lava from the quiescent cone of Fuji, and form great natural reservoirs.

The potentialities of the country have not escaped notice ; we mentioned the water-wheels on the road. All through this district every possible use is made of water power, both in the primitive under-shot water-wheels and in more modern wheels, but perhaps most interesting of all in various ingenious devices is one constructed on the principle of a see-saw. One end of the see-saw is usually hollowed out ; it fills with water from a bamboo pipe ; when full, it over-balances, raises the other end and, when, as it sinks the water pours out ; the see-saw returns to the former position ; such a device is used to pound corn, the heavy non-hollow end having a maul attached to it.

The village of Nishinoumi is, I think, fairly typical of these fishing villages. It runs down to the lake and climbs up the hill on either side of one of the valleys leading down to the lake. Like so many Japanese villages, it is tidy beyond description. The cultivation is mulberries, but a certain amount of barley and Indian corn is grown. The people are sturdy, delightful folk, with children everywhere, for once not very clean ; the mamas neglect to wash their faces. We crossed the lake to Namba. The hills hide Fuji and the lake is very deeply set. We started to walk through the woods to lake Shoji. The walk was a fascinating one. The woods all contained very small timber. There were many old friends among the woodland flowers. The common dog violet was everywhere, and I saw some primroses. Many of the British genera occurred, but different species. There was a pink hawk-weed, a butterbur, a sage, and a charming little plant which looked like a pink edition of our little bird's-foot trefoil. Yellows would be dominant in England at this time ; they occur, of course, in these Japanese woods, a dandelion,

PLATE II



LAKE KAWAGUCHIKO



A VILLAGE NEAR FUNATSU, MT FUJI

PLATE III



CHARCOAL BURNERS



NISHINOUMI VILLAGE

a hawk-weed, a sow-thistle, and several species of potentillas. Pink is however the prevalent colour. Cherries, azaleas, and little flowers which grow to delight wayfarers along the edge of the road. Pines are the most common woodland trees, but there are many species of maples, the only reminder one has of the American woodlands. It seemed a far cry from New England to these Japanese woods, and I have only seen the former in autumn and the latter in spring, but they have this feature in common, the blood-red glory of the maples. But the Japanese woods include other plants which are less familiar, a number of subtropical species and especially bamboos, the dominant industrial plant of Asia. I was delighted, as I always am, to find a little frullania. This plant is a liverwort, a group akin to the mosses, but unlike most of the liverworts it is of xerophytic habit ; that is to say, it likes a more or less dry habitat. It grows on the bark of trees and has its under-pair of bracts specialized so that they form little cups, which catch and retain the moisture which trickles down the tree trunk. Under a low-power microscope these little plants are singularly attractive. There is one species which is very common on oak trees in England. Various minute organisms live inside the pitchers, and probably help their host, by converting the materials in the water into a form which it can utilize.

The bigger lumber is used for pulp, the smaller for a variety of purposes most of which appeal to the eye. The first is the making of water pipes. The latter run through every village and are carried over hummocks and round corners with much ingenuity. The logs are just hollowed out and a tiny limpid stream flows along them. In one village in order to divide a little runlet into two, the fork of a tree had been

hollowed out, so that half the stream went along the main axis of the tree and half turned at the fork.

Charcoal-burning is one of the chief professions of these woods. We came across some kilns in their heart. The kiln itself was cylindrical and about three feet in diameter and perhaps fifteen feet long. It was made of clay and was protected by a straw thatch, about six feet intervening between the thatch and kiln at the apex. The charcoal-burners told us that it took about four days to burn. They were simple folk, covered with the grime of their profession, which made them look like Mongoloid negroes.

We walked on through the woods, which were very unkempt, with practically no big timber, then we came out on to Shoji lake which is shallow in parts and full of rocks. The village is at one end of the lake, at the lower end of a deep, steep ravine. Here they make the wood-work that is used in the silk industry. Fuji dominates the lower end of the lake which in ancient times its lava flow dammed up. I saw the mountain as the sun was going down, by moonlight, and in the early morning. Perhaps the last-named is the best view, as the lake is then very still, and the cone is reflected in the water. It is almost sacrilege to admit it, but Fuji does not fascinate me as it should. The cone is almost perfect, the lower slopes are pine-clad, the mountain stands out huge and solitary, a lonely sentinel, still guarding nearly every thing that is good and bad in Japanese art and daily life. It is a holy place of pilgrimage and is one of the grandest of earthly shrines ; yet, though one of the most famous volcanoes in the world, I challenge its supremacy. The lines of any volcanic cone make it an object of beauty and, if need be, an object of veneration. When the summit is covered with snow, the contrast

between the white cap and the lower slopes make it still more striking. The great cone of Popocatepetl is no longer covered with eternal snow, but the old giant's companion, Ixtaccuihuatl, The Snow-white Lady, still sleeps under her dazzling mantle. They look out over the great valley of Mexico, and Fuji is for all its height and size a pygmy beside them. Perhaps I ought to have seen Fuji first, for who, beholding the greater, can afterwards admire the less ?

Turning to the west, we rode through woods and along a narrow trail in the hillside, with terraces in which mulberry saplings were planted. So we came to the end of Mossu lake. Seen from the hillside, perhaps seven hundred feet above it, the lake is blue and sapphire with well-timbered hills all round ; Fuji dominates the outlet. There are innumerable little sandy coves and inlets, and, owing to its length and narrowness, one gets the impression of a fiord. We climbed to the top of the divide and looked over. I was riding ahead, I felt somehow that I gained by getting an extra minute of the view. In front, there stretched a long tiny valley, hemmed in by high hills. The valley opened out and there lay low range after low range till the sky-line was formed, up in the air, it seemed, by the snow-capped sierra of the Japanese Alps. The whole landscape possessed infinite variety ; it was parcelled out by nature and by art into a mosaic—little fields, little valleys, little hills. To those accustomed to the earth's wide spaces where it is possible to ride from dawn to dusk in a landscape in which the same hills look down on yesterday's and to-day's camp, a Japanese view is surprising. I have often thought that I would never reach the end of the valley before dark ; I have actually reached it in an hour or two. But the scenery is none the less beautiful for all that.

I felt how extraordinarily realistic is Japanese art ; we saw the same hills, the same trees that we had often seen before in painting. Dotted down the valley at frequent intervals were villages, the work, it seemed, of cabinet makers rather than carpenters, so neat they were. Wherever there was a flat space, it was cultivated for grain, which was ground by water power. The ride was a short one, only sixteen miles, very easy and pleasant ; I enjoyed every moment of it. The landscape was varied, now a little village by the river, now a new hill, now some camelias, now a house perched up, just at the right place in the hillside to complete the picture. From Tambara we went down the rapids of the Fujiwara river. The current is sufficiently swift, and at the narrows sufficiently turbulent, to add a wild excitement to the journey. We all felt at our destination that we had been cheated when we came to the end so soon.

We walked up one of the side valleys to the village of Minobu. The village is at the head of the valley, and the temples, (for all the top of the valley is monastic property) are built on the higher slopes. Seldom have I been to a spot more romantic to listen to the temple gongs. In the moonlight, when curfew had been sounded, the great gong had ceased reverberating down the valley, and the village was settling for the night, it seemed as if accident had brought us, not to a real village, but to the home of some oriental Peter Pan ; the houses appeared so tiny and fairy-like in the moonlight. There were one or two lights up on the hillside in some shrine of the great monastery ; the pines and maples whispered in the breeze, the great cryptomerias held the silent conversation that all giant trees seem to hold under the moon, and there was the ever-present murmur of water running down the valley. Temple gongs, hills, pine trees,

and running water, these four things seem to be the keynote of one side of Japanese life.

Coming along the road to Minobu I was struck by the fairness of some of the women ; the men all seem darker. The women work in the open air, carrying burdens as much as the men ; I was surprised in one village to see a woman using a heavy blacksmith's hammer with all the strength and skill of a man.

The monastery itself is in many ways disappointing; skill in craftsmanship has outrun the actual design. The pilgrim at the shrine is presented with a series of exquisite effects, but there is little effort to subordinate the parts to the whole. Yet he is confronted with many delights. He comes first along the river, then he turns north through a great gateway, along an avenue of giant cryptomerias, beside an affluent of the main stream, over a rather dilapidated red wooden bridge, up the village street, ruined (as so often in Japan) by telegraph poles. Then he must turn again, through a second gateway and climb up the steps, between a second avenue of cryptomerias, to a level space on the hillside.

This plateau dominates the valley, and on all sides rise the hills, green-clad with trees, their summits still powdered with snow. In Europe the monastery would, I feel, have been built in the valley, and the village would have grown up around it. Here, though the village was actually within the temple precincts, it was separated from it by three or four hundred feet. The plateau had room for the monastery alone.

The steps up to the temple, under the giant cryptomerias, form a magnificent entrance to the shrine. The temple belongs to the Nichiren sect of the Buddhists ; it was burnt down not long ago and so is interesting more in its modern aspect than as an

antique. Our guide was an impressive figure. Rather above the average height of the Japanese, he was clothed in the black robe all the priests wear, with a kind of embroidered stole fastened on the left side to denote his rank. His head was shaven, and his face mildly ascetic, with a square jaw and a yellowish, lined face. There seemed little idea of reverence in his attitude at the various shrines, though he did join in the chanting of an office occasionally. We took off our slippers and walked through the long polished wooden corridors till we came to the founder's temple. This shrine is about a hundred or more feet long and about half as broad. It may be said to consist of a chancel, a nave and two aisles, one on either side. The nave is for the priests alone. It contains a sort of reading desk and a series of smaller desks, one for each priest ; the aisles are bare except for mats. The chancel is rather elaborate, with a shrine where the high altar would be in a church. This shrine, which is carved and gilt, contains a figure of the founder, hidden normally by a curtain. In front is a kind of altar rail, within which the officiating priest chants. On either side are two porcelain lanterns. From the roof in the centre of the nave there is suspended a huge gilt structure, a sort of candelabra of bells. At the opposite end there are some elaborate painted carvings in rather poor taste ; but the paintings in the corridor took my fancy very much. The " Temple of True Bones " is a tiny shrine 25 or 30 feet in diameter and circular in shape. There is a passage way all round of carefully polished boards, the central shrine being made of carved wood, and is gilt. In the middle is a casket with crystal sides, supported on an inverted bowl of jade. This casket contains the cremated bones of the founder. Inside the rail in front of the

casket a priest intoned the proper office during our visit. He knelt on a cushion and, with his right hand, beat upon a kind of wooden drum—a wearisome noise—varying the rhythm according to the part of the liturgy ; in his left hand he held a crystal rosary. We walked along more corridors, a big drum was sounded and we were admitted to a dim chapel with embroidered pictures hanging from the walls. The object of veneration was the picture of an old abbot. Here the officiating priest wore a white robe with a red scroll. He intoned the usual chant, and everybody talked while it went on. We saw the treasures of the monastery. Some were works of art, vivid and full of life ; others, such as imitation flowers in coral and paintings in the western style, were extremely banal and often seemed in bad taste. The various thrones of the abbot were fine silk cushions, usually mounted on a kind of dais. There were numberless reception rooms, some even had tables and chairs in the western style. The upper part above the sliding doors was usually carved with great skill. The various bits of garden in odd spaces between corridors and the hillside were quite delightful, with running water to fill the little basins. There were very many weeping cherries, all at their best. The contrast of these mounds of vivid blossom and the wooden buildings against the green of the hillside was almost startling.

The transition from monasteries to feudal castles seems a natural one, and, in Nagoya castle, there is a fine example of the latter. It divides itself naturally into two parts, the palace of the Shoguns and the keep. It is interesting to see how, in spite of the changes that have come over Japan, the general principles of domestic architecture have not changed in three hundred years. The panelling has a back-

ground of gold leaf. One of the rooms is decorated with scenes from horse racing and so on; the remainder are mostly animals, and some trees. Tigers appear, strange wild beasts and barn door fowls and pheasants. A few of the doors are just painted with a few strokes, usually to represent a tree or bamboos. I felt that at times the taste in the temple at Minobu was questionable; in this palace there was nothing that was not exquisite. Although there is naturally much difference between the ornamentation of the simple houses and the palaces, this difference is not one of kind but merely of degree. There is the same dais with its pot of flowers, the same niche with its little cabinets, the same sliding doors, the same mats, a brazier, perhaps a lacquer writing case. and that is all the furniture both of the palace room and the ordinary house.

The castle keep is very different from the palace. It is a kind of five-storied pagoda built of stone, with a wooden lining and a copper roof. It never stood the test of war and, although very big, it does not give the impression of massiveness one gets in a European *château fort*. As a watch tower, barracks, and a store house in time of siege it would be magnificent; but the impression I gained was that the defenders depended largely on the strength of the cyclopean walls of the moat and on their own bravery to protect themselves, rather than on the keep.

As a contrast to feudal Japan, I went to see the *cloisonné* work in the best known shop in Nagoya. In a great many cases the work was very disappointing; the enamel had not been properly managed so that there were large gaps; in many the design was deficient and I felt extremely dissatisfied. Sometimes copper was used as a background, but more often silver. The best piece that I saw was a little silver box

covered with a dark blue enamel, with swallows done in *cloisonné* ; some little Japanese pipes were exquisitely done, but the big bowls were rather poor. Although much of the technical skill was high, especially the draughtsmanship and the finish, the work lacked for the most part the charm one usually finds in Japanese art ; it seemed heavy. Modern Japan, especially where it consciously imitates the west, is often heavy.

I have introduced a note of modernism because I want to contrast what is the most archaic, or perhaps better, archaistic thing in Japan—the shrines of Ise. There are two shrines, the Neiku, or Inner, and the Geku, or outer. The two shrines are some distance apart. The first stands deeply hidden in a grove of giant cryptomerias. To get to the shrine, you must cross over the river by a wooden bridge. About the bridge it so happened that we found a number of people with fantastic hats like paper flowers. They were ready to carry up cedar wood for a new shrine. There is a long walk by the river, carefully kept, then the pilgrim must cross another bridge past a guard and so he enters the sacred precincts of the cryptomeria grove. Some of the pilgrims went down to the river to cleanse the hands and the mouth, others washed themselves at a kind of trough. A little further into the grove is the stable of the sacred horse and some huts where paper charms are sold by priests clothed in white loosely-fitting robes and black, peculiarly-shaped hats, which are conical, with a rounded point. Beyond this is a larger hut with a curtain in front of it, where the sacred dances are performed by virgins at the request of pious pilgrims. The girls are not nuns in any sense, and quit the office on being married. Go still deeper into the grove and you will come to the holy place itself. It has

two sites, one at present subject to building operations, and the other the actual shrine. At the end of the path, on the right hand side, is a plain oblong building with no side wall. It is used, I understand, as a kind a place of assembly for Imperial visitors. We walked up the steps to the plank barricade and in, past the first screen. Before going in you must take off your hat and your overcoat. Even the native takes off his hat, but he does not take off his shoes. Directly in front is a gateway, massive but simple, the doorway being fitted with a white curtain. The fence is made of bars. In front is a kind of trough into which the faithful pilgrims throw paper charms and small copper coins. Then they bow themselves to the ground and, having attracted the attention of the god by clapping their hands, make humble supplication. I watched them, standing there beside the barrier which no layman may pass unless he be the Heaven-born Mikado himself or his accredited messenger. There were simple peasants, bronzed in the sun, with great muscles standing out under their clothes, students, thin and weedy, wearing spectacles, the average middle-class Japanese, in a blue serge suit or a kimono, holding a soft felt hat in his hand. There were peasant women, deep-bosomed and rosy-cheeked, with a baby on the back, dainty little girls of the lower class, so pretty in their best clothes, children whose little heads were forced down by their mother's hand in front of the sacred curtain, school-children ; in fact all sorts and conditions of men in their best holiday attire. Local legend hath it that even the dogs make the pilgrimage, but none made it while I was there. Most of the people belong to the poorer classes and their attitude of reverence could not be doubted ; in fact, in that solemn grove of cryptomerias, standing among the worshippers, one

felt almost impelled to worship the unknown god oneself.

Shintoism—"The Way of the Gods," may be said to be a kind of animistic religion ; the divine ancestors of the Mikado are worshipped and a myriad other deities. It has had three periods, the early one down to the sixth century, a second extending to the end of the seventeenth, during which it decayed and became very much mixed with Buddhism, and a third period, which still continues, when scholars tried to purify the Way of the Gods and to restore it to its old position. The revival of Shintoism may be said to have culminated in the restoration of the Mikado who, as the descendent of the Sun Goddess herself, is closely bound up with the whole faith. Many writers on Shintoism are inclined to belittle it, stating that it has no ethical code and is nothing but a meaningless ritual. As a first impression, and I can speak with nothing more, I am inclined to disagree. The common people come to the Ise shrines in tens of thousands to make the pilgrimage ; it may be admittedly a pleasant holiday and a kind of bean-feast, but within the holy enclosure they do reverence as they do at their own private shrines. I do not feel that any religion should be belittled which has in it the elements of a faith which, at least in the minds of the humble worshippers, implies a doctrine of a Real Presence.

The priests take no vows and can proceed to another career. In the old days most of the shrines, except this holy one at Ise and another at Izuma, were served by Buddhist priests ; there is still a mixed Buddhist and Shinto cult, the Rokyo-shinto. Shintoism keeps to the old ways. The Buddhist shrines are tiled, the Shinto are thatched. At Ise some of the temples are on piles ; all are set on a stone foundation,

balanced as it were ; they recall probably the old pile dwellings of the Japanese in south-eastern Asia. All are agreed that these temples represent the earliest form of Japanese house. From the bar fence inside the first palisade, all the pilgrim can see is the outer courtyard. It is paved with pebbles and contains a few cryptomerias and a large *torii*. Straight in front of the curtain is a brass-studded door with an arch over it and a wooden palisade to keep out the gaze of the vulgar. One can see the roofs of the temple with their curious gables and the straw sides of the main temple. The wood seems to be elaborately studded with brass. On the right they were building a temporary resting place for the God, because the roof of the main temple was leaking. They rebuild the whole temple on the spare site every twenty years and transfer the arcana. Each time a temple is rebuilt the exact details of the old one are copied down to the most minor defect. The actual temple therefore is quite modern though the site is of hoary antiquity.

Both the Neiku and the Geku are similar in plan, though the latter is less impressive as it is not so deep in the woods. The same ritual is kept up, though the latter, dedicated to the Goddess of Food, is slightly less holy. At present the outer shrine is in the middle of the town, quite close to the railway station. The number of pilgrims was immense. Although there seemed to be no special festival I could not doubt their religious fervour nor fail to realize its political importance. I felt that the shrines were the most respected of the shrines I saw in Japan. It is a noticeable fact that everybody takes off his hat in the open air within the palisade of the shrine, yet the Japanese go quite cheerfully with their hats on into the Buddhist temples.

On the sea-shore lie the Myoto-iwa—literally “the married couple rocks.” There is a series of Shinto shrines here, too, small and insignificant, with the usual straight *torii* and thatched roofs. The two rocks stand out of the sea, they are joined together by a piece of cable which is renewed every New Year’s day. I never realized the significance of these rocks until I saw them as the scene for a dance in Kyoto, which I shall describe later. There were enormous crowds of people who bought charms and collected bits of the rocks as souvenirs and enjoyed themselves with the usual geniality of Japanese crowds.

The journey from Yamada to Nara is a most picturesque one. The country is extremely mountainous and there are rugged gorges and deep hillsides of great natural beauty. The cherry blossom with its pink snow was fading into the dark red buds of the maples, melted as it were by the approach of summer. Wherever the country allows, rice and other cereals are cultivated; where the hillsides were wild they were covered with maples and violets. In places there were peach orchards. After the wild *barrancas* of Mexico with their rugged vastness, these gorges seem trivial, but they are extremely pretty, and Mexico never is that.

Nara itself is one of the most interesting places that he who would see Japanese ecclesiastical architecture can visit. The temples are situated in a huge park, all of it more or less a sacred precinct. The town has passed through various vicissitudes in which the temples have played their part. Nara was the first permanent capital of Japan, from about 709 to 784, when the Emperor Kwannu removed to Nagaoka in order to escape from the influence of the Buddhist monasteries of the city. After this

the town dwindled and was of little importance till 1868 when it was made a prefecture. Story tells that the province of Yamato, of which it is the capital, is one of the earliest homes of the Japanese.

Most of the ecclesiastical buildings are in the deer park. This park combines a good deal of wildness of vegetation with an extreme tameness of animal life. It is swarming with deer and, although a notice at the entrance warns the visitor not to play with the deer "for fear of danger," everybody spends ten sen on biscuits and the deer rub noses with a merry crowd. Conspicuous among the crowd are a number of pilgrims who, with their loins girt and staves in their hands, and with straw hats suspended either in front or behind, solicit alms for the temples. The entrance to the park is formed by a great red *torii* and the path leads straight past a few booths to a bronze deer holding a bamboo shoot in its mouth out of which water flows. There is a trough below whence the faithful ladle water to purify themselves. Then the way goes on, past innumerable lanterns of stone, to the Kasuga-Wakamuya. In this building Shinto dances are performed, but I have never seen any. The dancers are virgins, who wear white clothes with red divided skirts and long cloaks embroidered with wisteria flowers. The building itself is very old and it is said to have been built in the Fujiwara period. Almost due north, (the main avenue runs east) is the Kasugano Miya or Kasuga-jinga. This is the main temple and is really a group of four shrines. They are said to have been built originally about 770 A.D., although the present buildings date from 1868. As I have already explained, the Shinto method of erecting temples is to reproduce exactly the original structure. It is possible, therefore, to estimate fairly exactly the original form. In

this building foreign influence has affected the roof beam, the curve of the roof. The beams are coloured vermilion, which is also a departure from the original style; the roofs are, however, thatched in the old Shinto manner. There are other buildings near which show more clearly the old style. There are lanterns all round the inside and a great deal of the outside. In the north east corner of the enclosure is a tree in which six separate stems seemed to be twined together. It is covered with slips of paper and visiting cards. The guide book says that they are emblems of constancy and lovers' vows. Alas for romance! they are but another form of the initials carved on trees in other lands, though, of course, even in the west sometimes a few will take this method of proclaiming their constancy abroad.

Beyond the shrine to the north-east is a grass-covered hill with no trees. It presents an appearance not unlike Hampstead Heath. There were picnic parties on the grass, the usual litter of orange peel and paper, everything in fact which betokened a public resort. Then there were shops all along the road which sold beer and the odds-and-ends that holiday makers buy as knick-knacks. Beyond there is a second *torii* at the entrance to Tamuke-yama no Hachiman, which is dedicated to the Usa Hachiman, the Emperor Ojin, who ascended the throne on the day of his birth and is alleged to have reigned 109 years, from 201 to 310 A.D. There is an old building where sacred dances are performed. It has a generally dilapidated appearance, but is famous for the maple trees which grow around it and have gained it an honourable place in Japanese literature. There are stone lions before the shrine and a stone lantern of special shape. One of the buildings has a rather striking picture of a meeting with an ogre. Beyond

this temple again is the temple of the third month, Sangatsu-do. This was built in 733 A.D. by the Emperor Shomu and incorporated in the Jodaiji nineteen years later. In the Kamakura period (the twelfth and thirteenth centuries) additions were made, including the Hall of Devotion. The old part can be distinguished by the tight bulge of the columns, the solid brackets, and the widely separated ribs which support the eaves. The actual temple is very simple ; one enters it along a passage-way, with a shelf on the right hand that formerly contained images. In the centre of the hall is a standing Kwannon, made of lacquer covered with gold, beautiful but hardly as reposeful as some of the Kwannons I have seen. The priest in charge is not very intelligent ; he can point out the old and the new part, and adds centuries as suits him best. The figures are most striking, but otherwise the place is dull and bare compared with some Buddhist shrines. The impression that I gained is that, on passing the second *torii*, one had got out of the Shinto area into the Buddhist ; this, however, is not the case, I think, entirely, but the statement is true generally ; Buddhism reigns north and west of the *torii*, but within them Shintoism, influenced, of course, by Buddhism. I would lay stress on this point, as it is an interesting comment on the tolerance of Asiatic religions.

Beyond the temple of the third month is the temple of the second month. The original building was erected in 752 A.D., but the present building is two hundred and fifty years old and is attributed to the Shogun Iyetsuna. It is built on piles and is again remarkable for the lanterns of all shapes and sizes which hang there. On the west side is a receptacle for charms and offerings, a gong to call the attention

of the divinity, and, within the shrine, a place for the officiating priest. The temple is dedicated to a small copper image of the eleven-faced Kwannon, which is said to be always as warm as the human body and is, therefore, sometimes called Nikushin no Kwannon "Human flesh Kwannon." South west of this temple is the great sanctuary of the "Great Eastern Temple," one of the seven great temples of Nara. It is the principal shrine of the Kegan sect and was founded by the Emperor Shonu Tenno in the eighth century. Very few of the old buildings are left. The belfry lies to the east of the main series of buildings. In its present form it is pure Kamakura style (thirteenth century). It has four huge pillars supporting curved eaves, a style which is very reminiscent of the Chinese Sung period. The bell is loosely swung and is rung by a beam suspended from the roof horizontally. A rope is attached to its outer end and for the payment of a halfpenny you are allowed to swing the beam and ring the bell. Great crowds did this amid roars of laughter. Sometimes two or more would pull at the beam together, usually with great social success. Below the bell is a huge wooden building, the third which has stood on that site; it is about two hundred years old. The previous burnings of the temple unfortunately damaged the great image within. Outside and directly in front of the temple is a bronze lantern with a curious casting on it. The building is immense and dwarfs everything else. When one thinks of the great image of Buddha at Kamakura one cannot help being disappointed at Nara. At Kamakura the great image stands out in the sunlight—Nature having fortunately long ago washed away the temple—and contemplates; having solved all problems, the gentle Amida thinks of that paradise in the west

to which he belongs, and troubles himself no more with the problems of this world ; he has no limits, only the sky and beyond, behind the hills and low shore, the sea. Here at Nara, big as the temple is, the image in its vastness cannot but be cribbed, cabined and confined. He sits in contemplation upon an open lotus flower. His head was recast in the seventeenth century and is of a darker shade and gives almost a grotesque appearance, as though the god of light himself were in a bad temper. There are many other temples in the sacred enclosure, they need not concern us here, but the whole group is of the utmost importance in relation to the history of Japan and I have described them for this reason in preference to the more famous temples of Nikko, bound, though, as these are, too, with the history of the land. I do not think that there is the same spirit of reverence at Nara as there is at Ise, but the religious element of the holiday crowd is most striking. They were enjoying themselves, but they did not forget to throw their sen into the box before the god. From the shrines of Nara, it is a short journey to Horuji along the old imperial highway to Kyoto. The road is for the most part on an embankment, with rice fields all around, with the hills on which the Nara temples stand on the horizon to the east. There are various temples, the Hokkei-ji, a nunnery, the Saidai-ji and, most important of all, the Toshodaiji, the principal temple of the Ritsu sect. The Yakushiji has an interesting and peculiar three-storied pagoda, each story having an outside terrace which makes it look six-storied. The top and bottom stories project also, giving it a curious appearance. The town of Konyama is one of the most interesting examples I have seen of a Japanese provincial town. There are little shops on either

side of the street and most of the houses are two-storied. The principal object for sale was fish, whose presence gave the town an odour of antiquity. The place was gaily decorated with paper lanterns, and everybody seemed particularly happy. A good deal of stone cutting seemed to be going on in the neighbourhood and, of course, there were carpenters everywhere and children.

The Horuji temple is another associated with the Hosso sect; it is interesting as being the oldest Buddhist temple in Japan and one of the seven great temples of Nara. All these great temples are Buddhist; there were two others which have now disappeared. It is interesting to observe that here there is no *pure* Shinto temple, although there are numerous temples belonging to that religion.

The Horuji has no Shinto influence. It was founded in 586 A.D., by Shotoku Taishi, the second son of the Emperor Yomei Tenno. Several new buildings were added in the reign of the Empress Suiko Tenno (593-607 A.D.). The temple is therefore extremely early. It may be divided into two quarters, the westerly and the easterly. The first has two gates, the great south gate and the middle gate. Inside the enclosure is the main temple, the lecture room, pagoda and other buildings surrounded by a closed gallery. There are also some buildings outside the gallery. The buildings are said to have been constructed by Korean architects familiar with the Chinese style. The great south gate is in the Kamakura style, and was rebuilt in 1439. In the space between the gates are, on the left and right hand side, houses occupied by priests, often with very beautiful and elaborate roofs. Beyond this is a big courtyard, where they were selling very delightful humming-tops made of bamboo. The middle gate

belongs to the Asuka period and is therefore one of the oldest structures in the temple. In front, on either side, are guardian demons, the one black and the other red. Through the middle gate one passes into the big courtyard which contains the main temple and the pagoda. The pagoda is five-storied and very ancient; it belongs to the Nara style. It is coloured red and yellow and is surmounted by a bronze spire.

The main temple is a wooden building with a stone foundation; it has a double roof and overhanging eaves. The inside is black and dusty, and the beams are rough-hewn, an unusual condition in Buddhist shrines. The walls are decorated with frescoes, mostly green and red, in poor condition and, unfortunately, not very well looked after. They are all figures of great power, unlike anything else I have seen in Japan. There are also frescoes on the ceiling, but the light is so poor that it is difficult to see them. There are a number of images on the central platform. A very beautiful object is a little shrine of lacquered wood and bronze which belonged to the Empress Suiko. The canopy above the principle figures is most elaborate.

I do not think that it is necessary to enter into further details of the buildings. The whole place has an air of remote antiquity, quite unlike some of the other buildings. There is no trace of Shintoism here, just as there is no trace of Buddhism at Ise. The priests in charge, although they obviously have the greatest respect for the treasures they guard, unfortunately know little about them and are letting them crumble to pieces.

I have lingered over these temples because they play a great part in the life of the people—how much I should not venture to suggest, but it is undoubtedly

great. There is the everyday life of the city outside ; so let us leave the cloisters and the holiday crowds and go out into the streets of the city of Kyoto.

The city is delightful ; it has escaped so many of the semi-western ideas which spoil Japan. I did indeed see a shop labelled " The Higher Hair-dressing Saloon To Guchi, Tonsorial Artist," but that is unusual in Kyoto. Most of the city is given up to arts and crafts, weaving, damascene work, *cloisonné* and so on. The level of the metal work is very high, that of the textiles to my mind not so satisfactory. There are tramlines and telegraph posts everywhere and the streets are straight or doglegged, but such a regularity does not obtrude itself upon one. Everywhere there are little lattice houses, a space just inside where you may walk, then mats and two old women or it may be three men balanced round a brasier, with a pot of cherry blossom in the background. I went into one shop to buy some tobacco ; it was quite charming even among Japanese shops. When I got into the shop, I looked around ; no tobacco, no shopkeeper, just a tiny interior, a brasier, some double cherry blossom, mats, a screen, a kakimino, (that is a scroll with some extract from a poet), and a curtain to the right. I clapped my hands and a little Japanese girl appeared, with ever so nice a kimono and an obi, the big sash the women wear, with a chrysanthemum pattern on it. I asked for some tobacco for my pipe. She admitted the tobacco, but seemed surprised at the pipe. However, she did find what was wanted more or less, and seeing that I was obviously at sea in the Japanese tongue, considered, it would appear, that I was generally incapable and gave me a lesson in pipe-filling. Then I departed, she bowing low. I had an interesting talk in the train once with a Polish

Bolshevist, I think it was in Manchuria. We were discussing the different types of manners in various countries and he told me that the habit of making low obeisance, which is such a feature of Japan, also survived until quite recently, if it does not survive to-day, in parts of Poland. He was inclined to associate it with the feudal system which lasted both in Japan and in Poland until almost living memory. I have often wished to check his statement.

One evening I went to the Cherry Blossom Dance which is held in April at the Kaburen-jo, the place where they train the geishas, in the Gion nanami koji. The approach, a small street leading out of the main street of the city, is gaily decorated with paper lanterns and the outside of the dancing hall is lighted with iron cressets, flaming and smoky. On arrival you take off your shoes and are escorted to a large room, where tea is made, or rather, where tea is served. For, although a girl in the corner did make tea in the best ceremonial style, nobody drank her tea; the tea to drink was brought from the wings. However, she displayed the usual skill and arranged her impedimenta for all to see. Then we went to the ante-room and waited till the doors were slid back and the rush began. It was a miniature stampede, but quite polite compared with the subsequent rush for the pit. That area is fairly large and the first-comers ran in and sat on the floor; it filled up rapidly, and when there seemed to be no more room, people ran along the edge of the stage trying to find a vacant spot, old men and maidens, young men, mothers with babies, every one; the place was packed, but still more came. Protesting officials were swept out of the way after a vain endeavour to stem the tide. Finally there seemed to be standing room only, and rather small standing room at that. Still,

eventually everybody did manage to find a square inch to sit down and the dance began.

There is a stage extending through the whole width of the hall and passages down either side, on the same level as the stage. Behind these passages the orchestra sits, and at the beginning a curtain is raised in front of them. The pit occupies the space enclosed by the stage and the orchestra and the special seats are beyond, facing the stage. On the right hand side are the singers, ten in number, each with a *shamisen*, a three-stringed guitar, and on the left ten with drums and *tsuzumi*, a particular type of long snare-drum. The girls on the right sang at intervals, and one sang solos. The dancers are thirty-two in number, all under eighteen. They are clad in a kaleidoscope of colour, a general effect of blue and white, with white frocks and red stockings and red border to their garments. Half come down one passage and half down another, posturing and turning their heads and making much play with their fans. When they reached the stage they danced together. With the exception of one special dance in which they wore old costumes, they were similarly dressed throughout, but they had different fans in each dance. The auditorium was very brilliantly lighted, especially near the orchestra and the stage, but no footlights were used. There seemed to be a kind of supplementary orchestra behind the wings. The actual dancing consisted of slow turning movements, accompanied by much fluttering of fans. The dancers usually worked in pairs, one standing, the other kneeling, one facing the audience, the other with her back to it. The scenery was quite delightful, almost too good, It diverted my attention from the dance itself. The lighting effects were skilful, but no projector was used, the stage being illuminated mostly from the

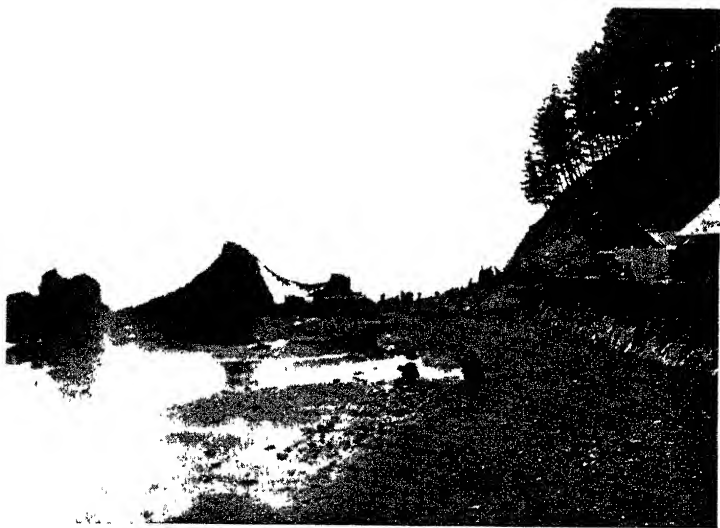
top, but also from behind. The scenery was shifted by stage hands dressed in black, with black hats; as is usual on the Japanese stage, no attempt was made at concealment. The whole of the scene-shifting was done rapidly and satisfactorily, and, as the curtain was painted wider than the stage, all was well. In the fourth scene a drop curtain was used, but otherwise all the stage was available, although the dancers only used the first three feet.

The dance for 1922 was called "Asahino-Mikage," "The Reflection of the Sunshine." The main *motif* was taken from the three famous beauty spots of Japan, Matsushima;¹ Amano-Hashidate, and Itsukushima, the latter of which I have already described (p. 5). There were ten scenes. The first represented part of an Imperial Palace, a scene which is a conventional part of the dance every year. It was called "Kyokukó shōha," "Sea waves reflected in the Sunshine," the subject of the Imperial poem for the year. In this scene the dancers carried fans ornamented with willow and cherry sprigs. The second scene showed a group of small islands in Matsushima Sea¹ in spring time, with a light haze in the air. In this scene, and in the two which followed, famous temples near Matsushima formed the background to the stage. The first time, that is in Scene 2, the dancers carried fans with pines, suggesting one of the traditional beauties of the place. The fans in the fourth scene were particularly interesting, showing as they do, the conscious archaism of the dances. Each dancer carried a bamboo with a *tanzaku*. The bamboo was the crest of the Daimyos of Sendai, and the *tanzaku* refers to a poem which was composed by Date Masamune, a Daimyo of Sendai,

¹Matsushima is on the east coast of Japan, a little north of Sendai. The proverbial beauty of the landscape lies in the 808 little islands in the bay, most of which are covered with pines.



THE MONASTERY AT MINOBU



THE MARRIED COUPLE ROCKS



DR. BATCHELOR AND AN AINU



AINU VILLAGE

known to foreigners principally because of an embassy which he sent to the Pope and the King of Spain in 1614. The next two scenes were placed in Amanohashidate. In the first the dance took place on a darkened stage, the principal effect being due to fireflies darting through the pinetrees. Scene 7 was an archaic costume scene. The dance was a traditional one, supposed to have been first performed before the Emperor Takakura in 1180. It was an interesting revival; some of the guardians of the shrine of Nachi-jinja having come over to Kyoto the year before to give instruction in the old dance. The next scene was one which again suggests an important traditional aspect of Japan, the changing colour of the maple leaves to their autumn tints. The scene was laid in a valley near Itsukushima which I have already described (p. 5). The votive gate itself, covered with snow, formed the subject of the next scene. There was no dance; just music, singing, and an empty stage with the great *torii* covered with snow. This is, I think, the only time that I have ever heard music performed with an aesthetic background. The last scene of all was cherry blossom at Futani; a familiar scene, cherry blossom everywhere, dancers, orchestra, stage and so out into the dark again, paper lanterns and flaming cressets.

I had seen these archaic revivals on the stage and I think, by a curious coincidence, it was the very next day it so happened that I was looking at ancient pottery in the University when one of the demonstrators offered to show me some survivals of the ancient ways among the common people. So I went out to a tiny village. The road lay first of all through the alluvial plain of the river. We reached a spur of the hills which combined a little lake and a tiny village—a doll's house village as all these

delightful little hamlets are—finally we ran down through the woods to our destination. The trees were mostly pine and maple, and all along the way there were bamboo thickets of graceful beauty, and rice and barley fields in which the peasants were working up to their knees in mud. In the villages everybody was picturesque in umbrellas. On the road they seemed to pay no attention to the rain, but the women had very wisely discarded kimonos and taken to trousers; two were cheerily pulling an ox-cart along in spite of the mud. The village we went to find was one of those little dream villages the traveller sees once and leaves with regret, knowing he will never see it again. There is such an one, Hagios Jakobos, in Cyprus, where in the time of the olive picking the head man offered me at least a cup of cold water “for the love of God,” because I could not stop there for a meal. This Japanese village was much the same. I do not even know its name. It was built partly of thatched and partly of roofed houses; it had a little village shrine with a Buddha inside and a bowl of cherry blossom in front of it. We walked up the street to the house we had come to see, the house of the potters. The kitchen and the front room had earthen floors and were not within the house in the sense that shoes might remain on. We arrived and were warmly greeted by the owner, and an old, old woman appeared. I thought she was the chief potter, but she was not. The chief potter appeared; she also was very old, though not so old, I think, as she claimed to be in the signature she put on her wares. She gave me a piece of green glazed ware, it has her name and “eighty-five years old” written on it. She made simpler vessels, for in the Shinto ceremonies they use the primitive type, being archaistic in all things. A bench was brought

in from the outside and the old potter climbed on to it. She provided herself with a bowl, a round piece of wood about nine inches in diameter and half an inch thick, a cloth, and a card on which the clay was placed, and yet another for the finished ware. She also had a glove which had two rings on it, one of which fitted the base of the first finger and the other the base of the little finger. The fingers were slipped through these rings and the glove was so cut that while the back of the hand was covered the palm was left bare, the forearm was covered, and the glove was tied above the elbow and secured at the wrist. One of the other women wanted to show us how it was done, and helped a little in the preparations. She just bared a shapely white arm, but the old woman was not to be hurried ; everything decently and in order. She had one licensed assistant on her left hand who doled out gobbets of wet worked clay and a semi-licensed help, our white-armed lady who stood on her right and used her elbow occasionally. The old lady worked seriously, as if much depended on the skill of her work ; she took a bit of clay, a small ball about one and a half inches in diameter and, with the palm of her left hand pressed it on her right elbow. She then worked it round and round till it was circular and about a third of an inch thick. She next jabbed it repeatedly on the edge of the wooden disc with a curious smacking sound, till it became almost flat, a kind of saucer in appearance. Next she took a bit of cloth and, putting the saucer on the board in front of her, she turned the cloth round and round, smoothing the surface. In this way, at different times, she made two kinds of saucers. One had a more or less flat centre ; this effect was gained by turning the cloth round a little way from the centre of the disc. In the other, the whole disc was smoothed

by the cloth. The old potter worked very rapidly, showing none of the meticulous care that so many potters show in their smoothing and polishing. After the old lady had warmed up to her work, as an act of grace she allowed the assistant on her right to take a bit of clay and to mould it on her elbow, but she insisted on giving the finishing touches to the elbow work and used the cloth herself.

The kiln was in an outhouse. It was made of baked earth and was about eight feet across and three feet high. They also had a tiny kiln, made of straw and mud not properly baked ; this was about one foot across and eighteen inches high. This, they said, was for glazing. They use charcoal for fuel. They gather the clay but once a year, in the autumn, from a hill called, from its soil, Haitayama. It is kept in an outhouse ; they had a curious iron shovel to knead it with. I was told by the Faculty at Kyoto that nowhere else do they make such primitive pottery.

These then represent things seen. I have often discussed them with my Japanese friends, and in what follows I have endeavoured to give their opinions of the old-world artistic side of Japan which has so captivated many artists in the West. My Japanese friends always began from the same point ; they insisted on the importance of the tea ceremony. Indeed, some of them went so far as to say that it was impossible to study and appreciate Japanese art without first understanding the Tea Ceremony. Everything, even the smallest details are carefully considered in this most ceremonious of all meals. The tea-house is an object of considerable thought ; it is set apart from the regular dwelling, a kind of summer-house, made of choice woods and carefully decorated, a cabinet of exquisite simplicity and design, archaic

both in this very simplicity and in many details. The sword rack, for instance, still remains outside, though modern Japan lives in western houses and on official and most other occasions wears the hideous garments which Europe has evolved.

The actual serving of the tea has been studied carefully by men whom the Japanese do not disdain to call artists. We in the West when we entertain our friends are accustomed to think of particular vintage wines. We rejoice to have a perfect dinner which begins with a good sherry and finishes with some '84 port. The Japanese, on the other hand, would lay more stress not on the actual thing that was eaten or drunk, but on the *mise en scène*. Once one of the masters of the tea ceremony told his son to prepare the garden before the guests arrived. The boy swept the garden and reported to his father that all was clean and neat. The father told him to go back and finish his work properly. Three times the boy was sent back; finally he asked his father what was wrong. He said he had swept the garden, there was nothing that could possibly be lacking, everything was clean, proper and carefully arranged, there was moss on the stones, the paths were nice and the flowers were at their best. The father went out and shook a maple tree—it so happened that the time was autumn—and the maple scattered the coloured leaves on the path and the garden, giving a particular effect.

This will perhaps show the outlook of Japanese æsthetics in regard to the *mise en scène* of the Tea Ceremony. The same striving after some particular effect can be seen in much of Japanese art. Many of the critics set little store by the prints so admired in the West. The ultimate striving of the art of this school is line. An artist endeavours in a single

brush stroke to get the same effect as the master who shook down the leaves from the maple tree.

There was a famous Japanese strong man, who challenged an artist. Each was to produce some example of prowess in their own chosen profession, and the trial was to produce the most excellent thing they could. In event of disagreement, I do not know who was to be the arbiter. The strong man went down to the river and, without resting, carried a huge boulder to the artist's door and proclaimed what a great thing he had done. The artist sent him away saying that his work was not to be accomplished in a moment. At the end of a day or two the strong man came back, but the artist said he was not ready. The strong man returned at the end of a week but the artist had not finished yet. The strong man was very angry and said he had to go on a wrestling tour and that he could not be back before the end of three months. At the end of the three months he called on the artist, and the artist produced a scroll on which a bow was drawn six feet long. If the strong man had been angry before, he was now boiling over with rage and said "I carried up this huge boulder, which now lies here, all the way from the river without resting, and you, after keeping me waiting for three months, merely produce the drawing of a bow. Yet you dare to say that your work is better than mine." The artist told his pupils to bring him a series of scrolls. They brought them in and he showed them to the strong man and said, "You carried the boulder from the river without resting; I could not draw a bow without resting. First of all I drew, with a single stroke, one two feet long, then one three feet long, and now at the end of three months I have drawn one six feet long." The wrestler admitted that he was beaten.

Some of my friends in Japan seemed to think that

there was a very close relation between philosophy and art in Japan, especially the Zen sect of the Buddhists. One once told me of a visit he paid to a monastery. The inmates spend most of their time in contemplation, sitting on the floor, with their faces to the wall, thinking out problems which are laid before them. The problems are similar to those on which we have most of us written essays for our tutors, e.g. the nature of life, or the origin of good and evil. Each of the students is given a subject to consider and when he thinks he has mastered it, he appears before the head of the monastery and expounds his thesis. In Oxford we might say he goes to his tutor and reads his essay. The prior, unlike the tutor, offers no criticism, but simply say "yes" or "no." If the student has failed, he returns to contemplation; some men spend as much as three years over a single problem. One of the priors, on being questioned by a young Japanese who had studied western methods of education, said that such a method was not a waste of time. To criticize a man's views was like helping a horse up a hill. If a horse has a heavy load and balks at a hill, you may unload some of the weight. He can pull the smaller load up to the top of the hill and can then return for the rest of the load. But if you make the horse go up the first hill with his full load, he will be able to face a second hill.

Japanese art consists in facing certain problems. The artist spends most of his time thinking what the drawing, or perhaps it would be better to say, painting should be. Then he executes it in a comparatively few strokes. He does not do a number of studies nor does he "put his thoughts on paper," but reasons the whole matter out and, when he thinks that he has solved his problem, he puts it down on paper, very often endeavouring to express a most com-

plicated idea in a single line. He will in a single line draw a branch of a tree so that a person may know that it is not only the branch of a tree, but that it is the branch of an old cherry tree, let us say in the spring time, or a sapling fir in autumn. As a contrast to this and, as it seems to me rather difficult to reconcile with it, is the extraordinary number of drawings that some artists are capable of making in a short time.

The striving after a particular effect may also be seen in the art of making swords. In western literature we are, of course, familiar with particular swords, many of which have become almost a central point of legend and literature. In Japanese art, as I understand it, it is not so much the particular sword as the smith who works the sword, who tempers it to a particular temper so that the sword will bend right to the hilt and straighten out again. The decoration that so many smiths in the Near East lavished on their swords appears to be absent from Japanese art. The smith spends his skill on the hilt and guard of the sword, never forgetting that the most important part of the sword is, after all, not the decoration upon the hilt, however beautiful that may be, but rather the temper of the blade itself. There are, in fact, two aspects. One the aspect of the sword as decoration, hilt and scabbard decorated as single piece, the decoration running down from the pommel of the sword to the point of the scabbard, and second, the fine tempering with the curved running lines of the steel and that essential elasticity which makes a blade perfect.

I have given a description above of a theatrical performance. Let me try and link up what has been said above on Japanese art with the canons of the "No drama," the classical drama of Japan.

The great artistic opportunities in the "No drama"

consist, according to many critics, in its conventions. Everybody wears elaborate brocades (that is the proper dress of artists) and masks. Now, it sometimes becomes necessary that a man, dressed in padded brocade and all the richness of theatrical trappings, should appear as a poor beggar out in the cold on a winter's night. It is under such conditions that the power of the actor is shown. Let me give you another example. In one play a begging priest goes into the house of an aged couple, but, the good man being away from home, his wife will not admit the priest, not knowing what her husband will say. When he returns she tells him, and he scolds her for not entertaining one who might have proved an angel unawares. The old man goes out into the snow and sees the priest already some distance away, climbing a hill. He calls to him and he ultimately comes back and goes into the hut. On the stage the priest is hardly more than ten or twelve feet away, but, according to the conventions of the drama, the poor man, if he is a good actor, must so control his voice that it seems to the audience as if he were calling to a man who is far off.

We have so far been limiting ourselves to rural and what may be conveniently termed idealistic Japan. This side of Japan is more likely to endear her to the traveller, who wanders among the delightful scenery and is charmed by the graceful courtesy of her peasants, but it is hardly this side which has raised Japan to her present position in the world. Japan, within the memory of our fathers, has cast off the old and has adopted the new. This is not, perhaps, the first time that she has adopted an alien culture. The influence of China is apparent in everything Japanese and yet the difference between Tokyo and Peking is almost as profound as the difference between

Tokyo and Mexico City. In some ways the latter is the more advanced. In Tokyo the roads are very bad ; there is a tramway system, it is true, but it is quite insufficient for the needs of the population, and transportation is a problem which needs great consideration. There are none of the excellent and speedy street car services which are one of the legacies of Porphyrio Diaz to this capital city. We are inclined to think of things Japanese as being so essentially æsthetic ; but in Tokyo, as often elsewhere in Japan, the presence of innumerable telegraph poles suggests a railway junction rather than a fine city. There are a large number of houses built in the western style, often with a complete disregard of the necessities of climate. If the traveller goes into the smaller and less pretentious streets, he may be struck (as I was) by the extraordinary similarity of one to the other. When one visits a bazaar in Cairo or Nicosia, one notices that the bazaar is divided into certain areas, each one being very different from the last. Those streets which I went through in Tokyo (after all it must be remembered but a small part of the city) had a general family resemblance, and so many of the streets in each quarter might be described as a kind of departmental store. I think that this may be due as much as anything to the presence of such a large number of manufactured articles. By *manufactured* I mean the definite products of industry on an organized scale as opposed to the work of small craftsmen. It must not be supposed that industrialism has reduced the streets of any Japanese city to that appalling monotony which is the curse of our industrialism in the west. Far from it ; for the colour and the gayness which seem so inseparable from the Japanese nation make that impossible. Japan is but paying the price for her adoption of industrialism.

In many cases this adoption is surprisingly modern. Until almost the last decade, Japan depended even for her industries on imported machinery. She is now making her own. It so happened that while I was in Tokyo a Peace Exhibition was being held. It was extraordinarily interesting. It showed how the various industries are developing at the present time under the pressure of economic need. In general terms, the exhibition, although an industrial one, showed how big a place is taken in Japan even to-day by agricultural developments on the industrial side of agriculture, as opposed to the more conservative type, the peasant farmer who grows rice as his fathers did. The wool that was shown was of rather poor quality and the breeding experiments have not been extremely successful. One of the promoters of the exhibition was very enthusiastic on the production of condensed milk. As I have shown above, the Japanese are making the utmost use of water power, and one of the most interesting exhibits was a map of Formosa, showing how they propose to harness the water in that island. In the northern island of Hokkaido the Japanese are trying to develop the fisheries. Here, as in Formosa, their treatment of the aborigines is drastic. In view of the necessity felt by the population for expansion they are trying to colonize that island. Unfortunately so much of it is unsatisfactory for agricultural purposes that it seems not unlikely that its principal future lies in the abundant fisheries. Of the inhabitants other than Japanese I shall speak in another chapter.

I have endeavoured to bring out the two sides of the Japanese character. It seems to possess, especially in industry, a certain ruthlessness which struck me as being a continuation of the old spirit of the Samurai and their honourable but terrible

creed. The extraordinary efficiency with which they have adopted some parts of our industrial system is only equalled by the shrewdness with which many of their statesmen have dealt with political questions.

One may well wonder which of the two sides will ultimately hold the upper hand. In the middle of the industrialism and all the western ideas of Tokyo lies the Court of the Emperor. Though official functions require that western dress should be worn, the sacrosanct position of the Emperor as the true son of heaven remains bound up with most that the nation holds most holy, and he who has visited the shrines of Ise and been privileged to see some of the palaces in Japan cannot help feeling that the ultimate and innate conservatism of the people, that which has been responsible in the past for all their works of art, and which at present is the cause of conscious and delightful archaism (examples of which I have detailed above), will triumph over what seems to be a vulgar imitation of the West.

CHAPTER II

THE SUBJECT PEOPLES OF JAPAN

THE most important of the subject peoples of Japan are the Koreans, the Ainu, and the inhabitants of Formosa. I was unfortunately not able to visit the latter island, but owing to the kindness of the Japanese authorities and the assistance of some of the British residents I enjoyed opportunities of seeing a little of the two former peoples.

I. *A Visit to the Ainu*

I left Tokyo on the last day of March. The journey next day was wonderful. We ran all along the East coast of Japan. First, the climate was genial and the train passed through rice fields and little villages; there did not seem to be so many cryptomerias as round Tokyo. In places there were wheat fields. Comparatively early in the day we came in sight of mountains covered with snow, at first only on the west, but later on both sides. The change of climate was very noticeable as the train went northwards, and when we got to Aomori in the afternoon the climate seemed to be quite arctic, and all the rice fields were frozen. The whole place gave me the idea of a northern port, with a truly magnificent harbour. On either side there were long low ranges of hills, which at this time of year were covered with snow. The crossing is apt to be a severe one and the strait forms an ethnological boundary which

is only now being crossed. In Hakodate the crowd suggests an anthropological museum, or perhaps I was fortunate. There was, of course, the usual dainty Japanese crowd, tripping on high wooden pattens to avoid the snow, and singularly ill-fitted, sartorially, to withstand the climate. There was one magnificent fellow about five feet ten high, brown in colour, with eyes widely separated and high projecting cheek-bones. His hair was done up in a topknot and his profession was, I believe, wrestling; he looked like a bit of old Japan come back to life. If he was a specimen of the old Japanese (and his height was perhaps too great to allow him pure Japanese blood), there were others the like of whom I have never seen except in pictures. I do not know where they came from. They were tall for the country, loosely built, yellow-skinned, and one was clothed in furs. The most noticeable feature was, however, their enormous cheek-bones, which would have been remarkable even among the North American Indians. I am inclined to see in such people relations of the Gilyaks, whose present home is on the mainland, to the north of the mouth of the Amur river and in the island of Saghalien. It is probable that we have in Hokkaido three separate strata of population, the lowest being these people who are akin to the mainlanders, the second the Ainu and the most recent the Japanese.

Traditionally, pictures and models of the Ainu in Museums represent them as living in the middle of deep snow. For once the fond illusion was not destroyed.

Skies were grey and the whole landscape deep in snow. The contrast between the morning when I woke up after travelling a few hours' journey from Tokyo and the first morning in Hokkaido was hardly

believable. The train came to Sappuro in the early morning, and I explored the town. It was very cold and muddy, there was snow everywhere and the streets were mere quagmires. The houses are practically all of wood and mostly of one story. Some of the streets are broad and all are straight. At the station, I saw in the crowd one or two old men with long white beards; they belonged to the people I had come such a long way to see. I had read of the Ainu since I first started to read anthropology and, I must admit, had answered questions about them in examinations, so it was a moment of great excitement in that cold muddy station in Sappuro when I first saw them.

Although the whole landscape was hidden in snow, the country seemed to change rapidly as we went along in the train. In the early morning there were hills, but about half an hour after leaving Sappuro we left the hills behind. The train was hot and crowded and by that intervention of Providence that looks after children and the ignorant, I managed to change at the right place. I came on to a line with a single track which ran through country that must be lovely in summer; when I travelled through it it was patchy with snow. There are low hills all round covered with conifers but the railway runs through a plain. Here the trees are deciduous and very bare. The country looks good agricultural land; I saw one or two frozen rice plots, but most places are not irrigated. The line next runs through a big and at present rather desolate area, low deciduous forest and swamp. They were clearing this region and, at some of the stations, there are vast piles of lumber. The stumps are left in the ground and many of the holdings give the impression of being comparatively new farms. At

Tomakomai the snow had gone, but there were mountains gleaming with snow in the distance, while the near landscape consisted of brown grass, with patches of water and an occasional tree ; in the middle distance there were low hills, some of which were well wooded. Some of the houses are made entirely of this brown grass ; they seemed to be very cold. The country lacks the neatness and prettiness of southern Japan, but makes up for this in its wildness and in the ruggedness of the mountains. The villages along the seashore are very pleasant. They are simple—a few huts of wood or straw, the tall uprights which they use all over the East to raise water out of the wells, and a few boats. Necessities of travel compelled me to go back to Tomakomai. I had fallen in with Mr. Batchelor at Horobetsu ; he knows more of the Ainu than anyone else, so I was content to retrace my steps to have the pleasure and advantage of his company. We took a narrow-gauge train which puffed disconsolately through most desolate country, grass and reeds and swamp on one side, and the sea on the other, and soon came to our destination. We were met at the station by two laughing Ainu girls, who cheerfully shouldered our baggage. We were joined later by a man, a woman and several boys, who insisted on taking all our small packages. The man did not come up to the traditional Ainu style ; he had shaved—about last week. We walked for about two miles to the Ainu village of Chinn. It consists of fifty or sixty houses built of straw with a thatch in tiers. The village street is a winding, muddy way with piles of lumber at intervals on either side, one or two shaggy ponies and the inevitable small boys.

My companion had lived long in Japan and had

acquired an extraordinary influence over the Ainu. Like many of the North-Eastern peoples of Asia, they are liable to that unusual mental condition which is known as "arctic hysteria". They are also very liable to various forms of hypnotic influence and yield readily to autohypnosis. I can only explain on these grounds the phenomena which I witnessed at Chinn. The Ainu believe that Batchelor is a very great medicine man and, when we arrived, they came in crowds in order that he might put them into a state of hypnosis, from which, when they recovered, they professed themselves to be in much better health. All he did was to put his hand on their foreheads, when the patient would go off at once into a profound coma. I thus got ample opportunities for observing the people and their physique.

The Ainu are very well built and are extremely stocky, with a well-rounded body and massive ribs. The first men, who came in as patients, were men who had no hair on the chest; they were correctly diagnosed as Japanese. The Ainu men are extraordinarily hairy all over the body. The women have short black thick hair on the arms and legs but none on the body. The hair on the head is more or less straight, but the ends are inclined to curl, both in the men and in the women. The beard is usually wavy; among the young men this wave is often very pronounced, while among the old the beard becomes a tangled briar bush. The individual hairs are very different from those of the Japanese; among the latter they are fine and silky, among the Ainu coarse and lustreless, almost like horsehair. The eyes of the women are almost always brown, though the men's eyes sometimes have a greenish or hazel tinge. They are often of a pleasant clear colour; they open like our own and are never oblique

slits. The condition that is known as the "Mongolian fold," in which a fold of skin covers the inner corner of the eye, is reduced among the Ainu to a curious ridge of skin about an eighth of an inch high. The head is usually very large and prominent behind. The face is broad and the forehead high. The nose is straight with a curious convexity at the tip. When an Ainu and a Japanese stand one beside the other, you will find two things beyond their hairiness which separate them. The Japanese are yellower in colour. I should say the Ainu were dark rather than yellow ; they sometimes have almost olive skins, like the people in the Levant. The eyes and forehead form the second feature which differentiates them. The Ainu girls are pretty in our sense ; they have none of the dainty prettiness of the Japanese girls. For a people who lead a hard life, they keep their youth wonderfully ; there was a woman of thirty whom I guessed, in perfect good faith, to be twenty-two. They marry about seventeen, very late for a primitive people ; they seldom have more than three or four children, often not so many.

They have a peculiar smell, due, I think, in most cases to the unguents with which they anoint their abundant locks. Possibly the absence of washing may contribute, but whatever it is, I should know it again even under such trying olfactory conditions as a garden of leeks or a chemical laboratory.

I did not see any tattooing on the men ; owing to their hirsute nature it might be difficult to find sufficient area vacant.

The women tattoo their lips and about a third of an inch round them, with a blue pigment ; the tattooing is prolonged to a point about an inch from the corner of the mouth. This gives them the appearance of having a moustache, and, except in

some of the older women, is a very conspicuous feature. The backs of the hands are tattooed with a pattern like a Maltese cross, and four bands are tattooed round the wrists. The hands are well-shaped but rather dumpy. One old woman, Sanook, I got to know quite well; she was in and out of the house because Batchelor and I were to take her daughter to school at Sappuro. She was one of his best patients, and for a savage woman was wonderfully well preserved. She complained of chronic indigestion, and demanded treatment. She lay down on a couch and covered herself with a rug. Batchelor put his hand on her, took off his spectacles, and looked at her and told her to go to sleep. She closed her eyes, and immediately went off into a hypnotic condition. As she lay there she presented a striking spectacle. Her body was stretched out but perfectly relaxed, her arms fell loosely by her sides and we wrapped them up in the rug which covered her. Her breast rose and fell gently and her heart beat forcefully but slowly. There was very little wrinkling of the skin on the neck even with all the muscles relaxed. The skin of her body and face was all of the same colour, a dark olive, rather darker than the average Ainu, but then she had lost the first bloom of her youth. All the wrinkles disappeared from her face, which seemed to be almost, as it were, that of a corpse. Although she still lived, I could not help thinking that "after life's fitful fever she sleeps well." Her eyebrows were thick and black; she had long black lashes closed on large brown lustrous eyes. Her cheek-bones were big but not conspicuously so, seeming rather to frame the orbit than to make features of themselves. Her forehead was high and she had an abundance of short hair, curly at the tips and coming down to her shoulders only. Her mouth

was tattooed and, perhaps owing to her olive skin, the tattooing showed very conspicuously. She began to breathe so gently and seemed so still that I had to put my finger on her pulse to assure myself that nothing was wrong. Then Batchelor told her to wake up and made some jesting remark that I did not understand. She woke up, smiled at us, laughed at the joke and got up and said she felt all right, bowed profoundly and left the room.

We had a perpetual series of callers; Batchelor put his hand on their chests and sent them off into this hypnotic condition and, at his bidding, they woke up and then all of them professed themselves either quite well or, at all events, much better. I was surprised at the influence that he had over them, they all trusted him implicitly; they lay down on the couch, let him put his finger on their chests, demanded to be put to sleep, went into a hypnotic condition, and woke up laughing. All the people seemed equally amenable to the treatment. The only failure that he had while I was there was an infant, but in that case, I think, he had no real intention of hypnotizing it except for experimental purposes. They come from all the villages round and quite clearly enjoy the treatment. Some came in looking very ill, and certainly looked and felt better afterwards. They went into the condition practically immediately after Batchelor had put his hand on their chests. The recovery was equally rapid, and they did not seem to pass through a drowsy period. I do not know whether their own medicine men practise any analogous treatment, but Batchelor told me that under certain conditions the mention of the word "snake" in Ainu will produce in them a condition which seems from his description to resemble that of hystero-epilepsy. I have heard

of similar conditions occurring among most of these northern people of Asia, in addition to the Siberian tribes among whom it has been reported. I have reason to believe that it is a very widespread phenomenon; I have not actually heard of it occurring among the Chinese or Japanese, and should be very interested to know if it does also occur among them.

I should state that Batchelor does not possess any knowledge of a scientific nature and, as he himself told me, he is at a loss to explain the phenomena for which he is responsible. It is noticeable that they are usually associated with religion, as I shall have occasion to show later among the Mongols. It is also associated with religion among the Ainu whom I saw, in their case Christianity, but it is doubtful how far these people really distinguish between various religions, except for the difference of ritual and of taboos. I think that the personality of the ministrant of the religion is also a powerful factor among these simple people, and that many of them regard Batchelor as a very powerful medicine man. In any case, I have seldom or never had the opportunity of witnessing such a remarkable series of phenomena as those I observed in the mission room at Chinn.

The difference between these people and the Japanese is as great psychologically as it is physically. Their moral values are very different. The men, and especially the older men, are very much given to the abuse of alcohol, which seems to be having a very deleterious effect upon them. They do not seem to be a match for the Japanese in commercial dealings. Batchelor attributed this to their lack of facility for education; I have no means of checking his statement. Like many primitive peoples, they are fond of certain forms of ornament and, having little sense

of value, they fall an easy prey to the unscrupulous trader.

The bear ceremonies, of which various accounts have appeared, still survive, although I have had no opportunity of witnessing them. In most of the villages there is a spot where some willow wands and shavings are set up; these shrines have no buildings erected over them.

As I was vouched for by Batchelor, they showed me every kindness, though they were very shy. They were especially afraid of my camera, because they thought it would give me magical power over them if I secured their photographs. The presence, however, of Batchelor in the picture was a sufficient antidote against evil.

In addition to those I have mentioned, there was another old lady, Umpoo, with whom I became great friends. When I say old I do not wish to insult her; she was only fifty, and carried Batchelor's bag from the station as fast as we could walk without turning a hair. She was always smiling, though she did not want me to photograph her one little bit. She had a wrinkled, weatherbeaten old face beaming with good nature. The sun and wind had made her tattoo marks less conspicuous; it just looked from a distance as if she had neglected to shave recently. She carried that big heavy bundle on her back as if she were carrying an attaché case, with a strap passed over her forehead, plodding through the mud as if she always did that sort of thing, as I suppose she did.

After seeing the outside of their houses the inside is rather surprising. First, there is a kind of outhouse full of odds and ends and the house proper. There is a little space where shoes are left, and then a climb of about a foot on to polished boards. In the centre is the hearth, in the bigger houses about eight feet

by six, with a wood fire burning in the middle. Above the hearth a wooden frame is suspended from the roof. On this are hung things to dry and chains to suspend kettles. The smoke escapes through the roof. The houses I went into were surprisingly free from smoke, perhaps because they burn charcoal. The sharp cant of the roof naturally makes recesses which are used for sleeping in and as cupboards. In one house one of the recesses was full of old Japanese swords and so on, some of the things curiously mixed up with Ainu; for instance, a Japanese pipe, an Ainu holder.

The day that Batchelor and I left Chinn we were accompanied by quite a big retinue of both men and women. Old Umpoo carried our bedding, in spite of the rain. We were to take the daughter of Sanook to school at Sappuro, so her father and mother came with us. Apart from Japanese clothes, this little lady of sixteen summers might have passed for a European. She was black-haired, rosy-cheeked and brown-eyed and very shy. Our retinue gradually got smaller as we got nearer to the station; people came to places where they had business or gave up hopelessly because of the rain. They collected again at the station to give us a farewell. We packed our little charge in a third-class carriage with a girl friend and arranged our own carriage. Then we said good-bye to our excellent friends, and the last view I had of the Ainu was of men grinning from ear to ear, our old carrier lady beaming good nature all over her face, and the tall thin form of the mother of our charge, looking rather sad, all the calm and repose gone out of her fine old face, but her tattooed lips smiling a farewell to us, a conspicuous figure anywhere. One of the Ainu, of great learning, after bidding Batchelor adieu in his own tongue—it is almost

Batchelor's now, too—shouted out “ Good-bye ” to me, and another took it up. This was my farewell to a dying people whom I shall never see again. We went back to the hotel at Tomokomai and the almond-eyed maid met us with well-stewed tea. Our meal was herrings, fried fish, scollops and rice. Owing to my lack of skill with the chopsticks I turned my back on the serving ladies, but they apparently looked through it, Ainu and Japanese this time. Batchelor had to go and send a telegram, and the interval was most embarrassing. I sat on the floor on one side of the brazier, and the Ainu girl sat on the other. She looked very decorative and very shy and played with her fingers, till I thought she was going to scream. Doubtless she would have if it had not been bad manners. I did not know what to do, I am not accustomed to being in the same room as a perfectly silent young lady (Almond-eyes was bad enough, but she was far from silent). I did not know which was worse, silence in Ainu or chatter in Japanese. However, tobacco came to my aid. I filled my pipe and knowing that “ match ” was perfectly good Japanese, I thought it might be Ainu. When my pipe was full, and I think, from the way she studied the process, that my Ainu friend will know it again, I said “ match ” in a challenging way. At last the ice was broken, and a gleam of intelligence crossed her face as she got up, unearthed a match from some hidden store, came over to me and presented it with both hands. Batchelor returned, we caught our train, I had another hurried meal at Sappuro and I slept in the train and got to Hakodate in the evening next day. The day after I was once more in a genial climate.

I had an opportunity at Kyoto of examining a very interesting collection of human bones from neolithic

graves, and also those of Ainu and modern Japanese. It is impossible to estimate the date of the neolithic finds ; the culture is stone-age and that is all that can be said at present. Those Japanese who have studied the old bones are inclined to think, on grounds which seem to me to be inadequate, that the old remains are like the Ainu, but not actually Ainu. It is not the place here to discuss purely technical questions, but the characters which they believe distinguish the older people from their modern representatives in Hokkaido are of the same type that might distinguish a group of early bones in this country from later ones. Personally, I am free to admit that I could not distinguish the two groups, whereas the Japanese were totally different. Both the neolithic skulls and the Ainu had the same characters, a low forehead, big brows, the same type of opening for the eye, a narrowish nose and a small width between the eyes. All these characters distinguish them very clearly from the Japanese. A further point which is very noticeable among the stone-age people is the massiveness of the ribs, a point I had noticed among the Ainu. The Ainu skulls show a greater breadth of face than the European, but I was surprised to see how very European they are.

From such traditions as we have it seems probable that there were more than one cultural period in which Ainu or people physically allied to the Ainu, inhabited Japan. For in historic times we hear of fights between the Japanese and the Ainu. It is possible again that these stone-age people are not really of very great antiquity, as we know of modern savages who were, at the time of discovery, in a stone-age condition of culture.

Until more archæological work is done we cannot

date these shell mounds and other relics of the aborigines of Japan. The University of Kyoto offered me the great privilege of excavating on one of their sites, a privilege of which, unfortunately, I could not take advantage, but the work already done is quite sufficient to give us a clear idea of the culture of these early peoples which is entirely pre-Japanese. It would also appear to be very different from the present Ainu culture, especially since there are abundant remains of pottery, an industry that the Ainu do not possess, all the earthenware they use being obtained from the Japanese. The cultural evidence would therefore suggest that there were in Japan a neolithic people at an unknown date and, as far as seems to be known at present, of unknown origin. They were undoubtedly a primitive people and I have introduced them here because the evidence of physical anthropology, often at variance on first sight with the cultural evidence, points very strongly to the fact that these early people and the Ainu belong to the same racial stock.

Linguistic evidence, I am told (for unfortunately I cannot speak any of the languages) suggests that the Ainu tongue was at one time widely spread over the Japanese islands, in much the same way that at one time the Celtic languages were spread over the whole of England. In this case, however, we have no Ainu problem similar to the Celtic problem in Europe, as we know very clearly the physical differences between the Ainu and the Japanese.

There seems little doubt that the Ainu are a dying people and various writers have put forward different theories to account for this. Inbreeding has been very strongly stated by some authorities, but, although this may be a contributory cause, most writers on this subject have dealt with the question

in general terms and scientific details are lacking. From such Ainu as I have seen I think that social conditions are an important factor. In the old days the Ainu were essentially a meat- and fish-eating people. They lived on the products of the chase and of their fisheries. The introduction of fire-arms made great inroads into the available supplies of game, and now the Japanese have forbidden the killing of deer. Alive to the great commercial possibilities of the fisheries, they are taking over the best fishing stations. The Ainu are thus compelled to eat more vegetable food than they were accustomed to in the old days, and certainly most of the older ones I saw were suffering from chronic indigestion. Such a condition, of course, only affects the older generation and will not hurt those who are growing up at present. I am inclined, however, to think that economic pressure and certain psychological phenomena are probably the more important factors. The Japanese are colonizing Hokkaido, they are exploiting the Ainu, and the Ainu are perishing in the struggle.

Dr. Rivers, in discussing the causes of depopulation in Melanesia, has drawn attention to the psychological factor as being one of the most important reasons for the gradual disappearance of primitive peoples. They lose the old interests which once made life worth living, and, to put the matter briefly, do not find it worth while to have children and to bring them up. In the old days the addition of a new member to the tribe was a matter of importance ; nowadays such an addition constitutes a burden on the parents, without, perhaps, giving any corresponding advantages. The people, not perhaps as individuals so much as a group considered collectively, have lost their interest in life. The group which has lost the

will to live soon loses its collective existence. I could not help feeling among the Ainu that very often as a tribe they had given up hope. They were deprived of their old rights. The customs and beliefs concerned with food must disappear when their food is changed. The economic pressure of Japan has altered their old values. Visiting them as a stranger I got the impression that they were a dying people ; I very much fear that they have this feeling themselves. The individual who has made up his mind that he is going to die, usually dies, unless the physician can rouse him from his apathy ; it seems probable that exactly the same holds good of races.

Under such circumstances it is of value to enquire whether there are any means which will restore to the Ainu their old interest in life. The Japanese authorities are naturally very interested in the matter. Chamberlain¹ says, "Notwithstanding the well-intentioned efforts of a paternal government, they (the Ainu) are disappearing more rapidly under the influence of civilization than they did during their long and bloody wars with the Japanese and with each other, which only terminated in the last century."

If the reasons which we have suggested above are the true causes of the dwindling of the Ainu, we may expect that civilization will have this effect. The only remedy would seem to be the restoration of something that would give them an interest in life. Their old customs, many of which survive, could be encouraged as far as possible. They used to be huntsmen and fishermen. If there is no longer game, the sea remains ; the reservation of fisheries for the Ainu and the proper encouragement might

¹ Things Japanese p. 19.

do much. The prohibition of alcohol is a necessity. Above all, they must be taught, through a sympathetic protector of Aborigines, that they are not merely curiosities for tourists to photograph and traders to exploit, but a people who have a definite place in the world, and one whose disappearance would be a real loss.

It is doubtful whether the Japanese could afford to give them big reservations. Indeed, I am not sure that such are wanted. They certainly want protected fishing rights. What I think they want most of all is not "the well-meant efforts of a paternal government," but rather the firm hand of one who has studied their customs, speaks their language, and is prepared to fight their battles and to restore their confidence in themselves. It does not seem too much to hope that Japan, the mother of so many capable statesmen, will find somebody prepared to make such a task his lifework.

2. *Korea.*

About a month after my visit to the Ainu I started out with a camera, a spare film pack and, by the favour of heaven, a phrase-book and a fountain pen. It began in this way. The hotel people at Seoul are fools. I am sorry to make so definite a statement, but, at least as far as I was concerned, it was that side of their character that was most prominent. I discovered that a motor-bus service ran to a place called Shunsen. From the map I judged that the scenery would be pretty and, all places being alike to me, I got on the telephone to the motor-bus company, and was told that the bus started immediately ; so I got into a rickshaw and went to the starting place, only to find that it meant a two days' trip. There was no time for luggage, so I bought

half a kilogramme of tobacco, as they were starting up the bus, and three boxes of matches, and went out into the wild to study Chosen. The manager of the bus company spoke a little English, so I got him to provide me with a number of slips in Japanese giving the kind of instructions I might want to give ; they were very useful.

The way out of the city lay along a broad highway fringed with black poplars. A great crowd seemed to be passing into the city. We met a continuous stream of pack animals, mostly oxen with a few ponies. The oxen were usually great chestnut beasts, each with a ring through the nose. They nearly all carried either wood chopped into small logs or else brushwood, not charcoal. The clothing of the people is, for the most part, white. The men wear sandals or shoes with turned-up toes, covering the whole of the foot, not divided as among the Japanese. They have baggy trousers, a white belt and a very short kind of Eton jacket, but fastened in front. Some wear a white cloak over all. There are various kinds of headgear, some have the little top hats one always sees in photographs ; others, again, have a soft cloth hat, like the black hat of the Shinto priests, but neither black nor stiff. Many have over this hat a very large straw hat, about two feet six inches in diameter and perhaps a foot deep, conical in general form, but with three indentations behind. It is made of a coarse straw and has a cane frame inside to fit the head like the frame some people wear in France under their steel helmets. The women wear a costume like the men's, except that they have no head covering and a flowing skirt with trousers underneath. The gap between the short tunic and the belt is usually sufficient to show the breasts. In this feature of their clothing the Korean women resemble the Indian

women and are sharply opposed to their immediate neighbours, the Chinese and Japanese. Although white is the normal colour in Korea, there are exceptions, but the colour scheme differs essentially from that of the Japanese. The latter are kaleidoscopic ; the Koreans prefer one or two colours with massed effects. Purple trousers seemed to be fashionable, and many of the children wore red and green. Many of the women, in addition to their regular costume, wear a purple bow pinned over the right breast with long streamers flowing from it. Although burdens are carried to a large extent by pack animals, in the country every other man has a pack. This consists of a frame made of two pieces of wood inclined to one another, like an inverted " V " without a tail. The ends are about level with the wearer's head and a strap goes on either side over the shoulder and under the arms. At the level of the small of the back a framework is fixed, spreading fanwise at right angles or a little less. In the space so formed the burden is carried, often a surprisingly great one. Even the small boys have these frames. The bearer always carries in his hand a forked stick and, when he stops to rest, he puts the two lower ends on the ground and props the point of the V in the notch of the forked stick. The country is full of such tripods. While the men carry things on the back, the women use the head, and they carry great water pots. I have seen them with babies on the back, but they do not carry the latter with the ease and familiarity born of long practice that the Japanese do. The Koreans are surprisingly different from the Japanese in physical form as well as costume. I am inclined to think that they have a skin colour that is of that shade of brown that is so common among the Indians in Mexico. They are

taller than the Japanese and the women stride along ; they do not trip as the Japanese women do. Although the eyes are often obliquely set, they are, not infrequently, straighter than those of the Japanese. The face is usually rather long. All the men have beards, usually rather scanty, but in some cases quite well developed. Some of the old men have almost an Ainu beard, but straight, not curly. They get very wrinkled, especially about the eyes.

The houses are thatched and often have at least part of the wall made of stone. In the country they usually have a stockade to keep off wild beasts. The houses themselves are low and have none of the picturesque appearance of the Japanese. In front they have a kind of porch, underneath which they seem to spend most of their time sitting. Behind this they have a screen, so that you cannot see inside as you can into a Japanese house. Where a road exists the villages are usually built along it ; they do not follow the Japanese custom of spreading out into a circle or a fan like the little valley villages round Mt. Fuji I have described above.

The journey to Shunsen was a lovely one. The road nearly the whole way was fringed with trees now coming into their first leaf. It added to our driver's cares that it was nearly everywhere being mended. The Japanese are making very serious efforts to improve the communications. Over most of Asia this road, in its unmended state, would have been considered a good one. It was being converted into a highway ; bridges were being built, bad places graded and the system of omnibuses was cheap, efficient, and extremely crowded. They have a system of relays ; each car starts from a centre, meets the one from the next centre on the road and changes passengers, each car returning home and, if

necessary, going out the opposite side of the town and meeting a second car from a more distant centre. The arrival and departure of these cars seems to be very carefully policed, and in every case I met with the utmost courtesy from the police, who were of the greatest assistance and intelligence and helped me on my way—no easy task, as I knew little of their language and they none of mine.

Although the first part of our journey lay through a plain, we very soon came to foothills and began to climb the mountains to the east of the town of Seoul. The surface obviously belongs to a very old geological formation and is much weathered. Owing to the activities of the Japanese, the hillside has been re-forested ; to judge from the amount we saw on pack animals a great deal of small timber and brush must be used. I am informed that two trees are planted, by law, where one is cut down. Most of the hillsides are, however, bare and covered with coarse grass, and at this time of year great patches of pink azalea—a sight for the gods. The valleys are everywhere cultivated, principally with rice ; at the time of year I visited Korea they were ploughing. We climbed up quite a big range of hills with magnificent views, especially to the west over the plain in which Seoul lies. We then went down the cutting across the watershed and turned north. This brought us to a lake, or rather a flooded valley, for the stretch of water was long and never more than two miles broad, with high steep hills on either side. Where the gradient was steep, the lake became river again, until it finally occupied all the valley, passing through a very old and most imposing gorge. Here it seemed to have reached its flood plain again and flowed slowly, a tranquil blue stream. This river is called Shoyoko ; it is one of the affluents of the Kanko.

Some boats were beating up-stream with the wind, which was strong enough to carry our ferry well above the landing-place. In the narrows close to Shunsen the river is extremely lovely, especially with the blue sky and the azalea-covered hills. We ferried across the Shoyoko and soon came to the town. Close by, the river opens out again, although there are steep hills on the right bank.

Owing, no doubt, to the absence of volcanic action, the scenery is very different from that of Japan. It is on a larger scale and much more rugged; the distances seem greater. Apart from the difference in the climate, and therefore in the vegetation, the scenery is very reminiscent of some parts of North Wales; but a Wales with azaleas and rice fields. Villages did not seem to be very frequent, although it is difficult to judge, because, owing to the condition of the road, we advanced at different speeds. They are difficult to describe, having no dominant features. I did not see any of the shrines so common in Japan, though there was a new *torii* near Seoul. Few of the villages had any well-built houses except where there was a post office or a police station. The only place where I saw any flowers in a house was at a little Japanese shop where we stopped for some cider half-way. The country we came through was essentially mountainous, but, I should judge, has none of the great rainfall of Japan. The side streams had little water in them and there was no evidence of the great use of water-power so characteristic of the country round Mt. Fuji. All the improvements, and many seem to be being made, are Japanese. The town of Shunsen, a very small town of the interior, gives one the impression of being extraordinarily Japanese. According to the last census, about one-third of the population is Japanese, but probably at present it is

greater. It is a very interesting example of Japanese colonial expansion, and seems to me in many ways parallel to the American influence in Honolulu, which has converted that town into an American city. Even the girls at the inn were Japanese.

The meals at the inn were of the typical Japanese style. Chance has preserved among my notes a dinner. The meal began with a thick soup, whose ingredients I did not stay to analyse. There was uncooked fish with bean sauce and a cooked fish. The waitress offered to prepare it for me ; I declined and got my mouth full of bones ; some boiled meat which tasted like beef, and vegetables. Then I tried something which might have been tripe with horseradish sauce and, of course, the usual rice, the bowl replenished at intervals by the smiling maid, who tried to entertain me by giving me a lesson in Japanese.

One evening I was wandering about the house with nothing particular to do, when I was caught and taken to the kitchen to be introduced to the proprietor, who was alleged to speak English. On enquiry it turned out that he had been to America sixteen years ago. He quite frankly stated that he considered America a place to go to to make money and then to come home again. He himself belonged to Hiroshima, but his son, a boy of thirteen, had been born in Korea. The old man did not seem to regret Japan, but he could not understand why I wanted to come to Shunsen. It was, as he said, a rather uninteresting collection of Japanese and Korean houses with municipal and government buildings. He had good business reasons, for the motor-bus service brought a lot of people to the inn.

My return journey to Seoul was not devoid of incident. When I left Shunsen I got into a Ford

which did duty as motor-bus. It contained a Korean lady, a Japanese girl, two Koreans, a Japanese, and the Japanese driver. Later, another Korean got in, a fortunate circumstance, as it transferred me to the seat beside the driver, the only place that I could possibly fit. So the Ford touring five-seater held eight persons, a bicycle and hand luggage. We had a leisurely journey; we punctured and so on, and stopped at many places. In one village, Kaiei, the Japanese influence may be said to be dominant, but elsewhere not. The villages were all strung out along the road, and here, too, the Japanese, using native labour, were making a very determined attempt to convert the road into a highway. Out in the country one gets a clearer idea of the Japanese strength and weakness in Korea than in the towns. There can be little doubt that they are extremely capable administrators; the whole of the countryside is being organized; the representatives of the law are everywhere. A determined attempt is being made to re-forest the hills, a most pressing question in northern Asia. In spite, however, of this administrative ability, it does not appear at present as if the Japanese are successful colonists. It is a necessity, if a country is to be colonized, that the colonists should not confine themselves to developing the towns or to purely administrative efforts, but should rather devote themselves to the country. It is true that there are already occupiers of the soil, but much of Korea is uncultivated and the population is not a big one, considering the size of the country. Most of the Japanese I spoke to seemed to regard Korea as a place where you might settle if opportunity offered, but where, on the whole, you would not go except to make money; certainly not the place to live in for choice. The Japanese

colonists impressed me in a very different way from the Chinese colonists in Mongolia, who were taking possession of the land and making it their home for ever.

The question will be clearer if we state some definite facts. The actual peninsula is somewhat over eighty thousand square miles in area. It is therefore about two-thirds the size of the British Isles. In 1920 the population was over seventeen millions, of whom about three hundred thousand were Japanese, and some twenty-three thousand were "foreigners." The density per square mile was 208, that in Japan being 376, a figure that is actually slightly larger than that of Great Britain. In the north there are mountains of considerable mineral wealth, and in the south-west there are large areas which are fertile and comparatively level. There are excellent harbours.

Japan has realized the importance of the mineral wealth, especially in relation to her own economic condition. I heard many bitter complaints from foreigners on this point, because no mining may be done, except by a Japanese corporation. At present, however, the mining has not been greatly developed. The last figures which I have, those for 1919, show an annual return of under twenty-six million yen, a tremendous improvement on previous figures. The Japanese are, however, making very determined efforts to improve the industrial condition of the country, not only by developing the mines but also by encouraging manufactures. As far as I could gather, most of the industrial development came from individual firms. The Japanese government has given considerable financial assistance to the improvement of agriculture. I am inclined to see in this, almost more than in anything else, a clear

exposition of the present condition of Japan. The most enterprising part of the community are rapidly discovering that the way to wealth lies more in the development of industry than in any other way. They are therefore working at the industrial problems, whereas their statesmen have the food problem very much to heart and realize the necessity of developing the available areas for food supplies as much as possible. The government have spent a great deal of money on model farms in Korea. The result is apparent, both in the improved condition of the peasantry (for, although things in Korea among the peasant class are far from being beyond criticism, advances have certainly been made), and also in the brighter outlook for the future, when the results of better agricultural conditions become apparent in an increased food supply.

It is impossible to discuss Korea without considering the question of Korean independence. In spite of the brutalities that have been committed by the *gendarmérie*, and the fact that Japan has, on the whole, governed Korea with a heavy hand, there is much, if not more, to be put on the other side. In the past the condition of Korea was extremely unsatisfactory. Above all, she lacked that which is the greatest blessing a government can secure to a people, peace within her borders. The strong administration of Japan has secured this. We have commented on the smallness of the mining output, yet this is six times as great as it was in 1910. She has developed agriculture. She has employed native labour on public works, which, for the present at least, cannot be self-supporting. She is attempting to change those bare hills into rich forests. Japan is not a philanthropist; to make such great improvements needs the expenditure of capital, and a

return must be expected for capital expended. The malcontents have, no doubt, felt that the hand of the alien has been heavy, but in return the improvements have secured not only increased security of life but also enhanced material prosperity. Japan has, in Korea, shouldered the "White man's burden." In taking on such responsibility she has incurred the odium attached thereto. No doubt the Koreans feel that they would prefer freedom; they have been justly aggrieved by the severity of the Japanese military rule. Under the new civil administration in which the post of governor-general has become a civil post, responsible to the Prime Minister of Japan, and a police force has been substituted for the old semi-military force, conditions have been much altered. I think that the real grievance of the Koreans is that they do not wish to be forced into the Japanese model, nor do they feel that Japanese schools and other methods for Japanizing the land are satisfactory. In fact, the strong policy of Japan has made the Koreans into a nation, a thing they had little claim to be before. Unfortunately, many foreign missionaries have been openly sympathetic over the wrongs of the Koreans. This mixture of Christianity and politics can command little sympathy, whether one agrees with the missionaries or not. I must confess that it strikes me as a breach of good manners for foreigners, in a foreign country, to mix in politics; and when this mixing in politics takes the form, as it has in a few cases, of showing partisan feeling against the recognized government, the matter becomes worse than a breach of good manners. No doubt, when the time comes for Korea to stand on her own legs, it is not improbable that the international situation will have changed considerably.

Seoul itself is one of the most striking examples of what Japan has done in the way of changing a city. Much of it is built in concrete ; and it contains one of the most comfortable hotels in the Far East. In Seoul these concrete buildings and telegraph lines strike a very different note from what the same things do in Tokyo. They are blatant and discordant in both, but in the latter they have been adopted by the people after being learned in the west. The Japanese hired teachers and, when they thought they had learned all that these teachers had to give them, they proceeded to put into practice what the teachers had taught. In Seoul the matter is different. These buildings are not the work of the people themselves. They have as little interest in them as the coolie in Peking has in the Hôtel de Pékin, they are merely ways of making money. They have not assimilated the Japanese culture, and their attitude of mind says very clearly that at present, at least, they have no intention of doing so.

The railway from Seoul to Peking runs through country to which, not so very long ago, the eyes of the world were turned with great interest, and names of many of the places are extremely familiar. Northern Korea is a very beautiful place. There are series of wild hills, sometimes with high mountains in the background. Agriculture of a primitive kind is practised wherever it is possible. The line crosses the Yalu at Antun and so into China Proper.

What a contrast that frontier is to the man going east or west ! To pass the Japanese officials every paper must be in order, every cigarette inspected. I suppose that sometimes a passport is inspected in China, but I have never had mine so much as asked

for. As far as Mukden we had Japanese armed guards and a Japanese train ; after that it was Chinese. I arrived in the middle of war. That I will describe later. Troops were moving, there were a few aeroplanes and actually some artillery. As you proceed in the train, the mountains gradually fade away till the train runs through open plains. And so one comes to the city which, of all I have seen in the East, is the most fascinating--Peking.

CHAPTER III

CHINA ANCIENT AND MODERN

I. *Geography and Ethnology*

It is necessary if we are to study the modern tendencies in China to consider first of all the geography of those vast territories and at least briefly to refer to one or two of the salient features in the culture and the history of the country.

The area of China is uncertain ; it is well over 4,000,000 square miles, over a million square miles greater than the area of the United States. This vast territory may be conveniently divided into three geographical provinces, the Northern Uplands, the Great Plain and the Southern Uplands. Such a division is necessarily very general, but is sufficiently clear for our present purpose.

The northern uplands form a high plateau with a series of escarpments. The plateau stretches far beyond China proper and includes the great desert of Gobi. Much of the country is cut by rivers, more or less regular in form, which find their way ultimately south into the great plain and so to the sea ; in places there is a thick deposit of loess, but this deposit does not extend on to the plateau itself. Such parts as I have seen, and they are, of course, only a very small part of the whole, contain two types of scenery. The first, the original and as it were the basal scenery of the country, is due to the horizontal rocks of carboniferous and pre-carboni-

ferous date, which produce a series of steps and often what may almost be called "buttes." The second is a loess scenery which in many respects resembles what is called the bad lands in parts of America. The valleys have steep sides and series of miniature precipices and canyons often not more individually than a foot broad and six to ten feet deep. The loess is very apt to be eroded by water and by the feet of travellers so that the trade routes acquire the appearance of river beds. Owing to the porous nature of the ground the surface is dry. To the north again are the great uplands whose characteristic scenery will be described later. The whole region is one which is exposed to violent climatic changes and generally speaking the rainfall is slight. The rivers have therefore eroded very deeply and have cut the escarpments for the most part regularly and sharply. In contrast to what happens in the south, the roads follow the rivers, and the passes between the plains and the plateau are well marked and direct. Owing to the steepness of the hills, the views are often very extensive. The ranges, although broken, are regular, and form a series of sierras in many places; the line of the escarpment is the foundation of one of the greatest pieces of human endeavour—the great wall. Above Kalgan, as I shall show later, we have a clear example of a range which forms an historic climatic and ethnological boundary. To the north the plains, to the south the escarpments which form a kind of No Man's Land, easily penetrated from the north or the south, but extremely difficult to traverse along the main line of the escarpment. The geography of this region has profoundly affected the history and the ethnology of China. The high plateau to the north and the north-west has always been the home of the barbarian tribes; the escarpments have been

a kind of intermediate zone belonging on the whole politically and ethnologically to the people of the plains.

The great plain, although it forms but a small part of the Chinese dominions, is associated most intimately with their history, perhaps more intimately than any other geographical feature. In general terms, the plain is triangular, and forms, or rather is formed by, the deltas of the rivers from the northern and the southern uplands. It has been built by the two great rivers of China, the Hwang Ho and other smaller streams flowing from the north, and the Yangtze Kiang from the south. The base of the triangle is formed by the Yangtze Kiang from Ichang to Shanghai, approximately 600 miles; the apex is north of Peking. The sea bounds the eastern leg of this vast triangle and, for much of the distance, the western leg is bounded by the wall. From north to south for a long way the plain is traversed by the grand canal. Out of the plain there rise two series of hills. To the north the Shantung peninsula, which belongs geologically to the northern uplands from which it is now separated both by the plain and also, by what forms at present the principal feature of the plain, the course of the Hwang Ho. The second series of hills forms the northern boundary of Hupeh province and cuts off the plain of the Yangtze Kiang from Hankow to Ichang from the rest of the great plain.

Most characteristic of the great plain are the river valleys, which, owing to the deposition of loess detritus, are higher than the surrounding country, and are subject to great inundations with most disastrous results to human life, especially in the north. During much of the year, the yellow monotony of the plain is wearisome to the eyes and gives an impression

of vastness which is more easily experienced than described. In the spring and early summer it is very beautiful, especially in a fertile year. There is mile after mile of flat grainland, a few trees occasionally but never very conspicuous, surrounding a graveyard perhaps. Unlike the high plateau it is flat, not rolling. The landscape is deeply cut by ancient roads. The rivers when one crosses them are unlike any other rivers. You suddenly pass over a huge sandy area ; the change comes without warning. There is no river valley, quite the reverse ; perhaps one should say there is a river bed on the top of which there may or may not be a stream. There is no gorge with a river at the bottom, no winding valley with alluvial meadows and a water course meandering through it. These rivers stand out from the plain ; they are on it, not in it. The towns have adopted the same type ; they have huge walls and stand out conspicuously in the plain. One cannot but be impressed by the effect of human labour, a great carrying of soil to one spot. An examination of these cities shows what changes have often taken place in levels since they were built, owing to the removal or accumulation of the fine yellow dust. The dust seems to have its origin in the northern uplands of central Asia. The Yangtze Kiang therefore, coming as it does from the south, flows over hard rock, and though there are, of course, shifting sand banks, it forms a great navigable river into the heart of China. There are great unsilted lagoons along its course, which form very remarkable features in the landscape.

The southern part of China, what I have called the " southern uplands " is distinct and very different from the rest. There are three great folds which have been recognized by geologists whose details need not concern us here. The country has been

divided into three main divisions. The first is a series of high mountains, which have not been eroded sufficiently to lose their old form. The rivers run therefore for the most part from west to east. There are two great depressions which form gaps and have allowed from time immemorial a way in and out of China. Between the Tsin Ling Shan and the Siung Erh Shan and its neighbour the Fu Nui Shan ranges, there is a pass, about four thousand feet high, forming the gap for the road from Sian Fu to Siangyan Fu. Through a second depression the road from the latter place to Kaifeng passes. The second western area in Yunnan and Szechwan is beyond the ground covered by these chapters and need not concern us. In the eastern, the older valleys have been very much eroded. Near the sea the rivers flow east or south-east. In the north the valleys of the Yangtze Kiang and its attendant rivers are so deep that the coastal streams have not captured them, but in the south the Sikiang has cut back and now drains a very wide area. From our point of view a very important feature is the deposition of a reddish clay deposit which forms at times almost an irregular plain of great fertility which can support a dense population.

It is clear that the difference between the north and the south is of as great geographical importance as it is of political importance. The south with its lofty mountains and remote valleys and the comparative absence of good roads and waterways has become the last refuge of many aboriginal tribes. In the north communication has on the whole been easy for a long period and the geographical environment has favoured the development of a great empire. The south has always been the home of lost causes, the last refuge of the Sung and the Ming; or the cradle of new ones, like the visionary dreamers of the

twentieth century. The great Yangtze Kiang forms the boundary between the two; it is seldom that one can travel along a river whose left and right banks are more different.

The north, with its great alluvial plain and the absence of much direct communication with the sea, has become essentially an inland nation. The great waterways serve as much to further the inland communications as they do communications with deep water. In the south, the rocky nature of the coast, comparatively easy access along the sea-front but difficulty of communication inland, except along the bigger rivers, has led to the growth of a large sea population who spend most of their time afloat, on the estuaries or near the coast. Here the mountains yield, as we shall have occasion to show later, but a poor harvest to the labour of man, but the sea is rich. Typhoons may devastate the estuaries, but on land too the Hwang Ho may pour its terrible flood of yellow waters over the face of the earth. There has grown up here then a remarkable floating population at all the river mouths.

The isolation has had the further important result of allowing the evolution of several different tongues, whereas in the north and west for the most part Mandarin has survived.

The geographical situation has also brought about an interesting dispersion of the southern Chinese. Owing to the limits of habitable land and the continual economic pressure, the southerners have immigrated in large numbers and have been the pioneers of development in the Dutch Indies. It is from the south that most of the coolie labourers of Chinese origin who are so widely employed in the islands come. Many of the Chinese over the seas are also from these southern provinces. It is they who have

become the "Chinaman" of fiction, they who are the type who formed the "Chinese labour." The northern agriculturalist, living in the plains, has often suffered from economic pressure, but the sea has not been sufficiently near to make him an immigrant although he has shown that he too can become an efficient colonist.

The general situation will be more clearly understood if we discuss in greater detail the system of communications in China which are of the greatest importance, especially since the country is of such immense size. I shall limit myself to those to which I shall have occasion to refer later. The Hwang Ho, in spite of its size, is of little value to navigation, whereas the Yangtze Kiang¹ forms the principal water-way of the country.

For about a thousand miles, from the mouth of the river as far as Ichang, large steamers can penetrate into the interior and it is upon the banks of the Yangtze that many populous and rich cities have been built. At its mouth the city of Shanghai has grown up and attained from so fortunate a geographical position first place among the Treaty Ports. Here is the meeting place of the world's commerce with China. The ocean-going steamers from all the Pacific ports, from Canada, and from the United States, call here after they have left Japan. The eastern-going steamers find here the port where most of the freight and passengers for the interior from the upper Yangtze to Peking disembark. Owing to the immense amount of silt that the Hwang Ho brings down, the capital has no sea-port of a size convenient for liners

¹The word "Ho" means river, and "Kiang" stream. In common usage it is conventional to refer to the Yangtze Kiang simply as the Yangtze, but to give the Hwang Ho (which means the Yellow River) its full title, in much the same way as we talk of the "Thames," but say the "River Charles."

nearer than Shanghai. Further up the river is the port of Hankow. Both Shanghai and Hankow are connected by rail with Peking, although in the former case it is necessary to be ferried across the very wide mouth of the river before the train can be entered.

Second only in importance to the Yangtze is the Yun Ho (grand canal). This great artificial water way (which some writers have declared to be more worthy of mention than even the Great Wall itself) is nearly nine hundred miles long, or, if every small bend be taken into consideration, three hundred miles longer. It runs from Hangchow in the province of Chekiang to Tientsin in Chihli. At this latter place it unites with the Peiho, and so connects with the town of Tungchow, the port of Peking. The northern part of the canal is not much used, but the rest of the canal is still much employed by local traffic. It is said to have been built in the fifth century before Christ, over two thousand years of active navigation. The Peiho is navigable in the summer by small steamers as far as Tientsin. The railway runs south from Hankow to Changsha, and from Peking it is possible to travel north via Kalgan to Tatung, and north-east via Tientsin (which lies to the south of the city) to Mukden. This town forms an important railway centre, as thence there run lines to Harbin, connecting with the trans-Siberian route, to Port Arthur, and to Antung and Korea. There is a railway in Shantung, the old German concession, and certain local lines in Hunan and Honan.

It will be seen then that all the modern communications in north China centre about the Yangtze system in the south and Manchuria in the north.

The great port of south China is Hongkong, the British settlement, with the old native town Canton

just over a hundred miles away. A line partially connects the two cities, in addition to the water-way, but the projected line which was to line up Canton with Hankow has progressed but little, and, as things are, are not likely to make much active progress in the future.

When the projected railways are finished, it is planned to have a line from Kalgan northwards over Gobi and to link up Hankow, Canton, and Hongkong. It will then be possible to travel from Moscow to Kowloon and across the ferry to Hongkong. At present, however, in spite of the important place that railways have begun to play in China, the trade routes still form one of the principal means of external communication.

Along the coast there are numerous steamers which ply their somewhat dangerous way port to port, menaced by fogs and typhoons, with rifles ready on the bridge and barricades on the upper deck in case of piracy on the high seas. According to your tastes and the accident of the moment, you may find romance, deadly monotony, or great danger, travelling in China.

Since the establishment of the Republic a new flag floats over China, displacing the gorgeous imperial dragon of old time. This flag, with its five colours, represents the racial stocks which are traditionally supposed to have made up the Chinese people, viz. Chinese, Manchus, Mongols, Tibetans and Moslems. This is, of course, not a satisfactory ethnological classification. In general terms, we have certain northern races who have invaded China and are not improbably akin. They include the Mongols or Tatars and the Manchus. They have affected the northern Chinese and probably produced that contrast in stature which marks a man from the north when placed beside

a man from the south. In the southern uplands there are certain interesting groups of peoples who are usually put together under the convenient term of "aborigines." They seem in many cases to be the last relics of older peoples who have survived in the mountains when the tribes of a similar culture had been driven from more habitable places. Among the more important are the Lolos, who claim to have come from the country between Tibet and Burma and who now inhabit Kweichow, Yunnan, and Szechwan. There are the Miaotzu in Yunnan who may really be identical with the Lolos. There may also possibly be aboriginal tribes in Fukien of whom I shall have occasion to speak later. Unfortunately all these peoples are very little known at present, but such evidence as we have suggests that physically they do not differ very much, if at all, from their neighbours, and that such claims as they have to be aborigines must rest mainly on the possession of a culture which is non-Chinese. In fact, it would appear that they are probably comparable to the early Chinese, whose remains have been discovered by Dr. Andersson, and to which I shall refer later.

It seems not improbable that we shall find the key to the ethnology of China in central Asia, and a very convenient starting point is the report on Sir Aurel Stein's measurements issued by Mr. Joyce.¹

The area in which the measurements were taken is about the same latitude as, or a little south of, Peking. The people seem to include first a group of mountain folk closely allied, akin to whom are the Chitrali and Kafir, who probably contain some foreign element ; secondly there is a series of desert dwellers, the nucleus of which is formed by the oases of Turfan Khotan, Korla and Charklii ; these people have some affinities

¹Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute, 1911.

with the first group. A third is the very distinct Turki group, which include the Kirghiz, Kelpin, Dolan and Aksu. The fourth group (Chinese) seems to stand practically alone, though the Loplik are evidently related to them and so form a connecting link with the desert people. The most interesting point about the "Chinese" is their obvious differentiation from the Kirghiz who have been said to be the nearest relations to the "Mongolians" of all the Turki peoples. A possible explanation is not very far to seek, however. If the measurements given by Deniker in *the Races of Man* be considered, it will be seen that the data collected by Sir Aurel among the people of Nankuo and Tun-huang (that is Joyce's Chinese) correspond very closely with those quoted by Deniker for the northern Chinese, while the measurements of the Kirghiz and Dolan approximate very closely to those given for the southern Mongolian peoples with the exception of stature. It may be that the Kirghiz group represent a blend of southern Mongolian with the Turki stock. Joyce enlarges his observations with the statement that "the measurements show that the majority of the peoples surrounding the Taklamahan desert have a large common element, the basis . . . is Iranian. At the north-western edge an intrusive . . . element makes its appearance, the Turki . . . The great differentiation of the Chinese and the Turki groups is interesting since both are regarded as "Mongolian." It is evident that they belong to widely different branches of the Mongolian race and it must be concluded that the Turki are allied to the southern Mongolian, the Chinese of Nankuo and Tun-huang (and also probably the Tibetans whose measurements are given) to the northern Mongolian stock. If this is so (and the Turki peoples do in fact contain a large Southern

Mongolian element), their stature has been greatly increased in the course of their wanderings by contact probably with the Iranian peoples."

I have quoted this extract at great length because I had the good fortune to meet so many people from these various stocks, and in working at the various peoples of China, it seemed to me that this paper was of fundamental importance. There are several points which, however, I should be inclined to criticize. First, I would object to the terms *Northern* and *Southern Mongolians*; they are apt to be confusing. Probably the term *Chinese* is equally unsatisfactory, unless we use it in the purely linguistic sense of those who speak languages closely akin, and who would consider themselves inhabitants of the middle kingdom. The Chinese, and indeed the Mongols themselves, use the word *Mongol* in a sense which is often vague.

If the term *Northern Mongolian* be used, it should, I think, apply to the people living in that strip of country north of the Great Wall. There can be little doubt that these people differ in most respects from the Chinese, although in the regions south of Gobi they have been considerably affected by Chinese influence. They differ from the Chinese most clearly in profile, span, and in the form of the hand. While I suppose their numbers are not very great, they inhabit a vast area, and have had a great influence on both eastern and western history. Against these people was the Great Wall built, and Jenghiz Khan and his renowned grandson were of this stock. Some of them to-day claim to be the descendants of the former. Apart from later intrusive elements of Slavonic origin, they seem to me to constitute what might be called the second stratum from the north, possibly it may even be the third or fourth. They occupy the great grasslands; the hyperborean people live from the forests

to the tundra, although the forest starts within the limits of the Mongols, the fur-bearing forests which used to fill the packs of the caravans who came down over Gobi. I have reason to believe from conversation and from inspection that there are great similarities between all the Mongols, physically. I include under this heading those whom I have seen, namely Mongols from Inner and Outer Mongolia, Buriats, Kalmucks and some from even as far west as Yu Hsi, that is Chinese Turkestan.

We may travel in imagination over the great grass lands and, I think, all the way we shall find a similar type of people. A philologist, with whom I used to discuss these matters in Peking, was more inclined to associate the Mongols and the Turki peoples, although he admitted there were difficulties in the way. They may have borrowed from one another, or they may both have borrowed from a common source. When I look through my collection of photographs of Central Asiatic peoples, there seems to be a difference between most of the Mongols and the Turki peoples, though hardly so great as that between either and the Chinese.

The presence of people akin to the Armenoid in Central Asia seems to be extremely probable, and certainly Armenoid features seemed to appear among the Samarkandi whom I knew in Peking. I feel that the term Iranian is unsatisfactory, but I have no better to offer. Of the Tibetans I have seen so few that I cannot venture to express an opinion.

Little attention need be paid to any figures purporting to be "Northern Chinese" without a great deal of further information. Joyce's Chinese are equally northern Chinese, and have probably been subject to much the same influences; I cannot see that he does much more than say that the people of Yorkshire

resemble the inhabitants of the north of England. What do we mean if we try and define Northern China? I feel that we should be inclined to go back to the general geographical basis which I have used earlier in this chapter. The northern uplands represent an area where Barbarian and Chinese have been found for, shall we say, five thousand years. The people in this area include the overflow from the deserts, the grass lands and from the plain. It is a wild region, full of great rocks and wild beasts, but in its season full of babbling brooks and gardens of roses. Through this land the barbarians have swarmed into the great plains, wild nomad horsemen on short-legged, sturdy ponies; through this land also, but in a more peaceful guise, has the Chinese agriculturist passed; sometimes he has lived, at others (and history hardly records why) he has built gardens and houses which were doomed to destruction. At all times, except when the northern barbarian ruled in Peking, here has he guarded the Wall. The rocky chain is a long one and all along the crags are the watch towers. The chain of mountains seems to be a kind of "Abwehr zone" and in it, except for lurid periods, when the guardians of the Wall were saving, or failing to save, China from her northern foemen, it has been a place where races have mixed and where the Chinese took their toll of the merchants who came from the Never-never land beyond. Where it is best known, this region is extensive, for it begins, or nearly so, not far from the bridge of the Bright Dragon above Nankow and does not end till the outermost wall on the escarpment beyond the Gate, half a day's journey north of Kalgan. Its eastern boundary is the Pacific, and its western boundary is in central Asia, somewhere in the Tarim basin. Anywhere in this region, I think, you may find full-blood Mongols. Of course, you will

find them far south of it on the caravan routes, and anywhere full-blood Chinese ; and you will also find them mixed. South, the principal representatives of the barbarians are the Manchus and, to the north, you will find the Chinese cultivator and the Chinese merchant.

Then comes the great plain ; I find it very difficult to make up my mind what exactly the " sons of Han " means to me. In Peking the people seem to grade into two types apart from intermediates. One is moonfaced, heavy and fat in build, very round of countenance and usually yellow in colour. These are the people I should like to call Chinese. The second type is more brownish and hatchet-faced, with a narrower nose. They are, I think, northerners or, at any rate, a mixture of the inhabitants of the valley of the Hwang Ho with the barbarians from the north. I suspect that this type, possibly a mixture of both, are the people whom Joyce calls the northern Mongolians. My impression is that as one goes further south, say into central China, the moon-faced type becomes more common. Where they came from originally, I do not know. There is the tradition of Chinese history that they gradually spread down the valley of the Hwang Ho. The chalcolithic people in Honan do not seem to have differed very much from their modern descendants. The general traditions of the people are to our present purpose. They admit the presence of aboriginal tribes, especially in the coastal regions ; they also mention the presence of barbarians from the north coming down into central Honan. There seems to be a pretty strong tradition that the Chinese are not the autochthones of the land but that they wandered down the Hwang Ho, absorbing the other peoples. It is curiously significant that everything found so far is neolithic or chalcolithic. It is extremely

difficult to argue from negative evidence, but, considering the amount of material that has come to light, it is certainly surprising that, if there are palæolithic remains, they have not appeared. As far as our evidence goes at present, we seem to get to an impasse somewhere towards the end of the neolithic age. We know of people in the west, of course, long before that date. There is a beginning of neolithic culture—and with that I am not concerned—but towards the end of that epoch, possibly quite early during it, there is evidence of a great racial movement; from what I can see, it may have been comparable to the great extension of the European races since 1492 but not, of course, so rapid. This movement I believe to have been responsible for the peopling of China. We get certain sporadic peoples who seem to be different, specialized fragments of an older population. It is remarkable that the oldest culture of Japan is definitely “neolithic” and physically, though not culturally, as I have shown Ainu. These strange people do not seem at present to have had a definite place assigned to them in the human family.

I have only seen a few of the people from the north-east of Asia. Possibly they have some of the same blood in them; it is as different as possible from that of the people in Peking. So it would appear as if there were an alien wedge, possibly the survivors of older peoples. Possibly even such people may have lived in China before the Chinese came.

The southerners are a very different people and probably are related to the Shans and the Burmese. There may even be Indonesian influence, but the affinities of these folk must be discussed in a later chapter.

The Chinese language has exercised a fascination over the learned minds of Europe since they were

first brought in contact with it. There are certain features which need discussion here, more especially since it seems probable that we are likely to have an increasing flood of literature from the Far East on scientific subjects, at present from Japan and possibly in the future from China. The colloquial language need not concern us, for it may be said that nowhere else is the gulf between the literary and the colloquial so firmly fixed. Chinese is a monosyllabic language with comparatively few vocables. The written language therefore, in the course of its evolution, has developed an elaborate system which is non-alphabetic but which combines several of the different types of writing which the wit of man has devised. Very briefly, the written language may be divided up into the following classes; there are simple indicative characters like some of the numerals, three horizontal strokes meaning "3," pictographic characters, true ideograms and finally phonograms, which at present constitute ninety per cent of the language. These characters consist of a part which is indicative of the sense and a part which indicates the pronunciation. Often the parts themselves may be the result of old combinations. It will be seen that to attempt to transliterate such a system would lead to infinite confusion, especially since there are few actual sounds; indeed, in conversation, it is necessary to get over the difficulty by using a compound of two separate words to indicate which of the many meanings a sound possesses is to be understood in this particular case. Owing to the peculiarities of the Chinese language, it is hardly possible to transliterate foreign words as we do in the west, instead it is necessary to coin a new word as we are always coining words in scientific literature. The Chinese student of western learning is at present in great difficulty. He must

either learn to write in a foreign language or he cannot hope that his work will be recognized in the west. Political difficulties at once become apparent, for it is difficult to dissociate language and politics. Owing to predominance of the English-speaking teachers in China, English has usually been adopted. In Japan most of the scientific books in the past have been written in German, but there is a tendency now to substitute English. The worker is therefore placed in a very difficult position. He must acquire a writing knowledge of his own language (even for a native no light task), and in addition he must learn not only to read but also to write a language very different from his own. It is difficult for foreigners to learn three or four thousand characters and few, other than scholars, are likely to attempt to do so. Some enthusiasts have suggested a phonetic alphabet for the Chinese, but as such a procedure is, as we have shown above, unsatisfactory, it seems that, as price for the unique character of his literature, the Eastern scholar will have to pay the penalty of writing his books in a foreign tongue, if he is to bring his work to the notice of the west, or at least (as some of the Japanese do) publish a résumé in German or English.

We have spoken of the political importance of language in foreign relations, but the Chinese language bears an equal importance internally. Although the various languages of China bear a relationship to each other which is not unlike that of the Romance languages in Europe, they have all the same literary language, and scholars, who cannot converse by word of mouth, will indulge in *pencil chat* moving their fingers in the air to indicate the character to which they refer.

There can be little doubt that the bond of a common

language and literature has done much to keep unity within the Empire, especially since the class in China corresponding to the gentry elsewhere, are the literati, the scholars who have acquired position and wealth by holding official posts.

2. History.

It is traditional to say that the early history of the Chinese is associated with the Hwang Ho and that they always had silk and fought with the Tatars and further that, even as early as the Chou dynasty, there were struggles along the Wall or rather in the region where the Wall was to be built in later times. But *vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*, and it is now possible to place the history of China, though not on traditional lines, a good deal further back. There seems at present no satisfactory evidence of a palæolithic period in China. I have looked at thousands of stone implements, but, although some of them were very rude, these latter seemed to be wasters of the neolithic period and not of the antiquity that their finders in many cases claimed for them. Dr. Andersson, Mining Adviser to the Chinese Government, has excavated limestone caves at Sha-Kuo-T'un in Fengtien and also in Honan and has accumulated most valuable evidence of the early inhabitants of China.¹

These excavations show that there was in China a well-developed culture which, for want of a better term, I will call "Chinese Neolithic." The deposits which are marked by an absence of metal show a very degree of culture which I am inclined to think, although I have not yet had an opportunity of examining it properly, belongs to the chalcolithic period.

¹I am much indebted to Dr. Andersson for showing me his collections.

The pottery is of a high type, strongly reminiscent, on a first view, of that from Anau, although, until it is possible to examine it at leisure in Europe, it is impossible to be definite on that point. It certainly suggests that at this period migrations of culture were passing into China from the west. The pottery is of too advanced a type to be associated with a pure neolithic culture, and is similar therefore to the so-called neolithic in Malta (which I have called "Malta local neolithic,"¹ where again an entirely stone-age culture is associated with a highly developed potter's art. The people, however, who possessed this culture seemed, as far as could be seen from the few skeletons which I examined, not to differ essentially from the modern inhabitants of the same region. We have thus, in early times, a Chinese people associated with a non-Chinese form of culture. It was suggested at first by certain old-fashioned Chinese scholars that the finds, at least in Honan, were relics of Mongol barbarians of whom there are records in the northern Chow dynasty, to which I have referred above. It is traditional among such scholars to believe that Chinese civilization sprang fully armed out of the brain of Zeus or his oriental equivalent; but, as Dr. Andersson pointed out, these graves were in a plain and, although complete cultural isolation may occur in the mountains, it is practically impossible on the plains of Honan. Most of them now admit that it represents an earlier culture. Its comparative date is at present uncertain, but it seems probable that very considerable changes have taken place since that period, as many of the animals found with the pottery on the prehistoric sites are now extinct in that part of China. When and how this civilization was overlaid by the beginnings of a true Chinese

¹Journal of Royal Anthropological Institute, 1923.

culture, at present is uncertain and must remain so until we have further archæological evidence.

Archæology is thus beginning to open up the early history of China. Chinese history, that is to say the history of Chinese culture, begins, as so many histories do, in a misty and mythical period, which needs no discussion here. It seems as if from the beginning of Chinese culture there has been an almost continuous process of expansion and possibly of absorption. Perhaps, however, the point which strikes the casual observer most is the minute struggle with the earth in which the Chinese from legendary times have been engaged. In the plains, this struggle is emphasized everywhere ; there are great fertile areas which are apt at times to become barren deserts, great rivers which overflow and destroy millions, cities built of mud and walled to keep out the attacks to which they have been subjected for ages.

The first impression of a walled city is that it is a picturesque relic of a half-forgotten past. But that is not the case ; during the war of 1922, which I shall describe later, the principal places looted lay outside the walls and the closing of the gates was in everybody's mind. The walled cities seem to be inseparable from the plains and from the expansion of the Chinese. A few more fields, a new bit of territory is included, then a new walled city comes into being, and new merchants. Behind all this expansion is the laborious cultivation of the earth, till the yield per acre is astonishing even in these days of scientific agriculture ; we can improve on it, of course, but not in the same proportion that we can improve on most primitive methods of agriculture. In the course of this long struggle, matters have become very closely adjusted, so that the labourer knows exactly how much he can expect to get from his fields. The population increases

and lives on the edge of starvation. This close adjustment has brought about a curious industrial condition. Both the employers and the employees know their own and the others' strength, with the result that, in event of disputes, they meet and talk it over. Competition is to a large extent eliminated and there is probably a greater proportion of poverty in Peking than in any other city of the same size. The family has developed with such strength that a successful man has to support innumerable relations and the final result of this great human turmoil has been to make China perhaps the truest democracy in the world. It also enables China in a state of revolution to govern herself almost, as it were, by mere force of inertia.

This chalcolithic culture, discussed above, is the first glimpse that we have of Chinese origins. It seems to confirm the Chinese theories that they have lived in their present homes for a time beyond which the mind of man knoweth not to the contrary, although it does disassociate Chinese culture from the Chinese people. Of their subsequent history this is not the place to speak. I am going to take up the thread again where it will throw light on what follows and, since I shall have occasion to speak at length of the Mongols, I propose to begin my résumé of modern Chinese history with the development to power of that people. The Mongols began to rise in power during the Sung dynasty and, after various successful and unsuccessful raids, Jenghiz Khan swept into China in 1213. In the course of this invasion he destroyed a large number of cities so utterly that "a horseman could ride over their sites without causing his horse to stumble." The great Khan died in 1227. It was reserved for the greatest of the Mongols, Kubla Khan, to complete the subjugation of China. Kubla was the

grandson of Jenghiz and, before his accession to the throne in 1259, had already served with distinction in his brother Mangu's army. The Sung dynasty in the south, however, kept up a continued resistance and it was not till 1280 that Kubla was proclaimed Emperor of China. There was thus fifty years of turmoil during which the Mongols were establishing their power. He built his great city of Cambaluc where Peking now stands, and was overlord of a great territory "from the Frozen Sea almost to the Straits of Malacca. With the exception of Hindustan, Arabia, and the westernmost parts of Asia, all the Mongol princes as far as the Dnieper declared themselves his vassals and regularly brought tribute." Marco Polo has given us an account of his court. The power of the Mongols was short-lived. In 1368, seventy-two years after the death of Kubla, a new dynasty of Chinese origin, the Mings, had established themselves on the Dragon throne, which they held till driven out by the Manchu dynasty in 1644. This dynasty survived in power till the revolution of 1911, but the descendant of the Manchu conquerors still lives in the forbidden city in the heart of the capital where his fathers reigned.

The general political condition in China since the revolution of 1911 is a matter too complicated for discussion here. It is of interest, however, to relate briefly what happened in the summer of 1922, as I was fortunate enough to see some of the happenings from close at hand. In order to understand what happened it is necessary to give a brief résumé of recent history. In 1911 the revolution took place. Two years later there was a second revolution due to Yuan Shih-k'ai's suppression of parliamentary rule, which started in Southern China. The final outcome was that Sun Yat Sen fled to Japan and Yuan became

a dictator. In 1915 he made an unsuccessful attempt to make himself Emperor. He died soon after and Li Yuan hung became President. Two years after Yuan's unsuccessful attempt at Imperial honours, an effort, also doomed to failure, was made to restore the Manchus. In 1920, that is two years before the time of which I am writing, the Fengtien party combined with the Chihli party and Chang Tsao lin, Tsac Kun, and Wu Pei fu accused the party who were in power—the Anfu party—of betraying the country to Japan and succeeded in driving them from power. Sun had in the meanwhile succeeded in returning, and controlled the South; Chang Tsac lin, who was governor of Fengtien and Tuchan, (Chief Inspecting Commissioner), was practically in control of the North. Tsao Kun was, at least nominally, his equal, but actually had little say in anything. In the summer of 1921 the difficulties between the North and South became acute. The Governor of Hupeh was admitted to the triumvirate of Tuchans, but failed to make good and disappeared from view; Wu Pei fu, however, a very capable general, defeated the southern troops and returned to his headquarters in Honan. A little later he began to agitate for the abolition of the office of Tuchan and, incidently, for a united China. During the Washington Conference, the negotiations with Japan for the surrender of Tsingtao raised a great deal of feeling, and matters were so disturbed that the Premier fled to the Concessions at Tientsin. In the early spring of 1922 both parties started a campaign of telegrams calling for a unification of China. At the end of April, war broke out in earnest and while I was in Mongolia Chang Tsao lin was, at least for the moment, defeated.

There is a delightful story about him, which I have

every reason to believe has not an ounce of truth in it, but which, nevertheless, deserves telling, if only to show the kind of stories that become current in Peking. It is said that long ago there was a real Chang, who was a bandit leader. The time came when he should surrender to the Government, and be given military rank in exchange for his surrender. The negotiations were complete, when, at the last moment, the bandit lost his nerve and was afraid to surrender. His second in command offered to impersonate him on the condition that he became Chang for ever. This was agreed to, and the new Chang went in, surrendered, and the bargain was honoured. It is not always, as I shall have occasion to show later. From this surrender he went on till he became Tuchan.

But to return to serious history. At the time when Chang was successful in Northern China, certain of the nominal adherents of Wu south of the Hwang Ho decided to change sides. General Feng, of whom more later, remained loyal and managed to defeat the rebels. There were a number of badly-wounded men at Kaifeng and at the urgent request of Bishop White the Peking Union Medical College decided to send down a surgical unit. I was asked to join, to help with the X-ray work and went, as it seemed an opportunity of seeing something of Central China under unusual conditions.

The journey to Kaifeng¹ was long and wearisome.

¹Kaifeng, the present capital of the province of Honan, is one of the most interesting cities of China. It is said to have been originally built and given the name which it bears at present in the eighth century B.C. It has been known by various names. Under the Five Dynasties, i.e. in the first half of the tenth century A.D., it was known as the Eastern Capital, and after various vicissitudes the original name was restored in the time of the Mings. It is situated a few miles from the Hwang Ho at a point where the last spur of the Kuen-Lun ranges merge into the plain. It therefore is open to the ravages both of the river and of man; it has suffered destruction several times from both causes. The most noticeable features of the city are the great pagoda, the watch tower, and the walls with their great gates.

Our party was twenty-three all told. The country we passed through the first day was green and pleasant, though it had been a famine area the year before. After much delay in the total absence of Railway Transport Officers, we did eventually get to our destination, and finally went to dine with the Military Governor General Feng.

We were accompanied by a colonel and a number of guards whose attempts to present arms did them more credit for enthusiasm than skill. Feng, who has been widely referred to, especially in the American Press, as the great Christian General, is a Methodist. He had some sort of a service in the Cathedral at Kaifeng when we were there and a ceremony to which all the native Christians were admitted. Christians is, however, interpreted in a narrow sense both by the General and by certain of his spiritual advisers. No Catholics were admitted to the celebration, because they included "all manner of men, thieves, bandits and murderers." I am merely quoting one of the local missionaries, but I have reason to believe,

It was over them when we arrived that the heads of looters had been placed as a terror to all evil-doers.

Not the least interesting feature is the fact that in A.D. 1163 the Jews established a colony here. They built themselves a synagogue and lived for many years in comparative prosperity, cutting themselves off from the rest of the people. By the middle of the nineteenth century, however, they had ceased to flourish. In 1851 only seven of the original seventy families are said to have been still in existence and they had had no Rabbi for very many years. The synagogue exists no longer; its very site is occupied by the Christian cathedral, and a few of the old stones have been incorporated in that building. The Jews themselves appear to be fairly numerous; in 1908 they were said to number 400, but, as far as I could gather, they are indistinguishable from the Chinese in dress, talk, and so on. I could get no evidence of a knowledge of Hebrew, just as the Moslems, have with few exceptions, no knowledge of Arabic. I am uncertain whether they practise Hebrew rites. The majority appear to be Moslem, but this may be merely on account of the fact that they practise similar taboos. I found it difficult to prosecute careful enquiries in the disturbed state of the city. It has been stated on good authority that their sacred books have never been translated into Chinese. It is, however, a remarkable fact that they have become so merged in the Chinese population, many of whom here are Moslems; they have yet survived in spite of evil times and at present do not exist anywhere else in China. A discussion of their condition sixty years ago will be found in Williams' *The Middle Kingdom*, Vol. 2, p. 271.

and perhaps unwisely said so, that these three honourable callings were also represented among other denominations. The story that Feng told at the celebration runs after this fashion, though I do not quite understand all the points of the story. Feng said that he was very much annoyed with his brother who had put away his wife and had taken a concubine in her place. He went off to kill him. On the way he happened to attend a missionary meeting and heard a sermon on the text "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, "I will repay." The sermon evidently made a great impression, for he determined to wait and see whether anything would happen, for the Chinese are in the habit of doing things deliberately. After a time his brother returned to his wife and put away the concubine, and Feng was glad that he had not killed him. He became a Christian, and, when he rose to power, a strong guardian of public morals. In Kaifeng he forbade opium-smoking. Discipline is not very good, and it was being smoked in one of his own hospitals; but it was forbidden and tobacco was by way of being taboo. He also, when he entered Kaifeng, drove out all the sing-song girls, and they were compelled to take refuge in the neighbouring towns and villages. In addition to these measures, he had taken the town well in hand; he stopped all looting, and when we arrived corporal's guards were going about the city, one of their number being armed with an executioner's sword to decapitate looters. The heads of the malefactors were put up over the gates of the city.

The method whereby he had gained the power that he held is full of interest. In the early part of the war Chao Chi, Chao Ti and Pao Ti-chung, nominally Wu's men, were at Kaifeng. Chang Tsao lin, being

apparently successful at Chang Shien Tien, sent a telegram to the Chaos to the effect that Wu was beaten. Chao accordingly attacked Wu's faithful adherent Feng Yu hsian at Chung-chow on the main line between Peking and Hankow. Feng was alleged to have only 1,500 men, of whom 148 fell at the first encounter, whereas the other side had twenty thousand. The figures are Feng's, not mine; who shall contradict a victorious general? In any case, I think there is little doubt that the odds were overwhelming. Feng was not at Chung-chow personally, but his troops stood the shock and went south for reinforcements. He was now more or less cut off from his G.H.Q. at Pao-ting, south of Peking, on the main line, and he had two alternatives, either he could become a kind of guerilla general and attack where he got the chance and live on the country, or he could attempt to re-open communications. The former was the easier alternative and not so difficult as would appear, owing to the disturbed state of the country and the great distances which naturally resulted in the dispersion of troops. Feng, however, decided to take the course which must necessarily appeal to a bold and capable leader. He determined, even though the odds were very much against him, to try and open up communications with Wu, who could not at that time spare any troops to help from the north, and accordingly attacked on the Chang-chow-Kaifeng line and at the Hwang Ho bridge on the Peking-Chang-chow line. For a short time the bridge was held by Chao Ti, but Feng was ultimately successful. The struggle seems to have been a very severe one and was only won after the loss of some of the best troops, including a colonel. Having by this bold stroke, which, I understand, very nearly failed, established communication with Pao-ting and Peking,

Feng was now in a position to advance at his leisure to Kaifeng. The advance was interrupted by peace-making parties going to and fro from Kaifeng. Chao Ti, the defeated general, was in the meanwhile smoking opium and oblivious to the world and his obvious duties, paying no attention to affairs. The officers of the defeated party were quietly dispersing and the troops, who had nowhere to go, were looting. Pao Ti ching, realizing apparently that no good was to be had from his superiors, and, as far as I can see, wishing to make the best of his position, approached the civil governor of Kaifeng and endeavoured to stop looting; their efforts were partially successful. On the 14th May, Feng arrived at Kaifeng. Pao met him at the station, gave up his sword, and was put under close arrest. What exactly happened to him is uncertain, but he was subsequently reported to have been shot at Feng's headquarters. In any case, he received the punishment due to traitors and his conduct in keeping the town quiet, which had no doubt been of service to Feng, in some measure cost him his life, as he could probably have escaped. While Feng was advancing, the troops were widely spread over the country and most of Kweiti was looted and burned.

Feng had most of his wounded at Chang-chow and the wounded that we attended to were enemy troops. There was a sort of Medical train at Chang-chow, but they sent some of the worst cases on to us.

Conditions were extremely interesting and our path was made much easier by the energy and self-sacrifice of certain members of the China Inland Mission, who did everything in their power to help us, and to organize an efficient hospital.

The majority of the patients were housed by the Chinese authorities in a temple. I have never seen any-

thing before which made me understand so well the horrors of mediæval hospitals. The temple had a courtyard round which there were cells occupied by officer patients. There were one or two other rooms which were being used as a kind of out-patient department for some soldiers. They were getting medical attention of the kind that can be done by half-trained orderlies ; the rest seemed to have little or none. The main buildings of the temple were full of patients both on the ground floor and the loft. Few of them were badly wounded ; I think that those were most of them dead. The patients for the most part were crowded on the floor anyhow.

The loft which ran the length of the building contained over a hundred wounded men. Their names were plastered on the pillars. Nobody seemed really to know very much about them. There were no sanitary arrangements whatever, and the patients did what they could ; nor were there any feeding facilities ; where they had friends, the latter looked after them. I came across an old countryman asleep on the floor ; he did not seem to be seriously damaged, so I woke him up to enquire. He said he came into the hospital to visit his son. No, he was not looking after him. His grandson, a bright youth of eight or nine summers, picturesquely clad in trousers split fore and aft was acting as nurse (unofficial). If it had not been for these children the poor men would have suffered worse than they did. Many of them had lain out in the open and most would have done almost better to have stayed away from such a ward. In some of the more secluded parts of the temple, opium was being smoked. One hardly felt that, although the general officer commanding had strictly forbidden its use, one could deny to these unfortunates the solace of oblivion.

The whole place was verminous beyond description. There were very few flies ; I cannot explain their absence. Dr. Ingram spent days and nights, including, I believe, what was virtually a forty-eight hours' shift, in getting a "delouser" working. His labours were truly heroic and he eventually got the delouser working. The men came to the X-ray room dirty but at least free from external parasites. Dr. Ingram to this day has not forgiven me because I caught one which had escaped his clutches. I rather believe he does not believe I really did.

The X-ray work was under the charge of Dr. Hodges. I was his assistant because I had a small acquaintance with the human body, but, not being a medical-man, could not be called off for any other duty. We had brought a portable engine and complete outfit along, and occupied two store rooms belonging to the China Inland Mission. One room was used for the work and the other as a dark room. The unit included Dr. Hodges in command, myself as O.C. records, Mr. Wong, who was Hodges' demonstrator in Peking, Lu, the photographic assistant, some of the time a Chinese interpreter, a small boy, who was my assistant and was usually known as the assistant secretary, two water carriers and sundry orderlies, soldiers etc. The water carriers were great characters ; they drew water from the well to wash the films ; they sprinkled water around to lay the dust and at intervals they brought us tea in an enormous kettle and by their calm and philosophic cheerfulness kept us in good tempers. As is usual on active service we spent a great deal of our time waiting ; and when things happened they happened with a rush. Patients were brought in. I took their names and numbers. There were put on the table. Some were very stolid, others showed fright directly the

machine began to hiss. Hodges examined them and said briefly "incomplete fracture, lower third right femur, stereo P.A." or whatever the diagnosis and instructions were. The photo was taken, I made my notes, had a look at the patient if he was interesting, and we passed on to the next. The interpreter outside, if he was there, if not, the assistant secretary, marshalled the stretchers and had them ready to hand. So the day passed, sometimes we got through a good many, sometimes we had few. When we had finished with them and had made our report, the wounded were handed on to the surgeons to operate.

One evening it was reported that a number of bad cases were coming down from Chanchow on the evening train. We waited at the railway station till late and at last they arrived. That night was almost like being in France all over again, without the cheerful Tommy to help one on one's way. We had no room for the new patients, but by evicting some orphans and other illicit deeds, (the Bishop was asleep and refused to be awakened, shout we never so loudly), room was made. I do not know exactly how this was done, for it fell to my duty to be O.C. ambulance. I had to go down to the station on the Ford ambulance we had brought along with us, and load up the wounded. I had a company detailed to help me and by pushing them about and even impressing the company commander into the ranks of the stretcher bearers, we had them all moved up to the hospital, where the rest of the party got them housed. Fortunately the Chinese soldier sleeps on the floor. It was finished just as it was getting light. Dr. Ingram, with the marvellous energy which characterized everything he did, was putting them through the delouser next morning.

We had a cheerful little mess for the European and

Chinese staff, and the ladies were looked after by the C.I.M. Our mess president was the wife of one of the Missionaries ; we were most grateful for the way in which she cared for us.

We had a very large proportion of fractured femurs, due to the fact that the trenches had been very shallow, and the men put out their legs behind. Practically all the wounds were due to rifle bullets and were, therefore, cleaner than would have been the case if they had been caused by projectiles of low velocity. In intervals of our work we had visitors who were interested and astonished at the marvels of the X-ray machine.

The general himself came to visit us. He was keenly alive to the value of a medical service in war and asked many questions. He was prepared to give and, I believe, afterwards really did give, seven thousand dollars Mex. for the purchase of apparatus. It was said, I do not know with how much truth, that he dug up three million dollars in Chao Ti's garden. He expressed his intention of devoting two millions to educational work, half a million to disabled men and half a million to a medical corps. It was from this half million that the X-ray apparatus was to come. It seems very doubtful whether his pious aspirations will be realized. Western medicine for the most part has hardly penetrated to the armies. It is hardly fair to consider Feng as a normal Chinese General in these matters, as he is closely in touch with the missionaries and is therefore likely to be in sympathy with the medical aspect which forms such an important part of their work.

Since the time that we left Kaifeng after a short visit to the war area, things have gradually got worse in China. The practice of civil war as a profession, as Bland has so happily phrased it, has been increasing,

until, as things are at present, it is difficult to see the outcome. Peking has gradually lost all control. In spite of the success of those few sources of revenue which are in foreign hands, there may be said to be virtually no finance in China. At various times all the leading men have advocated the disbandment of the armies, but none of those who advocate are prepared to begin with their own armies. The method suggested is usually the same. The following document is of interest as it shows the methods which have been put forward a good many times and it is of special interest as it comes from one of the Tuchans, General Yen, the Governor of Shansi. I quote the authorized translation from the *Peking Leader*, June 23, 1922. The document is quoted as printed; for the word "burgler" which appears twice, presumably "burgher" should be read.

"I have received your "Wen" telegram and noted its contents. In view of the vast importance of the troop disbandment movement, I, in my capacity as the Tuchan of Shansi, beg to lay before you, (the Cabinet, War and Foreign Offices) my proposals and suggestions for your consideration. During the Washington Conference, the Powers passed resolutions urging the reduction of armaments by all countries. In addition to this, the existing dangerous situation in China does not permit any delay or procrastination on our part in the drastic disbandment of the superfluous soldiers in the various provinces otherwise there will be more serious consequence.

"During the course of the last several years I have repeatedly suggested to the Central Government the disbandment of soldiers; but owing to the lack of harmonious co-operation the suggestion could not be put into practice. Judging from my own experience and the proposals of learned scholars and intellectuals,

the method for the establishment of a burgler (*sic*) system throughout the country as a preliminary step towards the disbandment of the soldiery may be considered and adjusted by the central government.

“In ancient China, all the soldiers were farmers and peasant (*sic*) so that China was an armed nation. Now all the troops are enlisted from among the people who have no permanent properties or occupations so that after their disbandment they will surely ask for pensions or extra-pay; otherwise there will be serious disturbances. Hence, the best method will be the establishment of a burgler (*sic*) system in every province and this can be easily carried out without trouble or heavy expenses. With the exception of the limited number of soldiers whose services are necessary for the preservation of order, all the superfluous men can be returned discharged and ordered to return to their own native districts to resume their own occupations. When the soldiers are in their own native lands, one dollar per man per month will be sufficient as their wages and they can be placed under the command of one officer in every district. After the harvests every year, the soldiers should be assembled in a selected place for training purposes once or twice a year and their travelling expenses and board should be paid by the government.”

I fear that the translator, in spite of his official character has not done justice to the document even when he has made sense. It is of interest to compare it with a mandate issued by the old Buddha before the Boxer trouble. Jung Lu, in a private letter to Hsu the Viceroy of Foochow, told him to ignore the decree.¹

“ . . . There has never been a time when the

¹Bland and Backhouse. *China under the Dowager Empress*, p. 250. I take the mandate from the same source, p. 241.

relations between sovereign and people could safely dispense with a good understanding and certain general common objects. It is, of course, for the local magistrates to initiate measures in all questions of local importance, but no successful national policy can be maintained unless the gentry and the lower classes co-operate with the government.

If we consider, for example, the question of food supply reserves, the organization of police, the drilling of militia or trainbands and so forth, they may seem very ordinary matters, but if they are efficiently handled they may be made of the very greatest value to the nation, for, by making due provision against famine, the people's lives are protected and, similarly, by the organization of local police, protection is afforded against bandits. As to the trainbands, they only require to undergo regular training for a sufficient period to enable us to attain to the position of a nation in arms (*cf.* Yen's remark 'After the harvests every year the soldiers should be assembled in a selected place for training purposes once or twice a year'). At any crisis in our country's affairs their services would then be available and invaluable."

The decree goes on to order the establishment of such territorial forces in the provinces of Chihli, Mukden and Shantung, with a view to its final organization all over the Empire. The mandate was virtually the official recognition of the Boxer movement and seems to have been inspired by Kang Yi or his party. It had very far-reaching results.

The Tuchans were fully aware of the grave difficulties which their attitude was bound to create, but each man was so jealous of his neighbours that he would do nothing, nor up to the present has any one appeared who is strong enough to thrust the others aside and to found a new dynasty or prop up an old

one. With the curious ethical attitude of mind which belongs to the Chinese, other methods have been suggested. I quote from a leading article from one of the Chinese papers which contained advice to President Li (this was in the summer of 1922).

“In the time of the Three Kingdoms, the Yih Pao reminds the public, it is said that Chu-ko Wuheou once hinted to his emperor that the company of base, mean courtiers was dangerous to an emperor who desired to administer his government efficiently. The strict adherence to the principle that one’s companions foretell one’s own character and that virtuous companions should be one’s ministers, had been the cause of prosperity to the Han dynasty, while the disregard of the same principle brought about the downfall of the same dynasty. So, argues the Peking paper, inferences may be drawn from the past to guide the steps of rulers to-day.” The *Times* might have argued about the conduct of the war by drawing parallels from the campaigns of Alfred the Great.

Whatever the causes of the unrest in China to-day, whether they be economic, as some have argued, or symptoms of a general unrest, the remedy at present seems far to seek ; but whatever happens it will not be visionary dreamers of new Utopias who will triumph over the present deplorable turbulence of the middle kingdom.

3. *Western Influence in Modern China.*

A very important aspect of the contact between foreigners and the Chinese is Missionary work. It is one that is particularly difficult to sum up impartially. I should perhaps begin by saying that I am very much indebted to missionaries in China, too numerous to mention individually, both for their hospitality and

also for the way in which they put their extensive knowledge of the country and the people at my disposal and, if I should in the following pages seem to turn and rend the hand which literally fed me, I do so in a spirit of humbleness, realizing that all institutions have their weak points as well as their strong ones, but believing that criticism may sometimes help to a fairer understanding. I believe that many, if not all of, the missionaries will agree with much that I have to say against them and their fellow workers. It is a subject that is continually on men's tongues in China and, on the whole, we usually had two very opposite camps. Those who said there was much to be said on both sides were comparatively rare.

The missionaries have been continuously in China since 1807. Since that time, in proportion to the population, they have made very few converts indeed. I am referring to modern and continuous missionary work, not the efforts of earlier workers whose work was entirely swept away. At the present moment we seem to be at a parting of the ways. The earlier missionaries and a great number of the present ones, hold that evangelization is their best and only object in life. Some were, and still are, very learned scholars. The majority of the missionaries in the past, and many at present, can hardly be considered as "normal" persons. They often live a life which does not correspond to the ordinary White life, they are very often cranks and impose on themselves and on their converts certain forms of asceticism which come in the popular mind to be considered an essential of Christianity. There is unfortunately a good deal of rivalry between the various sects and denominations. On the other hand the civilizing influence of the missionaries has been very great. To them, perhaps more than to any other body of men, is due the opening

up of China. Official and commercial endeavours have contributed to the development of "ports," whether on the sea, like Tientsin, or inland, like Kalgan. Missionaries, on the other hand, have gone into the interior, often at the cost of their lives. In this way the Chinese have gradually got accustomed to the foreigner, and the missionary not infrequently exercises a considerable influence on the life and the political activities of the place. The political influence of the missionaries in early times was the cause of their expulsion from China, and has been the cause of frequent troubles. It seems difficult to separate the missionary and the political aspects of the Boxer trouble. Unfortunately, too often the missionaries, either intentionally or otherwise, act as political agents, and the necessity of keeping in touch with their legations naturally, in the minds of the Chinese, makes them suspects. That power which has the greatest number of missionaries in the country has a political power, even if those missionaries are individually quite guiltless of an interest in the foreign politics of the nation to which they belong.

Within the last few years the position has developed very considerably. The Peking Union Medical College had its origin in missionary work for the most part, but this work has been definitely transferred elsewhere. Mr. Rockefeller wished his money to be used simply "for the good of Humanity." The result has been that we have a powerful organization teaching western ideas, especially science in relation to medicine, without any religious ideas, even less, for example, than we have in modern twentieth-century Oxford. The further extension of such work results in expeditions, like our visit to Kaifeng, which I have already described, a purely humanitarian effort where we used the machinery of the mission in a way which,

while not actually opposed to their work (for humanity can never be opposed to Christianity), certainly involved the use of mission funds for a purpose to which they were not originally intended. The time will no doubt come when western learning will be taught entirely by Chinese, just as Japan has now, for the most part, grown independent of her foreign professors. At present, however, Chinese learning has not been directed along the lines of western science. If progress, as we know it (and very possibly the Chinese scholar would take a very different view) is to be made in China, such progress will have to start from Institutions like the P.U.M.C. Even were the staff entirely Chinese, and I understand that that is the ultimate hope, it would be a non-Chinese institution.

The effect of a western education on Chinese students is, at present, not all that could be desired. It seems to take away much of their own initiative without giving them the type of initiative which is gained by the ordinary public school or University man. Many of the medical students are at times most annoying to work with at a crisis, because, although they may be excellent at their technical line of work, they are apt to become quite helpless in the stress and strain inherent, for instance, in such work as we did at Kaifeng. It is natural that in the early stages of any educational establishment more stress should be laid on the "school work," if it may so be called, than on other aspects. One of the greatest difficulties that has attended educational work in the East is that it has been accompanied by a certain revolutionary spirit among the students, who have not been able to digest the political ideas which they have been taught. The teaching of science in relation to medicine seems to be a likely method of enabling the Chinese to benefit by the best ideas of Western thought and to

carry out and enlarge those ideas in what is practically a virgin field, therapeutic and preventive medicine in China.

At present the development of large educational establishments in China is having an important effect on the recruiting of the non-official foreigner, and again is likely to be of considerable political importance. Although there are naturally nationals of many different countries, English has become the dominant language and the most prominent members of the non-official element, at any rate numerically, are English-speaking. We must remember that, though on the whole the American is not a wanderer, in many ways, it is an easier thing for him to come to China (a journey of under three weeks suffices) than it is for a European, who must take an expensive voyage of at least six weeks. Many young Americans come out to China either as missionaries or in some other capacity, simply because they cannot find a post when they leave college ; and they use their Chinese experiences as a stepping stone to better and more lucrative positions. Few English people are likely to do that, for the journey is too long to be undertaken lightly. As far as the American missionaries are concerned, many come out just for the reasons that I have outlined above. They choose the mission field because, owing to the peculiar social organization in the States, they have been brought in close contact with religious organizations and the missionary spirit in one way or another is closely associated with their normal life. Although most people, even in Peking, would be inclined to regard the Rockefeller Institute as being predominantly American in every way, this is not the case. During the time that I was in residence there, although there were comparatively few of us who came from Europe, there were very nearly as many

British subjects as there were citizens of the United States on the staff. A great many of the former were Canadians, who also have the short journey across the Pacific and many inducements to go to China. It is hardly the place to discuss the matter here, but it must never be forgotten that Canada has just as vital an interest in Pacific problems as the States.¹

¹In addition to these facts it must be remembered that the endowment for the Rockefeller Institution is American and that, through their New York office, they are naturally more in touch with American than with British educational institutions. Now that the Rockefeller Foundation has established a connection with London it is to be hoped that the connection with Universities on both sides of the Atlantic will be equally close. The close co-operation of all branches of the English-speaking peoples in the Far East, and especially those three great branches most concerned, namely Great Britain, the United States and Canada, on an intellectual plane working, in Mr. Rockefeller's own words, for the good of humanity, but have extremely far-reaching results.

The members of the Union Medical College are encouraged to travel in the vacations; in addition to this, the connections of the College are very far-reaching in China. I must gratefully acknowledge the benefits that I received in this direction. I was introduced to many sides of Chinese life which, if it had not been for their help I should have missed. Chinese is taught to such of the staff who wish to study the language and literature. The senior staff are expected to engage in research work in a field which is almost virgin. At present the teachers in the Pre-medical school are considered purely as teachers and have no time for research, in my opinion thereby considerably lowering their value to the College, but I understand that considerable changes are to be made in that part of the teaching, if they have not already been made. These changes will enable the College to devote itself to what is after all its primary function, the teaching of medicine.

At present, though the laboratories are well equipped, the collections are small, but the heads of departments are working enthusiastically to improve these collections. One of the most valuable collections to the student, and, indeed, to the teacher also, is the library. This contains over 20,000 books (including bound periodicals) and subscribes to 500 periodicals. They spend about \$3,500 Mex. annually on books, and this sum does not include what is spent on periodicals. Besides this medical and scientific library, there is also a library of a more general character in the Pre-medical school. Here daily newspapers and other periodicals, altogether about a hundred in number, are provided for the use of readers and about \$800 Mex. are spent a year. I made very great use of these libraries while I was in Peking; they provide the student with a collection of scientific literature which is international in character, although naturally limited to those languages which the average worker in Peking is most likely to use. They also cover a wide scientific field. I cannot help feeling that such a library alone is likely in the future to have a considerable influence, and that a very great responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the librarian.

There exists in some minds a misapprehension as to the purpose of the College. Although it supports a large hospital, the humanitarian object of our great general hospitals is not its first aim, which is the training of medical men. A large number of sick are admitted and treated with all

We have alluded above to the ultimate development of a system of scientific education in China on Western lines, but with Chinese teachers. Certain enthusiasts were talking very ambitiously of a renaissance in China and the foundation of an independent Chinese Church. Such a thing exists in embryo at present and, doubtless, if it fulfils a need, it will grow very much in the same way that Buddhism has grown till it occupies a predominant position, while it has practically disappeared from its land of birth. But there is also a Buddhist revival going on in China as in Japan. The building of the Y.M.B.A. (Young Men's Buddhist Association) is not far from the more familiar Y.M.C.A. in Peking, and the activities of the two bodies are, I have reason to believe, not dissimilar.

As a support of the theory that an intellectual renaissance is taking place in China, we may bring forward the work of persons like Dr. Hu Su. I am inclined, however, to think that the work of this school suggests a kind of intellectual revolt, which is as local as the various rebellions which have occurred and are occurring everywhere in China. These philosophers have, for the most part, studied western philosophy, although they seem to find a difficulty in understanding its static character, for Chinese philosophy has a tendency to be dynamic, although in a very different way from our philosophies of change. After their studies, they have returned to the Chinese philosophers ; but they are working on

the care of western medicine, and the number of beds and the scope of the hospital is sufficient to allow the students to gain a wide experience in medicine and surgery. The foremost object is, however, to maintain a high standard in the medical school. Dr. Ferguson, in a speech which obtained considerable notoriety in the Press, stated that he wished to see a large number of medical men turned out regardless of the efficiency of their training ; he apparently looked to the P.U.M.C. to turn them out. This gentleman was, however, very much in error if he supposed that the College would ever be prepared to sacrifice efficiency on the altar of numbers.

them in a different (and to our ideas more rational) manner than was formerly the case. It is possible that from this may occur a new birth in China.

There is a further Chinese activity of a purely national character to which attention should be drawn, namely the National Geological Survey of China. This seems to me to be of great importance both because of its intellectual and also of its commercial aspects. After the Revolution of 1911 the Provisional Government at Nanking formed a geological section of the Department of Mines, which was in itself a department of the Board of Commerce and Industries. Certain administrative changes took place subsequent to the removal of the Government to Peking, the details of which need not concern us. The final result was the foundation of a geological survey and a school under the control of the amalgamated ministry of Agriculture and Commerce.

When the courses at the school were finished, a number of students were enrolled as junior members of the Survey, which was at this time put on a firm basis and organized with a sufficient staff. Since this time, an attempt has been made to examine the mineral resources of China, a vast project not lightly to be undertaken. Considerable progress has been made and a number of the coal fields have been mapped. In addition to this the Survey is planning a geological survey of the whole country on the scale of one over a million. In the summer of 1922 parts of the provinces of Chihli, Shantung, Shansi, Honan, and Kiangsu had already been surveyed. A great deal of work has already been published in the form of memoirs and bulletins. Naturally all this work has not been performed entirely without western assistance or advice. The survey owes a great deal to Dr. Andersson, the mining adviser to the Chinese government ; and

various other palæontologists and palæobotanists have co-operated. On the whole, however, it can be said that the Survey is a department for scientific research which is of a national character and in no way a foreign humanitarian effort like the Peking Union Medical College.

The most recent developments are the establishment of a museum and a library in Peking. I did not examine the library, but the museum is of the greatest interest, throwing, as many of the specimens do, considerable light on the early history of mankind in China.

CHAPTER IV

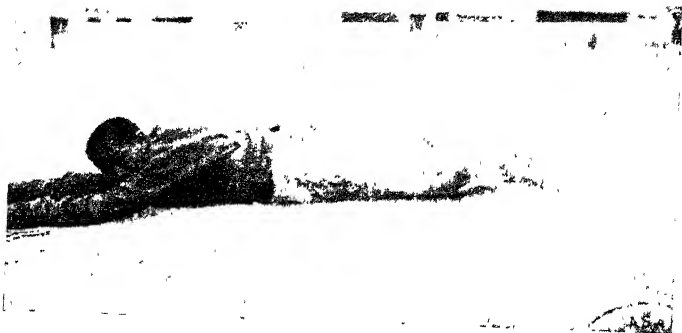
INNER MONGOLIA

I LEFT Peking at the end of April in order to see something of the border and, I am free to confess, to avoid any possibility of being shut in by the revolution which, at that time, seemed imminent. It was hardly a good time to travel, as the railways were devoted to military transport, but our train did manage to get away. My companion, guide, philosopher and, above all, interpreter in the Chinese language, was Dr. Stevenson, of the Peking Union Medical College. I am very grateful for the chance which threw us together. The railway up to Kalgan has been described many times. It is a lovely ride, and on a spring day is best appreciated if a cattle-truck, instead of the ordinary carriage, is selected. We looked at the scenery, admired the Wall and the little cities as we passed them ; but in the afternoon the fair spring day turned into a dust-storm and we sought a more conventional method of travelling. The only occupant of the first-class carriages seemed to be the concubine of some general, who had a military guard who sat in the corridor. Our own carriage was enlivened by the presence of a genial old Chinese gentleman who, as he put it, understood American, that is, Stevenson's Chinese, but not English, the language that Stevenson and I used when we conversed. Stevenson, with his customary courtesy, explained that I neither spoke nor understood American. At Kalgan we were welcomed by

Mr. Rustad, of the B.A.T., who offered us house, food and drink, and a bath. Next morning we climbed up to the hills above the town to see a temple. The view was magnificent ; in front, that is, to the east, was a series of broken ranges culminating in some very high mountains beyond the town of Kalgan, and to the south an abrupt but very regular range. The temple itself was uninteresting. There are a number of graves up the valley with engraved stones, all Chinese. In the afternoon we rode through the town of Kalgan, through the north gate and a short distance along the caravan route. Then we turned to the right up a short ravine and, climbing up, came to a valley on the cliffs above which are a number of caves. Some seemed never to have been inhabited ; others showed traces of considerable occupation, both in ancient and modern times. Little terraces had been built up in front of the caves, but we found nothing. All up the valley the Chinese are cultivating little terraced fields, but the outcrops of rock are so frequent that most of the land is given over to sheep and goats. The views are magnificent, especially when seen framed in the mouth of a cave, whence one looks at valley after valley, broken and contorted with strange solitary rocks standing up. The wall runs along the top of the first range and the main range of the Khingan Mountains forms the horizon.

Kalgan itself is a frontier town with that quaint detached cosmopolitan air which clings to all towns that claim to be the beginning or the end of a long journey. We were there at an interesting time. Revolutionary troops were everywhere. They hardly perhaps deserve this title. Their generals were rebels, but the troops were doing their duty, and most of them hardly knew what the war was about.

PLATE VI



A LAMA PRAYING



AN OLD LAMA TEMPLE NEAR KALGAN

PLATE VII



TWO MONGOL LAMAS IN FRONT OF A
TRAVELLING TENT



A NATIVE OF URGA AND HER BABY

Here in Kalgan we felt the backwash of the war, and, when the trains ceased to run and rumour took the place of news, we hardly knew what was happening. In the old days the Mongol caravans used to come right down to Peking and even now a certain number do, probably when the railway is not working, more than they would normally. But Kalgan is essentially the railhead for the caravan route to Russia. In the stores are the trade goods of three continents, and the Chinese and European traders carry on a type of commerce which resembles the trading of the old merchant adventurers; if the goods get through there is a rich harvest, if not, a total loss. The town is usually either knee-deep in mud or enveloped entirely in a dust which seems like a congealed London fog. It is only a day's journey from Peking, yet the traveller seems to have stepped away into central Asia. An interesting point of the town is the number of Mosques. The time has, unfortunately, not yet come when we shall have an authoritative work on the Chinese Moslems. They have in the past formed a turbulent element on the border and the memory of the Taiping rebellion is yet in men's minds. It seems probable that these Chinese Moslems will have a great effect on the future of Inner Mongolia. They are conspicuously present in Kalgan and are increasing, as I shall have occasion to show in the country to the north. In Peking they are at a disadvantage because the staple food of the population is pork, but where there are numbers of Moslems, this disadvantage does not hold; all are observing the same taboos and the houses are therefore not unclean. Kalgan is, as it has been for many centuries, the border town of the empire. At present it is an important railhead. It is impossible to prophecy when the railway will be built

across Gobi, but in view of the present disturbed condition of affairs in the Far East, it seems unlikely that it will be built for many years to come. When it has been built Kalgan will lose much of its present importance.

The city itself, whose Chinese name is Chang-chia-kow, is a large one with a population of about 100,000. Near the station are the houses and the offices of the foreign residents, the British American Tobacco Company, the American Vice-Consul and so on. The part of the town between them and the bridge is not of great interest, except for the extraordinary variety of goods that seem to accumulate in the shops. There is a good stone bridge over the river, and beyond that the main street leading to the gate through the wall. The shops along this street, too, are astonishing in the variety of their trade goods. The population along these streets is picturesque, consisting, as it does, partly of Chinese, with a proportion of Mongols in long robes and high peaked hats. Beyond the gate is the stopping place of the caravans. Here are wide spaces, often covered with hides and other merchandise unloaded from the camels, and a miscellaneous collection of men from various parts of Asia who have come down the trade route. If the motive power at Charing Cross were camel I think that it might look like the part of Kalgan that lies in the little valley beyond the north gate, shut in by the low rugged hills.

It was from this spot, at the moment very quiet owing to the disorganization of communications by war, that Stevenson and I started on our journey in earnest.

Our party consisted of a Chinese driver, a horse, a mule, a cart and a Union Jack, the last-named considered necessary by the driver on account of the

confused state of things at the time, and somewhat half-heartedly protested against by Stevenson on the ground of United States citizenship. We rode through the town out at the North Gate through the Wall and left China behind. The road leads up a valley along a great broad stream bed, full of boulders and encompassed by brown loess hills. It was full of traffic, even though the caravan route was much disturbed by the war. Part of the iron tyre of our wheel broke and we stopped at a little village for repairs and photographed a camel caravan with much enthusiasm ; we grew less enthusiastic about camel caravans as the time wore on. There are little adobe villages built at intervals, usually on both sides of the valley. In some places the people have made houses, or rather caves, to live in, out of the loess. The traffic is horse, donkey, cart and foot. Most of the people we met were Chinese, but there were a few Mongols with the camel caravan. Our first halting place was Pa Ti, at the foot of the big pass. There are several large caravanseries here, for the place forms the first stopping place on the trade route.

We climbed up to a temple on the crest and then followed a long, rough and very difficult trail over the divide. Directly above the temple is a village called Hanor. Beyond this the climb is very severe. There is a narrow track worn in the rock, and in places it is so narrow that two carts cannot pass abreast. A bit of the wall runs along the crest ; here and there are a series of watch towers. The village on the crest where the road passes the wall is called Wa Waping. In places the wall is in a very ruinous condition, but most of the old watch towers are well preserved. The wall here runs along a very steep escarpment, which forms a very marked

climatic and geographical boundary. The steep part of the escarpment is on the south side. The loess extends but little beyond Hanor; after that the road is rocky and the loose soil is blown sand which accumulates in some places.

The contrast between one side of the divide and the other is very great; below were brown hills, but to the north the hills were quite green and sloped down gradually. To the right, that is, to the east, were high mountains, but elsewhere we saw nothing but rolling hills which disappeared into plain. The villages too were different. Most of them consisted of a big walled inn or farm house, sometimes there were others, sometimes not. We reached our destination, Sinhwa,¹ just after sundown.

This is an old walled city built in the time of the Liao dynasty, the walls are now just heaps of earth and stones, but heaps of vast size and impressiveness.

It is possible to trace the old ruins and the plan of the walls and the gates. There is a ditch on the north-west side which probably, at one time, formed part of the fortifications. The city was visited by Dr. Bushell in 1878, when he describes it as being grass-grown and entirely deserted. At the time of our visit things had changed very considerably. There was a very flourishing market town, which, however, did not fill the old enceinte of the city. There was a mosque and a Moslem restaurant, two inns, and shops; in fact, there were abundant signs of prosperity in spite of the disturbed state of the border. The city is considered to be the first stopping place on the caravan route between Kalgan and Urga.

¹In the spelling of Chinese names wherever possible I have adopted the spelling of the Chinese Postal guide. Where places do not appear therein I have tried to follow their usage. Sinhwa, if spelled according to the Wade system, would appear as Hsin hua ch'eng. In spelling Mongol names there is at present no system. Wherever possible I have followed usage. For example, the Swedish mission use the spelling Hallong Osso and I have accordingly adopted it.

The official distance is 90 li from the former place, a distance of about thirty miles. I should be much interested to know whether this city is really the Chagannor of Marco Polo, as I believe it is, although the lakes usually called Argul Nor (but marked on some modern maps as Chagan Nor, and sometimes known by that name) are some distance to the north. Marco says that the distance between Sindachu (which may almost certainly be identified with Suanhwa Fu) and Chagannor is three days' journey. The actual distance between Suanhwa and Sinhwa is about 55 miles, or 165 Chinese li. The normal distance that a camel travels in a day is about sixty li and, as the road is a bad one, a three-days' journey is about the correct distance for the journey. Timkowski refers to Chaghan Balghassu and gives its Chinese name as Pe Ching-tzu and says that it is thirty miles north of the wall. I unfortunately did not note the Mongol name for Sinhwa. The modern village of Pe Ching-tzu is forty-five miles north of the wall, not thirty. Yule identifies it as the city of Marco Polo. It seems unlikely that there were two large and important cities so close to one another and, although the matter must remain uncertain till the whole of the neighbourhood has been properly explored, it seems as though the evidence that we have at present points rather to Sinhwa than to any other city being the old city of Marco.

All the inns were full, but in despair we called on the Chinese representative of the B.A.T. He literally welcomed us with open arms, gave us an excellent dinner at the Moslem restaurant, and looked after us well. He was a dealer in tobacco and, when he found we smoked, insisted on our doing so. We had hesitated because he (like all the Moslems of China) did not smoke himself, but he seemed to have

no objection to touching and selling the forbidden thing. I slept in a spare corner of the dealer's room, he and a clerk occupied two of the other corners, and Stevenson put up his bed in the store. They were Moslems, so we were even encouraged to wash ; the only time, I think, I have been provided with hot water without asking for it in China. We all slept profoundly.

Next day we started off soon after dawn, a perfect morning. The sky was quite blue and was full of larks in full song. It had frozen hard during the night and there was a nip in the air which made travelling very pleasant. Except for a short ride, I walked all day, a journey of 110 li, about 27 miles. Until afternoon we travelled over a flat plain with hardly any undulations and comparatively well populated and cultivated. We passed two big camel caravans travelling together and kept passing and repassing them all day long. The second was led by a camel harnessed to a cart. We stopped at a small village, drank hot tea and watered the horses about ten o'clock, and made our first acquaintance with the huge shaggy Mongolian dogs, which look like immense overgrown collie pups. When a stranger is about they are apt to be what the Chinese describe as *li hi*, unreasonable, and it is impossible to approach a Mongol camp unless the dogs have first been called off, and even then it is advisable to carry a heavy quilt. We lunched in the usual Chinese inn at the end of fifty li. They are all of the same form ; round the whole enclosure is a high adobe wall with an entrance which is barred at night, at which time the dogs are let loose. The barring is often rather elementary, but the dogs deal with intruders. Inside the wall is a big enclosure, where the horses and the carts are put. There are usually two houses,

each with a single room, one for the men and one for the women. The Mongols prefer not to come into these inns ; if they do come in they either sleep beside their camels, a warm and not uncomfortable bed on the camel's front legs, or else they pitch tents in the courtyard. The plan of the house is simple. The door is in the centre of one of the long sides of the house. Opposite the door is a primitive range which is fed with dried dung and is kept burning by a slide which is pulled in and out and forms a kind of bellows. Owing to the combustible nature of the fuel, a man spends most of his time looking after the fire. On either side is a raised dais for eating and sleeping. This dais has a hypocaust which works in connection with the range, so that the bricks get uncomfortably hot to lie on. They are usually covered with straw and the dust of ages. On the arrival of a distinguished traveller they sweep the floor, unless one is successful in preventing such well-meant efforts. I walked on with the caravan and left Stevenson and the carts to follow. We had two now, as an old Chinese driver had joined us. I came to a Mongol encampment with camels innumerable and about eight black or dark blue tents with projecting ridge poles. I joined the party about this time, and we drove as rapidly as possible to our stopping place, Tien shing miao, 110 li from Sinhwa. The place consisted of a fortified inn and a number of scattered houses. The people were Chinese, but a number of Mongols came in with their carts and oxen. One or two of them were extraordinary big men with dark, extremely flat faces.

We slept in the inn, sharing the dais with our carters, an arrangement which kept other folk, but not, it would appear, other animals, away. Next morning we started early. For the first fifty li or

so the road ran through open plains rolling very gently but extremely flat, with some low but rugged mountains to the north. The plains were covered with grass and cultivated at intervals, but the population is small. We arrived in the afternoon at the Swedish Mongolian Mission at Hallong Osso. This point is just beyond the limits of the Chinese cultivation, which has been slowly progressing for many years.

The country round Hallong Osso still remains pastoral, though there seems every possibility that the Chinese will soon convert it into arable land. In appearance it resembles our own down country in the south of England. There are long rolling downs covered with short grass. If there has been rain the night before, the plains are covered with a thick white mist in the morning, through which the sun tries to peep ; and the neighbourhood of any Mongol camp echoes with the usual pastoral sounds, the barking of the huge shaggy black-and-white shepherd dogs and the bleating of the lambs.

Next day we rode over to Ma wang miao. The ride was a very interesting one. We went up the valley from Hallong Osso to the west and then turned south over a divide. The hills are all grass-covered, but in many places to the south the Chinese are breaking up the prairie with the plough. There are small stream beds in the valleys varying in depth and width, but, in spite of the heavy rain we had been having, there was no flow in the streams when we were there, although there were many small shallow pools, often haunted by water-fowl. The roads which usually run up the valleys are well marked. The villages and settlements are small but fairly numerous ; they usually lie off the roads, but here and there a road passes within a hundred yards or so of one. They are built in little hollows in the

hills, in tiny subsidiary valleys. This is not always the case, and I imagine that in this boundless land there are two main considerations—shelter from the wind and the weather, and the presence of water. Water could be equally well found in the main valley bottom, but the niche in the smaller valley affords much better shelter. The ploughing is done with oxen, and the soil, though sandy in places, seems fertile enough. I saw few or no camels; they belong to the caravan routes. The hills are all rounded and, though there are stony patches, such outcrops are comparatively rare. The light, sandy soil offers great opportunities for good roads. Wild life is still abundant. There are antelopes and wolves on the plains, the surfaces of the hills are dissected by the burrows of small rodents, although these latter are not sufficiently abundant to make it difficult to gallop a horse in any direction. Birds are everywhere; there are a few herons on the occasional pools. Stevenson reported, whether accurately or not I cannot say, a pair of eagles, I saw some Siberian duck and some geese. Wagtails were quite common along the road. The most characteristic bird, however, is the Mongolian lark which nests in the grass and fills the whole sky in the spring with song. The lama temple which we had ridden out to see forms quite an extensive village. In its compact stone-built appearance, its walled courtyard and its complete control of the valley and, perhaps above all, in its white colouring, it presents a very great contrast to the other villages. The lamas of all ages, from quite small boys upward, of all shapes and sizes, and clad in filthy red garments, were the most repulsive ill-mannered set of ruffians I have ever set eyes on. The majority of those who thronged us were of the age and disposition of schoolboys who

needed a whipping. Some of the older ones were almost as bad, and the majority were a prey to disease and vermin. There was a slight effort at discipline ; one or two of the elder men did seem able to control them and drove them away when they pressed too hard upon us, but they returned like locusts and especially annoyed me by snatching at the black paper from my film pack after every picture I took.

The outside of the temple presents no special features. It had a stone pavement and a portico. On the right hand as one enters the courtyard, fixed at the end of the portico about the height of a man's head, were four bronze prayer wheels, which boys occasionally twirled. They also practised the more laborious method of praying by a series of prostrations ; a lama threw himself at full length on the ground on the outside of the village and let his head lie a moment on the earth, then he marked the place where his head lay and then got up and walked to the mark and prostrated himself anew. They kept the allotted path carefully all the way round the village, but they were very cheerful about the whole matter. As we were resting on the portico they opened up the temple for a kind of vesper and we went inside. The interior consisted of a number of aisles with low benches and a large number of red wooden columns. There was a staircase leading to an upper chamber. One of the officiants brought in a tray containing two tall pyramids about a foot high with a three-inch base and a third tray which carried a grotesque cloth and mud doll about a foot high. In front of this doll were arranged ceremonial food vessels and a night-light which was lighted during the ritual.

After considerable wrangling and laughing the prayers started. They made a sort of beginning

while settling themselves, as if, like children, they felt that a beginning must be made at any cost. Four men were seated opposite one another on low benches, with a table in front of them containing leaves on which prayers were written in Thibetan, a language of which most, if not all, were ignorant; for to their many faults they did not add that of scholarship. The senior sat furthest from the door; he had a bell which he rang at intervals after finishing a prayer. The juniors on either side, who were nearest the door, each had a drum and a curiously shaped drum-stick. The second from the door on each side had a pair of cymbals. They began, when they got properly settled, by mumbling prayers rapidly and ringing the handbells at intervals. Then they beat drums and clashed cymbals, producing a symphony of discord with a droned vocal accompaniment. A middle-aged assistant, with the face and bearing of one grown old in crime, appeared; he had previously brought in the figures and made hideous sounds in the temple loft. Now he lighted the night-light from a box of matches which had hitherto rested rather out of place in front of the clay figure. A crowd of the younger lamas had pushed their way in through the door; they were laughing and chattering and looking at us, rather like an inquisitive crowd of apes. The priest after lighting the night-light took objection—not unnaturally—to their presence and hustled them all out, all except one man with a kind of fringed beard who refused to be removed. They laid hands on one another actually within the temple precincts during the service, but some of the more responsible men got them outside and attempted to separate them without much success. One of the Swedish lady missionaries who spoke Mongol fluently faced them, whip in hand, and explained, I imagine, somewhat forcibly, the

nature of sacrilege. Her words and evident courage and anger had a somewhat calming effect and a diversion was created by the arrival of a pilgrim who had been on a pilgrimage with holy books fastened to his back.¹ We left the courtyard in a turmoil. Whenever, and it sometimes does occur that I am inclined to carp at the missionaries in various parts of the world, I try to recall the picture of that bold daughter of the Vikings, with angry face and blazing blue eyes, striding, armed only with a riding whip, in that crowd of angry men and pleading in no measured terms for reverence to be paid to a ritual, which it was her life's work to oppose.

I have described the ceremonial at the temple in words which may not seem fitting to be applied to any religious ceremony, but the account of their behaviour will show how far these priests with their dirt, laughter, and indifference, have left behind the noble ascetic ideal of Buddhism. Many authorities would go so far as to say that the introduction of this religion of the lamas is one of the causes of the degradation of the Mongols. It has been said that they are no longer the wild horsemen who held Europe and Asia under their unshod horses' hoofs. They lack unity at present, and have many symptoms of weakness; but the whole question can be better dealt with when we have discussed the present situation in Inner Mongolia in greater detail. Under the present régime about sixty-six per cent. of the male population become lamas; they take vows of chastity which are not kept, and the vaunted faithfulness of the Mongol women is a thing of the past. The religion has therefore the effect of breaking up to a great degree normal family life. It has been suggested that the birthrate is hardly affected, but

¹Merit is frequently acquired by this method of carrying books.

I have no data on that subject. Certainly it does exercise a most demoralizing power on the whole people. The young men, instead of becoming herdsmen, go into the sloth of the monasteries, although where religions are so numerous the endowments do not suffice, and many have to follow the ordinary civil occupations. It is very frequent to meet a lama with a caravan. The herding together of large crowds of men in unsanitary surroundings, unsanitary both physically and morally, is very apt to spread disease. After riding with those wild horsemen over their open plains, to visit a lamasry is a deep disappointment and leaves a feeling of regret.

It would appear that the old religion of the Mongols was of an animistic nature and much of the old customs survives in Urianchai and in places in south and east Mongolia.¹

There are certain comparatively elaborate magical ceremonies in which both men and women take part. Sacrifices are made of sheep and goats outside the tent; part of the animal is burnt and part eaten. The person who actually performs the ceremony sits beside the fire and chants a sacred chant, gradually working himself up into a hysterical condition until he falls down in a trance. I am inclined to believe that these phenomena are akin to the Arctic hysteria which has been observed among many of the more northerly tribes of Asia. In a less pure form, traces of the old religion have survived among the Buddhists. There are in various parts of the country rude stone altars; they call them "obos." One that I saw appeared to be still in use. It was at the top of a curious outcrop of rock which made a conical-shaped hill. At the top of this hill a cairn had

¹I am indebted to Miss Wicklund of the Swedish Mongolian Mission, Hallong Osso, for much of the information which follows.

been piled up of loose stones. It was built in three tiers and was about fifteen feet high and about twenty feet in diameter at the base. Some poles had been fixed upright in it to which rags were attached ; there was also a further pole which was fixed in an upright position by piling stones round its base, a few yards from the altar. Sheep and goats are sacrificed at these obos and similar sacrifices are made at the marriage ceremony.

The social customs of the people are interesting. Polygamy is normally practised, especially among the wealthier people, who may have three or four wives. A family normally consists of five or six children. The boys marry at fourteen or fifteen and the girls at the same time or a little earlier. Somewhat elaborate ceremonies are connected with the birth of a child. The mother is not allowed to leave the yurt, or, sometimes even to receive any visits for thirty days after the birth of her child. In some cases the priests, who among the wealthier people are called in to read prayers, may even insist on a longer period of isolation. When mother and child are visible, the neighbours are invited in and a feast takes place, when gifts are made to the child.

Next day we started beyond the Chinese sphere of agricultural influence to a little settlement of Adigen Bolloc. The country differed from that round Hallong Osso in many ways. Although there are the same grassy plains and valleys and downs, the outcropping of rock is much more frequent and the hills have more character. Into a few of the valleys a little agriculture is creeping, but this soon ceases as one goes further north, and the valleys are either given over entirely to the pasturing of flocks and herds or are left desolate. We found that our destination was close to several more or less permanent Mongol

settlements, as permanent as anything these nomads possess can be. These settlements are made up of a few yurts. These tents (for they are little more) have not changed since the time of Marco Polo. In this district they are built in three parts, a low circular foundation of earth and stones, an upright folding wall made of felt stretched over slats of wood arranged like trellis, and finally a roof made of felts on narrow laths with a circular opening at the top. The whole yurt is bound together on the outside with ropes weighed down with heavy stones and forms a warm semi-permanent structure. Inside in the centre is a hearth containing a brasier and an open adobe oven. Around this are felts and mats on which to sit, raised two or three inches above the level of the hearth. Against the wall are shelves and cupboards, often, I should think, of Chinese origin. There are usually a few cooking pots to be regarded probably as treasures, for they do not throw them away even when they seem to be hopelessly broken.

It so happened that in this village the official who, although a Mongol, held a Chinese post, had a "sickness," so he invited us to come and see him. He entertained us on Chinese tea and unleavened cakes. His village contained about ten yurts, a sacred pole, some tin windmills to frighten the wolves away, some big stacks of fuel and a sheep fold. The most conspicuous objects in every village are the great stacks of dung for fuel. They resemble the heaps raised for preserving turnips in England. They are usually about six feet six inches high, ten to fifteen feet broad at the base, and four or five feet at the top. The length varies according to the amount of available fuel.

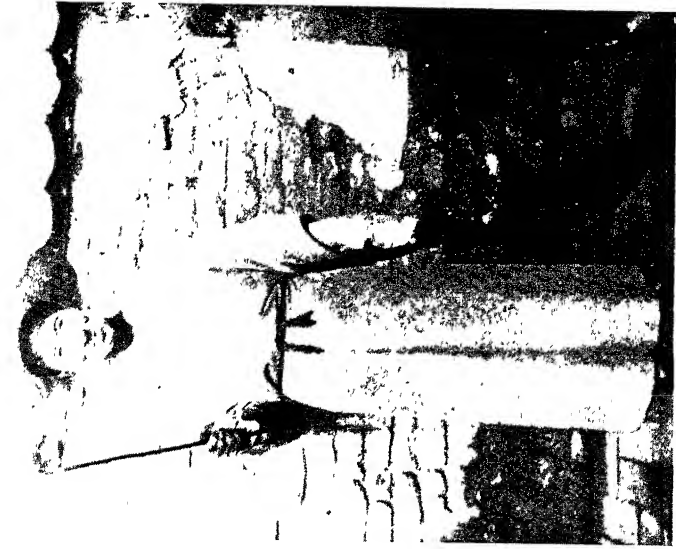
The sheep fold is made of adobe and in these regions, where wolves are common, its strength

is of the greatest importance. The walls are six or seven feet high and, in the village which I am describing, it was packed tight with black and white sheep and lambs. In the evening the Mongol shepherd boys issue a word of command to the ewes and they stand still and all the lambs run to their mothers to suck. There were a few grey kids, charming little creatures always performing feats of mountaineering on the adobe walls. The village also contained some dogs and horses and a few head of cattle and a stray chicken or two. The official said there might be ten men, an eloquent comment on the terrible effect of lamaism on reducing the effective strength of a village.

Next morning I was up betimes, for the country is at its best, just after sunrise or before sunset, best of all I think in the cold clear, light of dawn. At this time of the year, (it was the beginning of May) and at that hour of the day the ground is frozen, there is a little hoar frost on the grass, and the larks are in full song. The hills lose their monotony and are thrown into high relief by the great rolling shadows cast by the sun, for in these clear days the sun casts a shadow as soon as it gets over the horizon. These shadow contrasts take away the monotony of form and colour which is so characteristic of the land of high grass and give the man infinite variety of lights and shades. There is an aspect of boundless freedom, rolling hill and grass from the East and the rising sun away into central Asia.

I walked down to a small Mongol village, a little unusual in that it lay in the plain instead of on the hillside. I was rushed at by a mob of dogs, but some shepherd boys came out and rescued me. It was very cold and I was very glad to go into a yurt, kept beautifully warm with the felt door down. I was

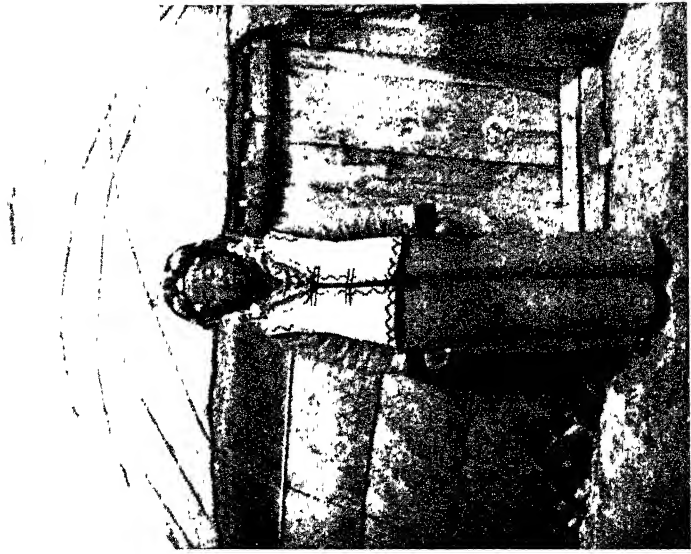
PLATE VIII



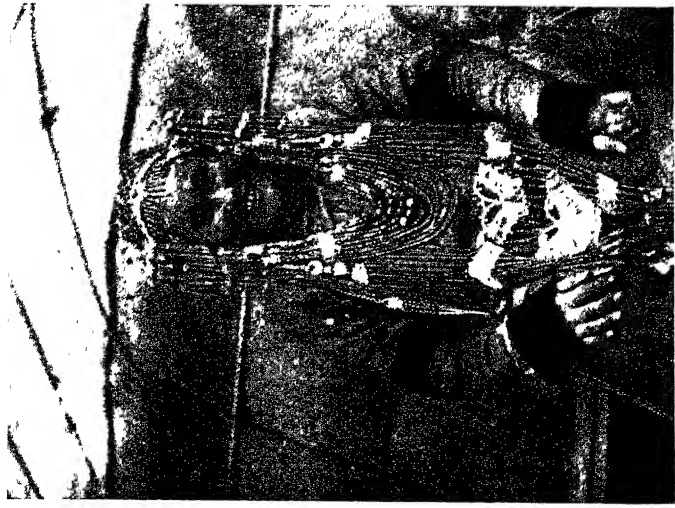
A LAMA IN HIS YELLOW ROBE



AN OLD MONGOL SCHOLAR (LAMA WONG)



A MONGOL GIRL AND HER HOME



MONGOL MARRIED WOMAN'S
HEADRESS

welcomed most kindly, though to talk was impossible. The inside of the yurt was poor, although of the same type as that I have already described. The cupboards were few, the pots very broken. On a mat opposite the door a man was sleeping soundly, a woman was drinking tea and my two hosts, young lamas, came in and out ; I think they had to look after the sheep. I was surprised that, as tea and porridge was being eaten in the hut, they did not offer me any and I made a move as if to go, but I found the boys had gone to fetch something, so I sat and warmed myself at the brasier and watched my hostess have her breakfast. Soon she took some blazing dung from the brasier, set it on the hearth and put the kettle on it and boiled it up. The delay was explained ; they had gone to fetch some cups. They gave me tea in the Mongol fashion mixed with butter and salt and sugar till it was quite palatable, and above all boiling hot. I was given unleavened cakes with a kind of pink icing on the top and we sat and smoked and then returned to camp, the whole party ; it seemed they wanted to be photographed.

The costume, especially of the women, is very striking. In this part of Mongolia the hair is tied into a hard roll at the occiput and this roll is again tied into a circle and put on the top of the head like a crown. The method needs a lot of hair ; often the women have not sufficient of their own, so hair is bought from China whence a large sale in human hair is carried on. On top of the hair a head-dress of red stones joined with silver is placed and great pendants with big inset red stones hang down to the shoulders on either side. Sometimes they wear an oblong ornament fixed into the roll on either side, and I saw one woman with Chinese jade earrings. Such a head-dress (and it offers great possibility in

the way of variation) is the mark of the married women. One girl I saw had pendant earrings, all of silver, with a little silver prayer-wheel from which ran silver chains, at the end of each of which were silver leaves about a quarter of an inch long.

My hosts accompanied me back to camp and I photographed them. We all went on to the first village and had breakfast with the official. It was a curious mixture of foreign and native elements. We were given cocoa to drink, because the official said he had heard that the foreigners liked it, and fried eggs and bacon; the bacon was excellent, so were the eggs. Then we had goat's cheese and unleavened wheaten bread. There was also sugar and Mongol tea and some cold bacon. He showed us round the village and we went back to camp and packed up to move again. I had a new pony, a little chestnut. The Mongols said he was a racing pony and did not like to have anything in front and that he had been with the herd for a year. So I had a glorious thirty miles, much of it at a hard canter; my little chestnut did *not* like to have anything in front.

We went first to see a silver-smith who made the women's head-dresses. His equipment was curiously modern. He had a little forging hammer, a pair of pliers and a set of gravers. He fixed a piece of silver in a block of wax, stuck on a bit of wood after warming the wax in the brasier. Then he cut and engraved the silver. He said these were all his tools; I could see no bellows, but as he used silver ingots, not sheet silver, I suppose he warmed it up in the brazier before beating it out. The whole operation was delightfully simple. The engraving was not good, but the work with silver wire was very nice. He only worked to order and a head-dress took him a

long time, so we could not get one. The women were prepared to sell theirs, but as they are the signs of being married they could not go without. His wife had a very fine ornament, a practical testimonial to his skill. He did not work freehand, but drew a design on the silver first with a lead pencil. He had further evidence of contact with civilization; his daughter was spinning, and she used a cotton reel as a spindle-whorl.

We rode on to see a place where there was a spring. It had no water, and some trees, eight I think. They seemed to be a stunted variety of a species allied to the mountain elm, but they were hardly more than bushes. It shows the treeless nature of the country, where you ride four or five miles to see some bushes, and they are displayed as a local wonder. The bushes were growing in a little stony ravine; probably the shelter provided by the ravine made it possible for them to live. We rode on through stony country past a big herd of ponies—the herds no longer exist at Hallong Osso owing to the advance of agriculture—through narrow stony valleys to a spring which was full of good water almost up to the top.

We rode out of the stony country on to rolling downs, some of them being broken by the plough, some still wild grass-land, and I had a glorious gallop with the Mongols most of the way home. Next day we rode over to a Canadian Mission at Gatashay, Stevenson on the grey, I on the chestnut. The missionary showed me some dried flowers; there were some old familiar friends, knapweed and bitter sweet and a lot of new ones, chiefly composites, and a pleasant tiny primrose which is very common on the prairie now. I found some specimens of the pasque flower which grows, I think, only on the chalk at home. I do not know whether the Mongolian

variety is the same or another species. Among the grass, if you search carefully, there are numbers of little dwarf irises, all flower and no stem. A character of all the vegetation up on the plains is the enormous number of the same species which occur. The statement needs qualification, of course, but, on the whole, it is true to say that, if a certain flowering plant or grass occurs at all, it is very common. Two of us galloped back knee to knee and stirrup to stirrup, the ponies going as hard as they could and we left the grey, who was old and comfortable, far behind.

The world holds many joys, but few can compare with riding with the Mongols. Never have I met people of whom it could more truly be said that they have no manners and their customs are beastly, but that is only part of the people. There are those strange men who walk at the head of a caravan, leading a camel by his nose string. Their eyes are always on the ground, they never look around and they travel immense distances at the pace of a fat ox, slowly, so slowly, along the endless trails of Asia and there are the same men on a horse. How I envied their ease and their gait! Thorough sportsmen, they gave me the best pony and then rode away from me as if I was on the most hopeless old creak.

Physically they are very different from the Chinese in a variety of ways. The skin on the exposed parts of the body tans to a dark brown. I have noticed that the same thing, though, of course, to a lesser degree, partly owing to lesser exposure, happens to Europeans on the plains. The tanning begins at an early age, but some of the children have quite fair faces. Amongst the latter the skin, where the tanning has not progressed, becomes very dry and

chapped. On the unexposed parts, the skin is almost white. Among the patients I examined there was only one Mongol who claimed to be such with any approach to a yellow skin. The hands of the Mongols are very distinct from those of the Chinese ; they are both shorter and broader. The hair is nearly always black and straight, rather coarse, abundant and long in both sexes. The men are often tall and very well built. To appreciate them properly, you must see them in the saddle ; all their ungainliness vanishes and they become part of the horse on which they are riding. Most of the old records insist on the ugliness of the Mongols. The face is always flat and the cheek bones projecting, but once the eye is accustomed to this one gets to like their pleasant, smiling faces. The individual features can be judged better from photographs than from descriptions.

The record of the country, as we see it in the present and in the past, strikes me as a good example of two different types of racial expansion. The old history of the Mongols, which resulted in the vast westward drift, and which made Kubla Khan one of the greatest emperors the world has ever seen, is one of the clearest examples of nomadic expansion. Big areas were covered ; so big, it is difficult to gauge ; difficult, unless you have ridden across the plains, even to imagine. It is an expansion which is often accompanied by all sorts of excesses. The herdsmen, accustomed to protect their flocks from the ravages of wild animals, riding hard and afar in their normal day's work, are no carpet knights. Cattle are a type of property which always offers a temptation to the raider, human or non-human, and it is but small wonder that the name of men brought up in this school should have come into our language as a synonym of all that is ruthless. Attila was rightly

called the scourge of God, and Hun has again recently come into our language. Speaking of the state of the East in the thirteenth century, it was not without reason that Col. Yule wrote "In Asia and Eastern Europe scarcely a dog might bark without Mongol leave, from the borders of Poland and the gulf of Scanderoon to the Amur and the Yellow Sea."¹ One of the most vivid accounts that I know of the terror inspired by these people may be found in von Schelling's famous novel *Ekkehard*.

The second type of expansion may be called "agricultural." This type represents a peaceful and, on the whole, a more permanent type of expansion, and converts the old pastures into arable land. It will always happen that a few of the nomads wander off their pastures into the border territory. They become absorbed in the people, in the same way that Kubla became a Chinese Emperor. China has always been absorbing the nomads and, as an old writer has put it, "China is a sea that salts all the rivers that flow into it." But the nomads do not absorb the agriculturists, for the latter bring with them their homes and their families, and either drive out or absorb the subject peoples. They plough up the old landmarks and make a new land of an old. They dam up the flood waters of the pastoral wanderers and turn them into other channels; China built the great wall and, though it failed to protect China, it may have helped quite appreciably to turn the flood tide of barbarians who overwhelmed the Roman Empire.

Japan is attempting in the Far East to-day a third type of expansion, which may be termed "industrial." She wishes, as the European nations have been wishing for the last two generations, to

¹*Travels of Marco Polo*, Yule, vol. II, p. 9.

develop the resources of new countries. This has brought her in Korea into direct economic contact with the subject peoples, who are required to assist in this development. The nomad wants pasture and perhaps stock. He may be, and often is, cut off from his base, and when his lines of communication break down, having perhaps few women,—they are a nuisance on the long trail—he loses his identity in the new land. The agriculturist, with all his impedimenta and his womenfolk—they are invaluable and can easily travel as fast as he goes and build up homes as he tills the fields—establishes an almost unbroken line of posts, a condition of development that can be seen very clearly along the southern borders of Inner Mongolia to-day. The industrial expansion needs capital, great specialization, and organized labour—the former foreign, the latter largely native, with a foreign element of skilled labour. Japan has singularly failed to settle much of Eastern Asia, because, whilst she is most capable of administering her industrial system, she lacks the colonial spirit which is linked up with agriculture. From the point of view of Mongolia, I am inclined to think that, to be permanent, an industrial expansion must be preceded by and closely linked up with an agricultural expansion. Although, as I write, political troubles are overwhelming China, I cannot help feeling that the great resources of the country are being tapped by China in a way that is likely to be beneficial. It must first be remembered that, as a whole, China is temperamentally opposed to any form of industrialism which is alien to her type of civilization. The deep-rooted family system presents a difficulty in the way of organizing capital and labour which will probably take a very long time to overcome. Agri-

cultural colonization has been proceeding apace for many years. The history of this development is not without interest for our present purpose.

It seems that there is every reason to believe that the history of Inner Mongolia during the last thousand years has been one of ebb and flow. The impression to be gained from Marco Polo's narrative is that there was a great deal of agriculture in his time probably in the fertile region round Kwei Wa-ting. His mention of populous cities also seems to refer to a very different condition from the present, wherever eventually his Chagannor shall prove to be. On the other hand, the mention of the keeping of white mares for the great Khan suggests that much of the country was not unlike what it is to-day. In the time of the Mings the nomads were confined north of a palisade on the borders of Gobi, but as the power of that dynasty began to wane, the Mongols gradually pushed forward, and in the latter part of the fifteenth century were settled as far south as the Ordus country. During the Manchu rule no Chinese were allowed within the boundaries of Mongolia, but again, before that dynasty had ended, Chinese had begun to penetrate northward.

Timkowski, who visited this part about a hundred years ago, says that the first village was Nortien, twenty versts from Kalgan. I think, from his description, that he is probably alluding to the place that my driver called Pa Ti, which is the resting place at the bottom of the Kalgan pass. Piassetsky, who came this way in 1875, still found that this was the first Chinese village. To-day the Chinese have penetrated as far north as the great western road to Kweihwa Cheng. This year (1922) the Chinese ploughed up three li of the unbroken prairie. Their average advance during the last fifty years has exactly

corresponded to this, that is a forward movement of one mile on a wide front, no mean achievement for the peaceful penetration of agriculturists. As the Chinese advance the Mongols as nomads fall back.

Side by side and, indeed, in advance of the agriculturist, the trader has advanced. Where the tillers of the soil catch up the trader, a purely Chinese city grows and increases as trade develops, and the tillers of the soil have an incentive to produce a little more than will suffice to keep them and their wives and children from starvation. From what I could gather of conditions on the border in 1922, it seemed probable that we were witnessing a true colonial expansion on the outside fringe of which lorries and cars took the place of the ships in which the merchant adventurers of old sailed to open up a new world. All this expansion depends on peace. If the nomads gather themselves together again and ride out at the head of wild cavalry squadrons, they can in a few short weeks leave a trail of blood and slaughter, of burning villages and ravished women, which may undo the careful toil of two generations. I have seen burning villages too often not to know that such a condition may occur anywhere, especially on the borders of a wild land, but at present the Mongols do not show any signs of banding themselves together in the bad old way, although it seems probable that the Soviet government are supplying them with arms and munitions of war, nominally at least as a defence against aggression from China.

Our journey back into China is a tale that is soon told. I started off on a bad pony, who nearly broke his leg and my neck in a rodent hole. We sent back our ponies from Chakan Harra and took to our carts. It had been raining very heavily and there

was quite an appreciable flow in the streams and there were large puddles along the road which compelled us to make many detours. We travelled about seventy li through extraordinarily flat country, prairie and cultivation alternating, and we met mostly Chinese, except on the camel caravans. We stopped at a little inn off the road which contained nothing of interest except a very unreasonable dog. We were the only travellers. The start next morning was an amusing one ; we both woke up, and Stevenson said he was going to turn in again for another nap. But I heard a lark singing and said that dawn could not be far off. Both our watches had long ago broken down, but that is a matter of little moment in Mongolia. We roused our drivers ; it was very cold, but the Chinese never seem to mind an early start and we had done twenty li before the sun was up.

Although I have held for a long time that it is not worth while getting up to see the dawn, sunrise on the great plains is a wonderful thing. It was quite dark when we started with the least glimmer in the east. It gradually got lighter, a few rosy tints, a hard steely sky and, as the sun's disc came over the horizon, long shadows from every excrescence on the plain. The sun rose over the mountains which we were just approaching. There had been a good deal of rain and wind, and in places the road, which was a bit lower than the surrounding country, was piled up with sand. Here and there the sand had accumulated on the windward side of a village to such an extent as to cover the whole wall up to the eaves of the houses. We were by this time well out of the Mongol country. The houses were all adobe and usually in each group there was a house with a big courtyard, a sort of caravanserai. When it was still

early we came within sight of Sinhwa. We drove through the north-west corner of the enceinte. Little remained of the gate if ever there had been one there, but the ramparts were still huge, and the old moat is still well preserved. We saw our friends, the dealers in tobacco. We breakfasted at the Moslem restaurant. We had exactly the same things to eat that we had had for dinner the time we were there before. Things that seem very nice for dinner, do not seem so attractive for breakfast, even if you have travelled many miles before dawn. We walked up the pass till the carts overtook us and then we rode. The view to east was looking even better than it had been coming up, as there was more greenery. There lies a deep valley full of trees, then rugged hills which are very broken in outline and finally a high range.

We rode into Kalgan through the north gate without any difficulty. It is in spite of its disadvantages—dust and dust's antipathy, mud—a fascinating place. When we got back, it was full of all sorts of remnants of Chang Tsac-lin's army. After the peace of the day we left it was a strange contrast. The shops were in full swing; they were holding a civic reception to some generals. I forget to which side they belonged. The beginning of the trade route which had seemed to be stagnating, had recovered itself. There were many more hides lying about, and outside the gate was the ubiquitous camel.

Next morning we started in the train for Peking. The contrast in the vegetation is almost more marked if one travels south instead of north. The Kalgan pass certainly constitutes a climatic divide in a way that I had hardly thought possible. After travelling over that pass, and then going through the Nankow pass, one realizes the real geographic situa-

tion of the wall, dividing China from the northern barbarians. In the plains to the north, spring had hardly begun; in places south of the pass, it was well advanced and one felt in a different country.

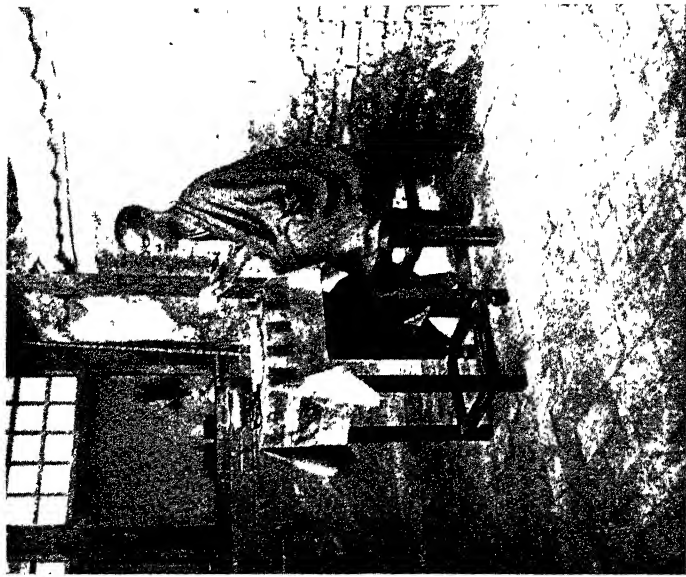
Wherein lies the charm of Mongolia? Everybody who has been there, provided only they can ride a horse, admits that charm. If you do not like riding you had better stay at home; certainly do not go to Mongolia. The people have traits which are most repulsive. They are dirty, lazy, immoral, poor descendants, at first sight, of those wild horsemen who swept across Asia and across Europe. Yet they are still the same wild horsemen as of old. I used to admire, when I was at school in France, the way in which one of the instructors in one of the Cuirassier regiments sat in the saddle, but a Mongol woman with a baby at her breast rides better than he did, fine horseman as he was. And the ease with which the Mongols ride, standing upright in the saddle, shifting their weight now to one leg, now to the other, to rest those tireless short-legged, shaggy ponies who seem, like their masters, to have been born at a canter. There is a story which I believe to be true, although I cannot find the reference, of one of the greatest feats of a Mongol horseman, who carried despatches from Uliassutai to Peking. He made special preparations and had the right of using the post ponies and covered the distance, about fifteen hundred miles, in eight days. I never saw the gorgeous robes of the Mongol princes, but in Peking I had the opportunity later in the summer of making friends with many of the lamas, and they put on all their finery for me to photograph them. They were strange bearded men from the ends of the earth—Mongols, Buriats, Thibetans and two or three who claimed to come from Chinese Turkestan. All except the Thibetans



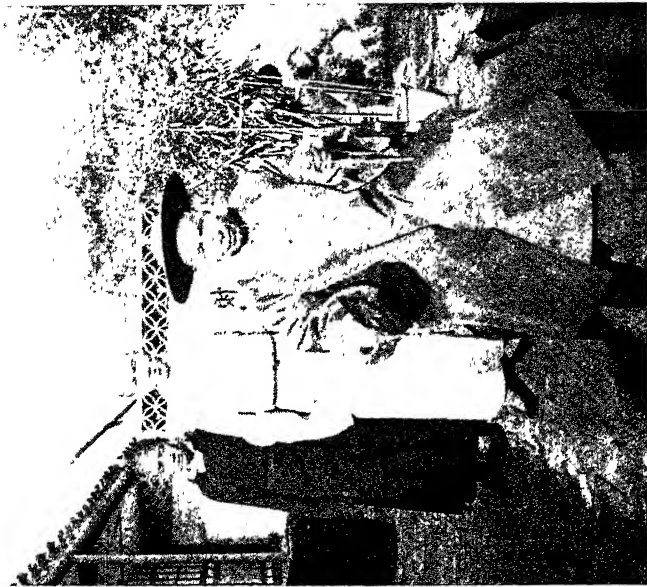
TIBETANS



A LAMA IN MONGOL TRAVELLING COSTUME



A LAMA READING PRAYERS



THE ABBOT OF A LAMA MONASTERY

claimed to be Mongols and they talked to me in many strange languages which I did not understand. Some brought out their sheepskins and high hats in spite of the heat of a Pekingese summer. Most had silks in profusion, red and yellow and a lovely sky-blue shining in the sunlight, a bit of old Asia that still survived from the days of Kubla Khan. They entertained me, too, these strange men, though it was pain and grief to me for hours afterward. The open friendly nature of the Mongols, if they like you, is a thing which appeals much to the traveller. A stranger on the road will pit his pony against yours, as fast and as far as your ways lie together. Go into a village in a country where you are not suspected, and immediately the rough hospitality of the country is put before you. You sit round the argol fire, pleasantly warm at dusk or dawn, and Mongol tea, brick tea, butter, sour milk and salt, is poured out in a steaming cup. Then you will be given cheese full of hairs, somewhat highly flavoured, not through age so much as by the method of manufacture, hard cakes and mutton.

In spring the camp resounds with the bleating of the lambs. This sound is one of the greatest characteristics of all pastoral people. As far as the sheep are concerned, Mongols and the Indians of the south-western states have many points in common. If you go into a Mongol or a Navajo settlement at dawn, you will hear the same sounds and meet with the same activities, the children starting out with their flocks and the very young of both herds, the babies and the lambs, seem to understand one another perfectly.

The Indians have their horses, too, and their races. They ride well, but their hunting grounds are now restricted and my impression is that they only ride

because they must. A Mongol rides because he likes it and he is never really efficient at any work that cannot be done in the saddle. Only the Indian men really ride; the Mongols ride all, some of the women as well as the men. They even have races in Urga with children between the years of four and six up. I have never seen these races, but I am credibly informed that if a child falls off he is not pitied but smacked. The Mongols have a good eye for a horse; they have been the horse-dealers of northern China for many generations. Every Indian in the south-west has a herd of six or seven scrubby ponies, but most of them are hardly worth their keep. I only saw one big Mongol herd and nearly all the ponies in it would take one anywhere.

The Great Grass lands—the Chinese call them the Land of the Tall Grass—are difficult to describe. They are almost a negative quantity. They are just there, league after league of rolling down, with little rises and falls and mountains across the plain, distant and shadowy on the horizon. In the summer they are covered with tall grass, and before they are scorched away, innumerable flowers. When the taller grasses and flowers die down a turf remains that is refreshing to the eye and pleasant to the horses' hoofs. Your horse bolts; let him! Light a cigarette behind your hat if you can, and gallop. The plains have all the immensity that the air has, and yet the pleasant proximity to mother earth and the agreeable companionship which a willing beast gives; the air on the whole is unsociable. The Mongols seem to drift in from nowhere across the plains on a horse or a camel, impelled, I think, by this sociability of which I have spoken and by a friendly desire to see who you are and to pit their beast against yours.

I like the plains best at dawn—the dawn of spring

or early summer when it freezes at night, but the vegetation has its best robe to present to the noonday sun. At such a dawn the air is clear, hard almost like steel, and in the clear air the long shadows give a form to the rise and fall of the ground and outline the hills. The feeling of negations ceases, and in its place you get a landscape in which every detail, the shadows of the flowers on the grass, the clearly defined silhouettes of the distant ponies, the Mongol camp close at hand, the distant mountains and the pool of water in the middle distance, each fit into their place in the picture. You look, and the shadows gradually disappear, the plains grow flatter as the sun mounts, and out of a hollow in the hills a caravan of camels comes lumbering drifting past, the leader with his high Mongol hat, huge boots and probably the red robe of a lama, looking at the ground. These men cross Asia, walking at the pace of a loaded camel, with eyes downcast like a nun, all along the many weary miles of the almost infinitely long trade routes. The loads of the camels always fascinate me; hides and furs and heaven knows what from Central Asia, floating down along the old trade route through the wall—I wrote “ wall ” it should be “ Wall ”—to the railway. In return, back goes civilization—tea and silk from China, cigarettes, matches, and store goods from Virginia or Pittsburg; dusty, dirty, noisy, blatant, Pittsburg in Central Asia—the contrast is impossible!

Always at the back of it all is the patient, industrious Chinese, conquered again and again by these wild men, building their wall time out of mind, pushing back the wild barbarians. They did it when the Ching dynasty went a short time ago as they had done it at the end of the Yuan dynasty. As some interpret the signs, the north will come down again,

Tatar, Mongol, Manchu, or whatever they might be, riding their wild ponies.

The Wall still forms at least the sentimental boundary of China. I wrote much of the above in Peking in June 1922 and the very day I was writing comes the news that all Chang Tso-lin's soldiers had gone beyond the wall. Beyond this boundary his opponent in spite of the requirements of strategy could not pursue him. His troops had gone into Mongolia. I met the first beginnings of a broken army as I came down the pass above Kalgan in May.

CHAPTER V

PEKING

WHILE much that I have written in this volume is the record of impressions gained during a hasty journey, Peking needs a different treatment, not that my stay in that city was a lengthy one, but rather because it was sufficiently long to enable me to lose that feeling of newness, which the traveller finds in a city where his stay does not exceed more than a few days. To describe Peking within the compass of a single chapter would be impossible ; to describe the most prominent features would be to follow in the footsteps of those who have written with greater knowledge and with more fluent pens than mine. I shall content myself with describing some of the parts of the city that I visited most often, because they appeal to me most.

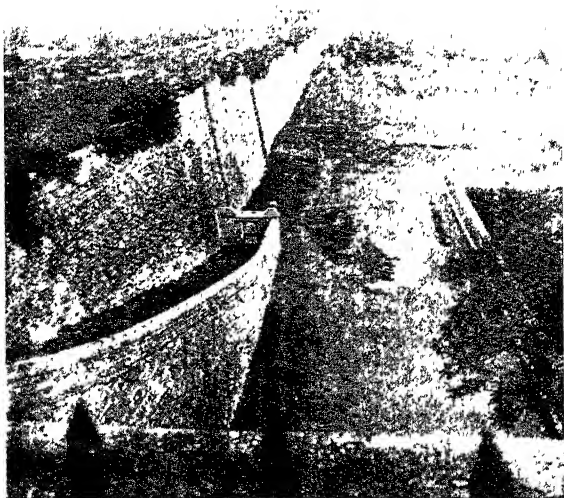
The history of the town may be briefly told. In spite of its situation nearly at the apex of the great plain of China and not very distant from the Wall, and therefore threatened by all invading barbarians from the north, it has been the capital city of a great empire for nearly a thousand years. In 986 the Kitan Tatars made it their capital. In the early part of the twelfth century it was recaptured by the Chinese who degraded it to rank of a Fu, that is, a first-rank provincial city. In 1151 the Kin Tatars made it their capital. Jenghiz Khan captured it, but his interests were rather in the steppes of Mongolia than in the walled cities of China. His grandson

Kubla Khan rebuilt the city, and under the name of Cambaluc it has become familiar to the West, being fortunate enough to find a chronicler worthy of it in Marco Polo. The capital of the Mings was first established at Nanking, but under Yung-lo the final transfer was made to Peking, which has been the actual capital ever since.

The boundaries of the city have changed at various periods. The old north walls of Cambaluc remain in ruins a short distance to the north of the present walls. At present the city has a double form. It consists of two oblongs juxtaposed so that the southern, the so-called Chinese city, has a north wall, part of which extends beyond the south wall of the Tatar city and part of which is the south wall of the latter. Parts of this city are the most densely populated in the whole of Peking, but other parts are given up to gardens or to the courts of the great temples. The Tatar City contains within itself two other "cities" placed more or less symmetrically within it, first the Imperial city, and in the centre of that again the Forbidden City.

Peking is a city of strange contrasts. There are thronged, crowded streets where it is sometimes difficult to move quickly along the side walk or to ride one's horse at anything but a leisurely walk in the middle of the street. There are parts where one feels that the life of a busy city is far away. In the courts of some of the temples there is a spirit of quiet cloistered calm, which Oxford has now lost even in the middle of the long vacation. When I was tired, I used to ride in the grounds of the temple of Heaven, or rather perhaps wander among the quiet shadows of the Confucian Temple, or talk to one of the old lamas in the Yung Ho Kung. There was a little garden in front of the cell of an old friend of mine

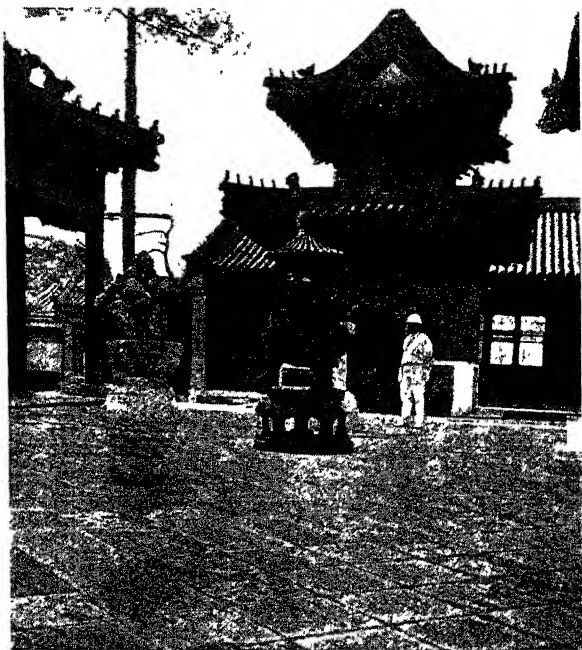
PLATE NII



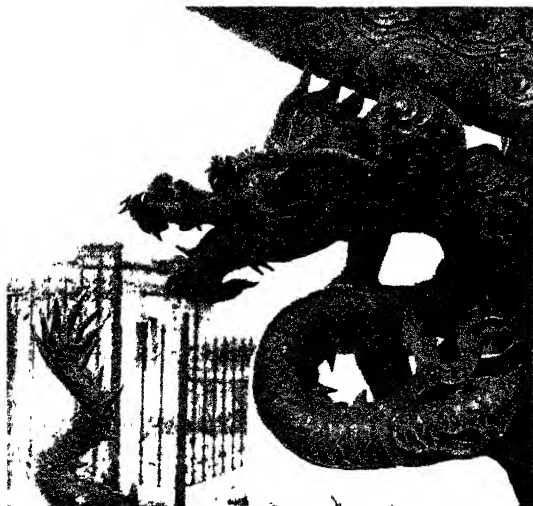
The South East corner of the Tatar City, Peking



The Gate of Six Languages, Nankow Pass



The Arab Mosque, "Cow Street," Peking



The great bronze dragon on one of the astronomical instruments in the old observatory, Peking

which might well have been a little bit of a Fellows' garden instead of abutting almost on a busy street. Peking goes to bed early. I have wandered along its streets at most hours of the day and night ; after midnight you will find but few wayfarers abroad, except in the foreign quarter, but soon after dawn the streets are crowded. If you would recover the feeling of the middle ages, walk behind a link-man at night in an out-of-the-way part of the city. You will fall into puddles of mud or be smothered in dust as the case may be, for a flickering oil lamp does little to abate the almost abysmal darkness of the narrow streets. Viewed from an eminence, at night, there seems to be no city, where the city should be. In the daytime, especially in summer when the foliage is full, the city almost disappears in a mass of greenery and the hideous lump of the Hôtel de Pékin and a smoking factory chimney-stack alone remind us of the æsthetic value of western civilization. Though the side streets are narrow and winding, the main streets are wide and straight and either macadam or pavé. They usually have beside them a dirt track for the use of Pekingese carts, whose heavy, studded wheels break up the surface of any road. The walls of the Tatar city are walls which appeal equally at first sight and when they have grown familiar. They are about sixty feet broad at the base and forty at the top ; they are fifty feet high. I have given some figures, but such details do not show the vastness of the wall. If you climb up on top you will see how big they really are. The train which passes into the Chinese City only takes a small space in the gap required for a tunnel. From the top you look down on the city from a space broader than most of the streets and tower above all the houses except the foreign buildings. The top, brick-paved, is

covered with vegetation which is carefully cut every year for fuel and so the wall is preserved. The old gate towers are gradually falling, but Hatamen has been restored. Two alone of the corner towers remain. In most places the battlements have not fallen. Before the war, in the summer of 1922, those near the south-east corner of the Tatar city were thrown down. It is just near here that the railway pierces the wall and here, too, there was a battle; perhaps it was "according to plan." They still keep a guard upon the wall, not as good as they should, as the above incident will show, but I do not know what happened; perhaps the guards themselves were responsible. Normally, the panoply of war is singularly absent from the guard on the wall. There are little tumble-down houses on the top in which the guards live, not in the marching order, with haversacks and water bottles of our western guards, but more simply clad. If the weather is warm, they wear only trousers, socks, and shoes, amid rural surroundings and cats and dogs, vaguely aware they are still doing what somebody has done as long almost as they can trace their ancestry back. Yet in the present disturbed condition of China I cannot feel that it is quite a farce to mount a guard upon the wall.

Not very far from the south-east corner of the Tatar City the old observatory was built upon the wall. The old bronze instruments were looted by the Germans. They have happily been restored now to their original position, and are in good condition and well cared for. Very wonderful they are. The observatory was originally built in 1296 in the time of Kubla Khan, but the bronze instruments were made under the direction of the Jesuit missionaries in the reign of K'ang-hi. I have no knowledge of the exact

use of these great bronze circles, but they combine use and beauty in a way that is singularly absent from those scientific instruments which I am in the habit of using. I imagine that, in their day, they were as up-to-date as anything which existed, but each one, with its gorgeous dragons, which curl round the great quadrants and fill in the central gaps, is, in itself, a work of art. I have always thought that, if the Chinese artists had never seen a dragon, they had at least met a man who had. I once was expressing such sentiments to a missionary in south China who startled me by saying that he had seen a dragon. It happened away in the Hakka country, to the north of Canton. A rumour reached him that there was a dragon in front of a cave somewhere up in the mountains, and that the country people were worshipping it. So he packed up his bag and went to see. When he got there he found many of the peasants letting off firecrackers and generally engaged in the noisy worship of some object which lay in front of a cave surrounded by a palisade which they had put up. On a closer examination it proved to be a python which had swallowed a goat but had been unable to swallow the head which, with its horns and beard, protuded from its mouth!

It is a remarkable fact that the Chinese dragons—the real ones—lived, and still live, in such delightful places, down at the bottom of the pool at Hei Lung Tan (The Pool of the Black Dragon), and up on the Wall at the top of the gorge of the Singing Harp at the place called Ch'ang lung chiao, the Bridge of the Bright Dragon. There is a Dragon King Pool in the Western Hills, just beyond Pi-yun-ssu and several dragon pagodas in the city.

The association of the dragon with the imperial throne lies far back in the mists of antiquity. The

Emperor Fu Hsi is said to have invented the written characters by copying the marks on the back of a dragon horse. The dragons at the observatory live up to the standards of their learned ancestor.

The walls of the Chinese city which were built in 1554 are somewhat smaller. The outside of the wall is strengthened by buttresses and the great gates are guarded by an enceinte and surmounted by a galleried and loop-holed tower. Many of the loop-holes are filled with a crudely drawn muzzle of a gun, a somewhat early form of camouflage ; the Chinese have a singular aptitude for lighting upon good ideas, even if they do not always carry them out successfully. The long axis of Peking runs north and south. The Chinese city is to the south, and the Legations are in the south of the Tatar city. The British Legation is luxuriously housed south of the south-east corner of the Imperial City, the American Legation to the south-west, again abutting on the wall. Such a knowledge of geography is necessary to understand what follows.

One of the most attractive things in Peking to the stranger is the fairs which are held on various days in the courtyards of some of the temples. My own particular hunting ground was the Lum-fu-ssu, in the northern part of the city. I think, if I remember rightly, this fair was held on the ninth, the nineteenth and the twenty-ninth days of the moon. I went there first in search of pigeon whistles. There are many flocks of pigeons in Peking and, as they fly, they produce a pleasant whirring sound, one of the many quaint musical moises of the city. This sound is produced by whistles of gourd or bamboo, which are fastened to the quill feathers of their tails. The whistles vary very much in size, from huge ones, almost as big as a fist, to little tiny ones as big perhaps

as the last joint of the thumb. They usually have a number of pipes varying from about five to fifteen. There are, generally speaking, two forms, one like pan-pipes and the other a round gourd, with the pipes fastened horseshoe-wise round the top. They are usually exquisitely made, they must be very light and presumably not unwieldy, although it is difficult to see how the poor birds can fly with the larger ones tied to them. Most of them are varnished black, but some are brown. To a certain extent the art seems to be dying out. The older ones which I collected are all signed, and in delicacy of finish are much finer than the newer ones. They are always to be bought in pairs, and a great deal of pains seems to be expended to give them a harmonious note. In Peking these musical pigeons are everywhere, but in other parts of China they do not seem to be so common. I have found them as far south as Fukien province. They have been reported from Japan, but I have not succeeded in finding them there. Just outside the Lum-fu-ssu, when the fair is taking place, there are little street stalls and vendors of pigeons; here, if you are lucky, you may find the whistles. Then, as one turns to go into the temple court, there are "junk" shops at the side of the street. They can hardly be called stalls, for each man displays his goods on the ground. Such a collection! Each merchant's stock-in-trade consists chiefly of those things which we hoard, because they may be useful some day—old watches, old spectacles, keys, odds and ends from the west and the sweepings of the east. I bought a dainty little wooden Buddha there one day. It had once been gilt and was looted, I suppose, from some temple. You may always find snuff-bottles and some cleverly faked bronzes, alleged to be of the Han dynasty and all the odds and ends of Chinatown;

nothing very rare, perhaps, nothing even of the slightest value, except by chance, but rubbish in a quaint setting on the pavement, a dollar well spent, if only for the fun of talking and bargaining with the unwashed old villain in charge. As you go into the fair, you will find many flowers on sale and probably, if the season is right, insects on sale. They are used as toys. At a certain time in the summer every Pekingese child who can afford it, has a dragon-fly tethered to a twig with a piece of thread ; nowhere can you buy such beautiful dragon-flies as at the Lum-fu-ssu. I once saw a model of a car walking apparently under its own power across the pavement here ; the engine was a beetle, securely tethered inside. And the toys ! They make insects of mud and paint them till the result is as fearful as, if not more so than, the original ; cockroaches, beetles, scorpions and most of the things that creep, and little men and women. These models are all delightful because of their humorous realism, in the modelling and the general design of the smaller ones, and in the delightfully humorous faces of the larger. The sellers of textiles are cheery souls with a song always on their lips to cry their wares. There are books and baskets, ornaments and most of the things you can desire, old and new, a Caledonian market and a general stores, with a bustling crowd of humanity going in and out, and that grinning combination of the extremely poor and the prosperous middle class you find everywhere in Peking.

Near by the fair there is an alley usually known to foreigners as Bow and Arrow street. Here in the twentieth century, in one of the greatest, if perhaps the most conservative, capitals in the world there is a quarter devoted to the sale of bows, crossbows, arrows, and quarrels. The Tatar overstrung bows

are the most delightful things to be found there. To my unpractised eye all seemed alike, but the shop-keepers, with that air of omniscience that becomes their craft, pointed out various differences and I think, from the way they handled the bows, that they really did possess much lore about them. I did not see on any of my visits any new bows ; perhaps they do not make them any more. The shop-keepers' talk was antiquarian as they pointed out the difference in the horns of the weapons and lovingly handled them. But they make both repeating and non-repeating cross-bows in great numbers. The latter are among the most ingenious of the products of Chinese craftsmen. They may be divided into two types, those that fire pellets and those that fire quarrels. The former are usually of a magazine type, with or without an automatic feed. It is often necessary to pull the string back by hand, and they have a special movable cover for letting in a new pellet, and a pig's bristle for keeping it in place before firing. I have one which fires quarrels ; the magazine is on top, with a gravity feed and a pump action, which pulls back the string, allows the new quarrel to fall into place, and, at the end of the stroke, releases the trigger automatically. Although it is difficult to be very accurate, with a little practice it is possible to fire ten bolts in under twenty seconds and at thirty yards to put them within a six-inch ring. As the quarrels are iron-tipped and at that distance will pierce half an inch of deal board, it is a somewhat deadly weapon at close range. The pellets are usually very light and are often made of cork or a cork-like substance. The arrows have either simple points or very frequently a hollow knob behind the point, so that the arrow whistles as it is fired.

Up and down the city there is a succession of street

cries which enhance that mediæval feeling which I have already alluded to. They are usually anything but melodious, and many of them I have never succeeded in understanding. The most conspicuous is that of the barbers. These craftsmen are very numerous, as all the Chinese make use of their services. The barbers parade the streets with the instruments of their calling hung from a pole across their shoulders. They sound continuously an enlarged tuning fork which has a resonant buzz, like some strange gigantic insect. Then there is a gentleman, who twirls a little drum with bells and weights attached to it, and the beggar with a cymbal to which weights are hung. There are many small merchants who walk up and down, their goods slung at either end of the shoulder-pole. After the barbers, or perhaps even more numerous than they, are the sellers of food. The coolie just seems to sit down in the street when he is hungry, and to eat his bowl of rice. Connoisseurs have told me that sometimes even now, after all the looting, the porcelain bowls of the food sellers are of ancient beautiful work. Modern industrialism has introduced a new feature into the sales ; in the summer the coolie buys in the street ice which he puts into his tea.

The water supply of the streets is primitive, and it might be imagined, unsanitary to the last degree, yet I have seen coolies drink of it and live. There are wells along the roadside and the water-coolies in charge, who draw out the water, which is transferred into wooden buckets. The buckets are carried to the middle of the street, and the water is then ladled out with great wooden dippers fixed at the end of poles, which scatter the water every-where over the road and over the passers-by ; by such means is the dust allayed as a concession to modern prejudices.

It was always my impression that, in proportion to the number of people, four-wheeled vehicles were comparatively rare. There is a movement on foot to introduce street cars, but happily that had not come to a head when I was there. You meet, of course, a few cars ; the influence of the Ford is to be traced in the city. Occasionally a carriage with a Chinese lady or gentleman comes lumbering past. There is usually a servant standing behind, ready to jump off and shout for the way to be cleared at a corner. Then if it be an auspicious day a funeral will pass. The procession, if the deceased was a person of any standing financially, is apt to be picturesque. There are many attendants, gorgeously, but raggedly, attired in the costumes of the servants of a former day. There are chairs containing pictures of the deceased and the great bier carried on the backs of many coolies. As the procession may extend for some hundreds of yards it is apt to disorganize the traffic. They bury no dead within the city.

On one of my favourite rides in Peking, I used to go inside the South wall of the Tatar City as far as Hatamen, the great gate in the south-east corner of that city, through the gate and along devious ways inside the Chinese city, south of the canal which runs along the Tatar wall on the outside. I was once detained at this gate till permission was obtained to enter the city—it was after hours, during the war ; the guard who looked after me was slung about with odds and ends, including an umbrella ; after the manner of a Chinese soldier he had pinned to the front of his tunic moral precepts, I believe, about the duty of a soldier, and when I wanted a light for my pipe he most obligingly produced a match and struck it on the barrel of his rifle.

But to return. In the streets south of the canal they sell old bottles, gin, whiskey, medicine, soda—they do not take the trouble to wash off the labels—and tins, all the things we throw on the rubbish heap. Most of us when we open a condensed milk can pierce two holes and let the milk run out. Not so the Chinese cooks. It appears that if you open the can right away there is a pat of butter under the top. This gets absorbed or disappears if the tin is opened by piercing the lid. Beyond this strange “junk”-market is an open space by the canal where they spin silk. It resembles a rope walk, and I was always afraid of riding into the spider’s web as the threads are very hard to see. Then it was my habit to turn north, through the gate at the angle of the Tatar and the Chinese city; the north wall of the latter extending to the east, one thus gets into the country. The roads here are most of them below the main level, cut deep in the loess, and very sandy. There are quite a lot of trees and innumerable tombs, and such pleasant little gardens, one row barley, one row vegetables, and little plots of cucumbers. At seven o’clock in the evening the people were usually still at work, although by that time a few had begun to go home; most of them start at dawn. They care for each individual radish and onion as if it were a prize chrysanthemum. Every little plot has a little mud wall round it and so irrigation becomes a supreme science.

If I did not ride this way, I usually went down through the Chinese city to the Temple of Heaven. Thither one goes by Chien Men, the central south gate of the city. It is one of the most thronged streets in all the city. On the left hand there is a series of shops, the greater number of them curio dealers’, with all sorts of odds and ends of “junk.” On the

right there seem to be lots of brass shops, perhaps it is only an impression. Humanity always swarms especially towards the south end where it is often quite difficult to force a way through. There are foot passengers who stray around, rickshaws in large numbers, Pekingese carts, wheel barrows, things which chiefly resemble broken-down four wheelers, mounted soldiers and sometimes a camel or two, regarding the jumble of humanity with a superior air. And all along the sidewalk, in spite of the turmoil, Demos eats his meals.

Of the Temple of Heaven itself I need not speak ; it has already been so often described. The beauty of the wonderful blue roof is a marvel which stands out, even when all is slowly falling to ruin ; the great white altar of heaven has a grace and charm which no words can adequately paint. Let us leave these things to the writers of more serious chronicles and ride by other ways through the city.

I am going to follow the road north along the imperial city wall, outside the Forbidden City. It is a pleasant bit of road, narrow and always congested. On the north is a red wall which hides everything, to the south a low parapet bounding the road, and beyond that, the old moat, a dream of pink lotuses in their season ; beyond the moat the red walls of the Forbidden City stand out, with their gate towers roofed with yellow tiles. Now that the foreigner can go inside, the mystery has almost gone, but the quiet and peace of the marble courts and the gorgeously decorated buildings right in the centre of the swarming city even now preserve a little of the old-time mystery.

The road leads on over the bridge by the lake of the old Imperial pleasure ground through the Imperial city and the Tatar city out of the calm again through the great west gate. They sell pottery in the angle

between the inner and the outer gate, quaint stalls combining east and west. Do they sell the baths they display for sale here?

It is a matter of speculation why the corner between an inner and an outer gate is without exception such a strain on the olfactory organs. I imagine that the towering walls partly contribute to the general effect, but still more I think the concentration of the garbage wheel-barrows along a narrow road is responsible. I have wondered often if the things these fellows buy are half as fragrant as the things they sell.

If you go on along the road you will come to the House of some French fathers. Their cemetery is very interesting. It contains the names of some of the fathers who died in Peking in the seventeenth century, famous men in their time from all over Europe except England. I visited it once with an Englishman who read Chinese but not Latin and as I read and translated the inscriptions, Lusitanicus, Italus, Belg., Franc., and so on, he read the Chinese. The Latin told how long the fathers worked and how old they were when they died, the Chinese was more explicit. Some of these old scholars had been distinguished in the observatory.

To the north of the road we have just travelled, lies the temple of Confucius, Ta Ch'eng Miao, a delightful spot wherein to dream. First, there is the court with the memorial tablets of forgotten or almost forgotten Hanlin Scholars, three hundred to a stone—Hanlin was the great academy in the old days. They may be compared to lists of graduates of some distinguished University. Some of these stones are very old, and most of them are graceful in the dappled sunlight under the shade of the trees. There is something impersonal about these tablets; they are like class lists graven upon stone, three, sometimes

only two characters for the man's name and five for his place of origin, row after row, column after column, under the shade of those grand old trees. There are the drums with examples of some of the oldest form of Chinese writing, both the originals and their replicas. You may then cross a court with even older trees and up a flight of steps into the main hall of the temple. I know of few finer stairways than this. It is even better than the famous stairs in the Doge's palace in Venice. Yuan Shai-k'ai repaired this hall so that it is in a good state, and with its dark interior, carpeted floor and tall red columns it is as impressive as a cathedral. What would the shade of Plato think if we built him a shrine like this?

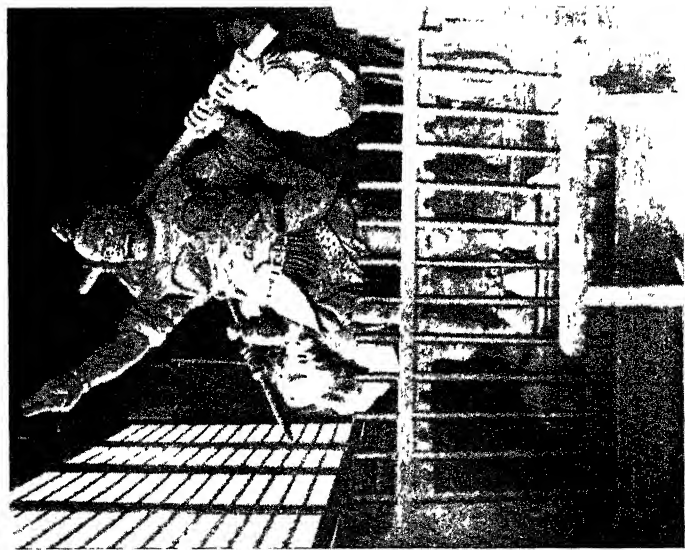
The Hall of the Classics, Kuo Tzu Chien, is grass grown and falling to pieces. It has the best *pai low* (ceremonial gate) in Peking, a gorgeous arch of green and yellow with edging of white marble covered with dragons. There were ponds there once, but they have not been cared for and now they are just banks of reeds, very pleasant and green if you should visit them in summer after the rain.

A great contrast is the Taoist temple. The main building is more garish with its artificial flowers and the writing pads for divination. All around are the images of the various deities, a Taoist pantheon, with figures in front of them more or less explaining their purpose. Some, if not the majority, show a pretty wit, so inseparable, it seems, from things Chinese. Certain deities—he, for instance, who controls long life—are very popular and have numerous votive tablets hung around. A kind of Chinese Mars, one of the mythical generals, who helped to establish the Empire is also well worshipped, others, (as an example I give the god who protects wild animals from the hunter) go lonely and unsung without

a tablet in their memory. All the buildings are huge and well cared for. The image of Shan Ti himself sits in solitary state in a dusty barn. At times the courts are crowded, but usually they are deserted and empty, hardly swept and garnished. I think there are four or five monks. One's feelings of decency in religion are apt to be shocked by what seems to be the sleeping place of the monks. It is a little side temple with a huge image. All around are scattered bed rolls and the recumbent figures of the professed exponents of the religion.

Opposite this temple there is a smaller temple with a spectacle of hell in all its horrors, a series of models of the tortures of the damned which leave no ghastly detail untold. I hardly thought until I had seen this that such vividness and realism were possible. Most mediæval depictions are calm and quiet beside it.

Of the doctrine that is practised in these Taoist temples it is difficult to explain the essentials accurately in few words, nor am I possessed of any Chinese scholarship which would entitle me to describe it. It must be understood that the three religions of China are not mutually exclusive and that everybody more or less practises all of them, although at moments of crisis, they will turn to their more favourite religion. Buddhism, I think, one is inclined to associate quite clearly with certain very definite ideals; we are not here so much concerned with its history as with its tenets, which, as interpreted, not perhaps by the philosophers but by the ordinary person, if he gives a thought to it, come practically to a continuation of the individual with his past behind him. It is wrong, I think, in China to talk of the transmigration of souls; that would express little or nothing. It is the continuation of personality which is important. Tao simply means "way" and



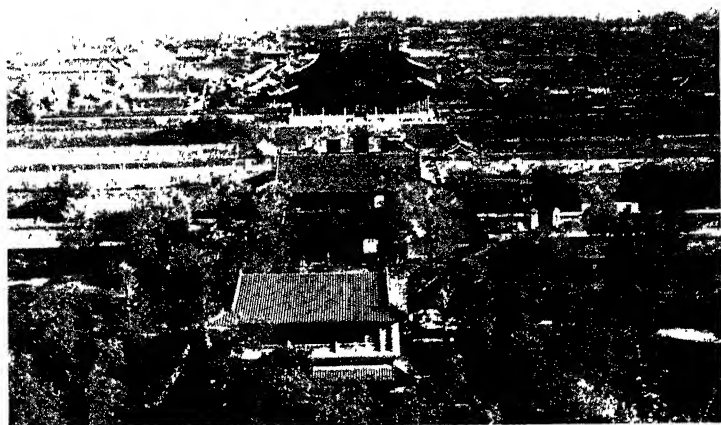
A DEMON IN THE TAOIST TEMPLE, PEKING



DIVINITY IN THE TAOIST TEMPLE, PEKING



A GROUP OF TURKI CHILDREN, PEKING



THE "FORBIDDEN CITY," PEKING

if we wish we can translate the first chapter of St. John by using "tao" for "λόγος" or vice versa. The word is used as a component part of the colloquial word for knowing. As seen to-day Taoism is surrounded by a number of gods who fulfil every possible want. As I understand it, the Taoist gods are very personal deities and one's relationship towards them is much the same as one's general relationship towards superiors. The old philosophic spirit of the Way can hardly enter into the life of the people. From the practical point of view Buddhism means, at present in China, a ritual relieved from the personal aspect of various saints, who have given up their chance of leaving the wheel in order to be the saviours of mankind. Taoism, in spite of the doctrine of quietude, is the practical relationship of man and the gods; but the gods, though powerful, are often very foolish gods, more easy to cheat than one's neighbours. Still sometimes the honey smeared on the mouth of the kitchen god cannot blind him to the inward and perhaps outward wickedness of the smearer of the honey.¹

It is hardly necessary to refer to the teachings of Confucius. The teachings of that sage have probably had a greater effect on humanity, if we judge humanity by mere numbers, than any other man's. Confucianism is, however, rather a system of ethics than a religion in the true sense of the word. The masses of the Chinese have got by heart at least a few of his ethical maxims, often the only ethical precepts they know. But Confucius, with all his greatness, did not found a religion any more than Plato did, though both of them came very close to it. The temple I have described

¹It is, however, practically impossible unless one be an intimate student of the religions of China to distinguish the actual practices of Buddhism and Taoism, as the two have become so closely intertwined. Chu Hsi said "Buddhism stole the best features of Taoism. Taoism stole the worst features of Buddhism. It is as though one took a jewel from the other and the loser made good the loss with a stone."

above is then the Temple of Confucius, not a temple of Confuciansism. The Buddhist and Taoist temples, on the other hand, are not temples of Buddha or of The Absolute, but temples of the religion, or rather the religion which has developed from the doctrines, that they taught. In the Analects of Confucius there are four things of which it is said that the master seldom spoke: marvels or extraordinary things (almost I think what the Romans called "portents"), feats of strength, rebellious tumult and spiritual beings. The criticism has been levelled against him that he has failed to appeal to the emotional and religious side of man's nature, but it must always be remembered that his teaching is purely secular in its nature and it is the moral aspect of his teaching which has had so profound an influence on China and still commands the adherence of the best of her learned men.

An important though comparatively small element in the Chinese population are the Moslems. Their numbers have been variously estimated, but the least unreliable figure suggests ten millions altogether. I have no means of checking this information. They are generally known as the Hui-hui or, in Peking at least, by the less polite term of hui-tzu. They can nearly always be distinguished by their method of cutting the moustache and they seem often to be of a rather different physical type. They have been divided on the basis of origin and language (though, except for the Mongol Moslems, they now all speak Chinese) into three categories, Turkish, Arabic and Mongol. They are most numerous in Kansu, although there are thousands in Peking and the neighbourhood including Tientsin. The centres of dispersion are probably two, first the western trade route through Central Asia, a centre that is closely in touch with

Kansu, and the second a sea route via Canton and Peking, reaching China as the final dispersion of the Arab influence in the Eastern Archipelago. I have already discussed the Moslems in Mongolia. In Peking I was fortunate enough to be on friendly terms with two communities; the larger and most prosperous was of Arabic extraction and occupied a large part of the south-west corner of the Chinese city. Their mosque was in Cow Street (Niu Hutung). The Turki Moslems had a mosque and a little community in the neighbourhood of the President's Palace.

My friends in Cow Street, once they found out that I had a few words of Arabic, were quite prepared to talk about themselves and I often paid them visits. They have a little quarter all to themselves and to a large extent they keep apart from the Chinese. Indeed they could hardly do otherwise, for pork forms such an integral part of the diet of the Chinese that a rigorous Moslem cannot enter a Chinese house. In Tientsin the isolation is even more strict than in Peking; they claim that it has been kept up for more than a thousand years. They do not proselytize to any great extent, but they make a few converts occasionally. In Peking at least, they have existed time out of mind without any visible organization, having apparently acquired long ago the Chinese habit of governing themselves by families, although they have a sheikh. The mollahs, whom they call in Chinese "ahun," have a speaking knowledge of classical Arabic and they claimed that some of their number spoke Persian, but I never met one who did. Unlike the people of Kansu they are not fanatical. I heard a story of a Buddhist priest who was converted a little time before. He handed over his temple to the ahun and it was transformed into a mosque. The Chinese seem to accept them as aliens within the

fold, and they are very careful to see that their seclusion is not interfered with, especially by foreigners. The Tientsin folk say that the Pekingese Moslems have fallen away from the true path, especially because all of them, even the ahuns, are very much addicted to gambling. That is, of course, the gossip of the Tientsin men who are jealous of the prestige of Peking. They all observe certain taboos, wine, tobacco, gambling (at least nominally), and especially pork. It is curious that, although they must not touch or even come into the neighbourhood of the unclean thing, some of them have the trade of selling pigs' bristles.

In their dealings with the world the question of food is naturally a great disadvantage to the Moslems, and few of them have any wealth, many indeed being extremely poor. So much business in China is done in restaurants where the Moslems cannot enter. Their most regular profession is that of stonemasons, in which trade they are extremely skilful. While in some ways cutting themselves off from China, they have nevertheless adopted even such essentials as some of the Chinese feasts. They observe Ramadan, the fast, and the prophet's birthday, paying ceremonial calls at that time ; but they also observe the Chinese New Year, when they feast and pay ceremonial calls. Friday is observed, but they do not frequent the mosque very much, except at Ramadan. They observe the proper number of prayers, but, I gathered, without any fanatical enthusiasm. There is one curious little custom these Chinese Moslems observe. When a member of the family dies, they make cakes of simsim oil. The ceremony is repeated on the anniversary of the death and is sometimes continued for a long period, till I believe it almost becomes indistinguishable from ancestor worship.

When I went to visit the mosque, I found to my

delight that they spoke an Arabic that I could understand, although my Arabic was learned in the Sudan. The wheels of my tongue went slowly, but most of them spoke very clearly so we could understand one another in that tongue. They actually read a bit of the Koran to me, and we became great friends when I stumbled through the *fatiha*. That a Nazarene and a foreigner should pronounce the sacred words seemed to delight rather than annoy them. So I read a little of the Koran in the mosque and they gave me leave to photograph and to look at anything I wished.

The whole place is most interesting, combining as it does elements of both Chinese and Moslem art. The interior had the familiar ogive arches and Koranic inscriptions, but none of the elaborate lamps, and the pillars were as red as any of the shrines of China. The whole of the floor was not carpeted, as there was a space (about a third of the whole) which had been left bare at the east end. Here one could walk, and here, too, on a table, were some Chinese incense burners. The court to the east of the mosque was essentially Chinese, with a sundial and a bronze incense burner, and other odds and ends ; un-Chinese in one thing, in that all was beautifully clean. There were baths and living rooms round the court and here we sat and read the Koran and talked, the old familiar words " In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful, there is no God but God, and Mahomet is the Prophet of God." It seemed very strange to read out these words in far-away Peking. I had many conversations here, and this is what they told me.

The ahuns said that the people in Kansu were of the same faith, but they had no connection ; the latter were Turks, whereas their people came a long journey

over the sea by way of Canton. At present there are thirty-two thousand families in the district; they have a sheikh and sometimes make the *hag* (the pilgrimage to Mecca). In the old days before the war, they declared, they kept in touch with the Sultan of Turkey as Sheikh el Islam and seven of their teachers had gone to Constantinople with funds provided thence, to study the proper pronunciation of Arabic. Now they said regretfully there is no more Sheikh el Islam—so the news travels to the remote parts of Asia, and they find it very difficult to keep up their school because of the cost. They had a few books of which they were very proud—a printed Koran and some manuscript copies and a few Persian manuscripts. They have some very fine vessels of Ming porcelain, unusual in the presence of Arabic instead of Chinese characters.

The mosque has no minaret, but a beautiful cupola with a yellow dome, in which they took a just pride. To the west of this cupola, but on the other side of the street, there stands a well-built “spirit wall” a quaint and unusual addition to be erected by a congregation of the faithful, but proof, if such were needed, of the way in which China absorbs all who come into contact with her.

There is another Moslem community in Peking, less interesting than the first, possibly because of its smaller size and relatively less important position in the community. The mosque lies in the Tatar City to the south of the President's palace. It was built by Chen Lung for that unfortunate lady who is usually known as the K'o concubine. That at least is the tale, though it seems unlikely that a woman should want a mosque or desire “to gaze longingly towards Mecca,” as Miss Bredon has it.

No doubt it was built for her followers. The building was a high one, and Yuan Shai k'ai pulled it down because it overlooked his residence and might have been a source of danger. The foundations show what a site it must have been in the old days. The present structure is a small whitewashed edifice of no particular interest. Inside there were a few lamps and some Arabic inscriptions, which nobody could read, but none of the red pillars and Chinese inscriptions of the other mosque. They claimed to speak Turki, but I was unable to test this statement. The mosque had few or no Chinese features and, although the ahuns wore Chinese dress on ordinary occasions, they much surprised me by appearing to be photographed in green turbans, an unusual sight in Peking. They claimed that they came from Samarkand ; no doubt they did. Their physique is as different as possible from the Chinese ; they could not possibly be mistaken the one for the other. In fact, to my mind these amiable old gentlemen all suggested the physical type of the middle east. Most of them had well-developed beards, little or no trace of yellow, and eyes with no slant. Two hundred years have by no means sufficed to make them Chinese ; in the case of the others a thousand years has almost succeeded. The thing that I have found so fascinating about my visits to these alien communities in Peking is that they all seem to belong to another world ; many of them come from remote parts of Asia ; all or nearly all live far back in the past.

It is generally conceded that the Chinese absorb all those who come in contact with them. This is a point which can be studied in Peking almost as well as anywhere in China, as the problem of the Treaty Ports is rather a different one. The most obvious case of absorption may be found in the

Jewish community in Kaifeng, but in Peking there are numerous aliens whose relations with the Chinese can be observed at leisure. The Moslems have retained a certain degree of separation, partly because of their religion and partly because of the fact that they have brought their own women with them. It would be quite impossible to mistake the Turki community for Chinese. Those in Cow Street are much more like the normal Pekingese and are sometimes very difficult to distinguish, although I found that the Chinese themselves could always pick out a photograph of them, and, at least in my own collection, never made a mistake. The Mongol lamas are by their vows celibate, so they cannot bring wives with them. They have Chinese wives, and there are many in the city half Chinese, half Mongol. It seems quite natural that a community like Peking which is constantly receiving male strangers must of necessity absorb them, as the mixed strain becomes more and more diluted. Peking is so near the borderline, so near the wall, it has been sacked and looted and pillaged so many times, it would be strange if it did not contain elements of many different races. Communications are, except along certain lines, hardly better than they have been for centuries. During all this time there has been a large non-Chinese element drifting in. I feel almost sure that, as the archæology of Western China becomes better known, we shall get more and more evidence of contact with western Asia. There is at present sufficient evidence to suggest that considerable racial admixture over a very wide area has been taking place for a long time. This mixture seems to be rather different from the admixture to which we are accustomed in Europe, as the races concerned appear to be more widely separated. The Eurasian question

seems then to be more a product of our civilization than a physical entity.¹

So many of these small alien communities in Peking are physically Eurasians, that is they have in their veins blood of the yellow and the white races ; but they would not be called Eurasians because, in spite of their western blood, they have absorbed the element of the culture with which they are surrounded sufficiently well to merge themselves in this environment. We must remember, however, that the Chinese do regard the Hui-hui with a certain amount of suspicion.

Mr. R. F. Johnston in his book *From Peking to Mandalay* raises a very interesting point which deserves to be considered in this connection. He says (p. 366) " Now setting aside all considerations of national prejudice and patriotism, is it a fact that the Chinese are as a race inferior to the peoples of the west ? The question when we examine it closely has really very little to do with political strength or military efficiency or (*pace* Mr. Benjamin Kidd) relative standards of living or even the usual material accompaniments of what we call an advanced civilization ; it is a question for the trained anthropologist and the craniologist rather than for the casual observer of men and manners." He goes on to draw a distinction between the Japanese of fifty years ago and those to-day. In another part of the book he discusses the " Yellow Peril " and its relation to the nations of the West. In northern China the observer must necessarily get a different perspective from him who lives in the south. My old Chinese teacher in Peking openly called the southerners members of a

¹ I have drawn attention elsewhere (*Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*, 1920) to a similar problem in Cyprus. Here the negro descendants of slaves are not looked down on because of their colour but only considered as Turks ; that is, the grouping is religious and political, not ethnological, and there is no colour problem, purely a political and religious one.

different race, and on anthropological grounds it is very doubtful whether we can admit the beginning of Mr. Johnston's sentence when he refers to the Chinese as a race. Most recent writers whom I have read draw attention to the enormous increase in the population and the correlation of this increase and unrest. It is difficult to fill three stomachs from one rice bowl. The various famines, insurrections, and so on, of the last century, and of very many centuries, have contributed to keep this human ant-heap in check without great success. I am inclined to think that the (to our eyes) extraordinary callousness even of the Chinese doctors toward human life and human suffering may owe its origin to these causes. This may seem to be far from Mr. Johnston's point, but I think that it all has a bearing. The first duty of the Chinese is to raise up offspring ; he does it eminently successfully. He is capable of spreading and breeding along the Gobi, away into those desert uplands towards the Pamirs and down into the tropics. He can work and can increase in numbers apparently under the most diverse climatic conditions. I do not see how the craniologist is going to solve the question of the superiority of race, because it is difficult, if not impossible, to determine the touchstone of such superiority. If we look at the birth-rate, China, as far as we know, is eminently successful, and she has four or five generations to a century. If we consider the death-rate, China is unsuccessful ; but here two factors confront us—first, the necessary compensatory death-rate to make the available food suffice, and, secondly, the absence of a material civilization of a type which will assist the physical resistance to disease. I have reason to believe that the Chinese are in the case of very many diseases more resistant than we are. If we did not take the

most elaborate precautions, the foreigners in Peking would certainly not survive very long. The Chinese method of agriculture is such that even the native has been compelled to adopt tea as a beverage in the place of water. A further test is the ability to live under widely different climatic conditions; and here again I am inclined to think that the Chinese has the advantage over us. He can live in the cold country and in the tropics. His distribution and successful distribution (successful in the biological sense) is extremely wide. At present he has a material civilization which is about as good as ours was previous to the industrial revolution. We can now use the material civilization of the last 150 years for the physical benefit of our race. The Chinese have to trade on the credit of their physique; their material civilization is of little more value to them in the struggle for existence than the culture of Athens was to her during the plague. I feel at a loss to understand how Mr. Johnston hopes that craniology will help us in the problem. Endless skull measurements certainly will not.

Many of us feel that on physical grounds certain races are doomed to extinction, in the same way that certain species of wild flowers seem to be growing rarer and rarer in the British Isles. The Ainu are a case in point. They are dwindling in numbers and cannot compete either physically or materially with the Japanese. It is doubtful whether even by the most rigorous protective measures in Japan it would be possible to prevent their ultimate extinction. The Tasmanians have disappeared, though possibly their disappearance is as much due to material methods as to anything else. Certain races are particularly liable to disease. This is one of the causes which is making the Indian disappear in the

States, but he has not disappeared in Mexico in spite of a lengthy contact with European civilization. It is extremely difficult to disentangle the relation of the purely physical and the purely material aspect, though in some cases they seem clear enough. The negro everywhere is successful physically within the limits of the tropics, and sometimes elsewhere, though never under cold conditions. The Amerind as a whole has only been successful under semi-tropical conditions, if we take numbers as a criterion, for he was never very numerous in the north, even in pre-Columbian days. As far as Mexico is concerned, he is successful there to-day. The white race seems to be able to live in the temperate zone, but certainly not successfully in the tropics. The Eskimo have made a success of the Arctic, but contact with the whites has been their doom. China is in a different category. She has avoided contact with the barbarian for a long period; she has more or less continuously enlarged her borders, except where geographical conditions made this impossible, and she is still enlarging them. It is impossible to deny that the Chinese have not failed under conditions which are eminently suited to the white race, nor again have they failed under conditions which we could not stand. Further it would appear that they are more economical in the amount of fuel they require to keep their bodies working, for they can live and produce children where we should starve. If the touchstone is material wealth and industrial development, they are failures. It would be stating an extreme case to say that they knew of explosives long before they were dreamt of in Europe, but that they only used them for firecrackers, because many of us have at times wished that their use in Europe had been limited to a similar practice. If the touchstone be intellectual

ability, we are on difficult ground. Most, if not all of us, would affirm that the products of Greece and Rome are on a far higher plane intellectually than anything that China has produced, but Chinese scholars who know both are inclined to take an equally strong opposite view. Confucius, they would say, has had a greater influence on the ethics of the world than Plato or Aristotle. Some recent writers have suggested that China will compete with us on our own terms. It seems more likely that she will use her own methods and her own weapons—quite a different matter.

But to return to the sights and sounds of Peking. Most of the theatres are in the Chinese city. Let us pay a visit to one of these places of entertainment. It lies near the street known to foreigners as Lantern Street, from the things they sell there. Take a fan with you, for it is very hot, and in spite of the punkas the place becomes stifling after a time.

I am indebted for my introduction to the Chinese theatre to Dr. Zucker who many times escorted me on hot Sunday afternoons to the theatre in the Chinese city, where, with the aid of Chinese students, we tried to get a grasp of a few of the fundamental characters of the drama, as presented in the theatre in Peking. The theatre itself is an oblong building, with benches on the ground and a balcony divided into boxes. A few of the latter are sometimes occupied by women, but the greater part of the audience is made up of men. The stage juts out into the auditorium so that it is visible on two sides as well as from the front. It is a simple raised platform, with four pillars, one at each corner. It contained the actors, the orchestra, and the scenery and property, the latter more or less reduced to a few chairs, a table and one or two odds and ends.

The embroidery table cloths were very beautiful, both in design and workmanship, as were also the dresses of the actors, contrasting very strongly with the drab surroundings of the stage. The orchestra, part of the time violins, part of the time flutes, and all the time drums and cymbals, sat at the back. There were always a few stage hands strolling about, bringing on things, moving chairs, arranging tables, giving the actors tea when they did not happen to be talking, and providing them with towels to wipe their faces. The stars even had mirrors brought on and robed and un-robed *coram populo*. In fact, the stage combined the function of orchestra, stage, wings, and dressing room. The doors of the building formed entrances; they were covered by curtains held aside by an obliging coolie. Symbolism is carried to the utmost extreme. It may often happen that a horse has to be led on to the stage. This is done by carrying a whip, the horse is tied to a pillar by dropping the whip on the floor. In one scene I once saw a prison cell was required. A sort of settee was made of chairs, as children at home might make a train. It was carefully padded with many cushions and the prisoner was laid on it, and the cell door closed, by putting a bamboo lengthwise in front. To get out of the prison you passed through a door made by putting a chair near the pillar down-stage. A court scene is staged by fixing up an embroidered canopy on bamboos over a table. Music plays a very important part; all the entrances and exits of the leading characters are accompanied by a wild burst of cymbals and drums, almost deafening in its intensity. The actors are all men, but some of those who play women's parts really make most attractive girls. The leading characters wear garments of immense elaboration, although those persons who are poor

gaolers and grooms wear the garments of their class. I believe the costumes are mostly Ming, certainly there is nothing modern about them. The leading actors wear thick-soled boots to increase their stature and some have masks. Beards and wigs and paint are very freely used. In contrast to the setting, the actors are clothed in a way that gives every indication of their parts. The emotional passages are sung, not said. At an afternoon performance several plays or parts of plays are performed, old favourites, the actors being usually known for the skill in which they play particular parts.

The audience deserves a paragraph. I have only seen them in the summer through a cloud of waving fans. Tea was being sold all the time and soda water, a concession to modernism. Everybody smoked and talked the whole time, so loud often as almost to drown the voices of the actors, though not the music, for nothing but a heavy barrage could drown the orchestra. At intervals men went round with damp scented towels for the face. The towel coolies were most agile. They climbed along the edge of the balcony and caught the bundles of towels thrown up to them with the utmost dexterity and the throwers never seemed to miss. Though everybody talked, they did not seem to lose their interest in the play and frequently listened attentively, at times commending the actors by clapping or more often by calling out "good." Although there were points which I missed, on the whole they seemed to enjoy the same points as I did. With the din and the absence of scenery a great deal of responsibility is thrown on the actors.

Although sometimes the acting is rather exaggerated, the general level is extremely high, so high that it is possible for the most part to follow the play, even if one understands but few of the words. There

was one play with a delightful lady who tried to wheedle her husband. The last scene finished with the exit of the lady followed by her husband, a lower magistrate, who in his turn was followed by her brother, a mandarin of a higher class. As she went out, she pushed her fat old husband against his superior in rank and the sight of the fat old man apologizing and kow-towing, while the lady enjoyed the fun, was extremely amusing. Sometimes convention needs things which spoil the play for us. In one play I saw acted an old man has to appear before a magistrate who later turns out to be his son. Convention will not, of course, allow a father to kow-tow to his son, even though that matter is not supposed to be known to either of them, so the old man turns his back on the magistrate and kow-tows to the audience.

There is a delightful and famous play in which the principal characters are a fisherman and his daughter. It illustrates very nicely Chinese stage conventions. They paddle a canoe across the stage, the girl steers and holds the sheet. There is no canoe but the paddles are real. They throw out a net and lean over to balance the boat. When they come to land he jumps ashore and she sways as if the boat were rocking at her moorings. They throw the gear ashore, the old man standing and catching it—they really do throw things—and as it is evening and therefore conventionally dark, they clap their hands so that each may know where the other is. In this play there was quite a lot of amusing buffoonery. A clown and a group of assistants attempt to arrest the old man. The clown is, of course, a great coward, and howls whenever the old man touches him, and later comes in with his arm in a sling and his face covered with plaster from his "wounds." The old man fights

with the villains and knocks them over and they turn somersaults all over the stage, quite like the old pantomime.

We used to go into the green room after the play. The stars had a dressing-room just big enough to get into, and there was a bigger room containing, amidst a medley of dirt and a muddy floor, large boxes of clothing and a little shrine, with a candle burning in front of it. Even in the surroundings of Peking, it would seem as if the theatre had been unable to forget that it was originally part of a temple.

The thing that impresses me most about the Chinese theatre is its childlike *naïveté*. They "dress up" and then say "Let's pretend," and play the part with that skill in mimicry that children show; like children, too, they enjoy an occasional romp. Even if you do not know the language you can still follow the action of the play. The surroundings and the necessities of life, drinking tea and wiping the face with warm towels may go on all the while, but they are not allowed to interrupt the action of the play even if they do occur on the stage. The principal characters wear *cothurni* and are elaborately dressed. Certain conventions are observed; white on the face means villainy or at least a lack of honesty. Coolie players playing their rôle come on the stage stripped to the waist and, apart from red breeches perhaps instead of blue, are exactly like all the coolies in the street outside.

Amongst ourselves there is the greatest interest in a new play. In Peking the interest centres rather in an old one. Further, the audience likes to see a man playing a part which they have seen him play before and in which he has gained fame. Nearly all the actors are men, but I have on one or two occasions seen a famous boy actor. The orchestra normally

supplies all the music, but once I saw an actor who was a famous violinist accompany one of his own songs. The fact that this on the whole interrupted the action of the play, and was against stage convention altogether, did not seem to worry the audience at all.

We have travelled rapidly along some of the highways and of the byways of the city. Such a rambling description, however, fails to show either the importance or the charm of Peking. We have already touched briefly on the origin of the Chinese and given grounds for believing that the current view on their origin is unsatisfactory. Traditionally, perhaps, one is inclined to believe that Peking is of immemorial antiquity. That is not true ; London, the mother of nations, is much older. Like Peking, London had been for a short period, during Saxon times, degraded to a lesser rank than that of metropolitan city ; otherwise she has been the chief city of the kingdom for over eighteen hundred years ; from the time that the land emerged from barbarism. Peking has a very different history. Her story, as we have shown, is but a thousand years old ; and except for the Ming period she has been the capital of the alien dynasty ruling China, an imperial city rather than a great Chinese city. Yet in spite of this, all that is most learned and most ambitious in China has always thronged her streets ; the young scholar, in a land where scholarship is the true patent of nobility, the aspirant for office, the mere place-seeker, all have gathered to Peking and made her what she is. Even to-day there is something abnormal about Peking. The proportion of the sexes is very ill-balanced ; men come to Peking not as to a permanent residence with their wives and families, but rather, in the old days, hoping for office, and to-day as students (we

must remember that most of the Chinese students are married) and as coolies. The colloquial tongue of big cities is always of interest. That of London is famous throughout the world, perhaps, more than for any other reason as a thing to be avoided. The tongue of Peking has also its own peculiarities. Yet it possesses much that is common with the official language of the whole of China, nor is there that great gap between the educated and the uneducated which we find in London.

The Pekingese themselves are striking as individual types, although it will be understood from what I have said above that much of China, and indeed of all Asia, finds at least a temporary habitation here. In the Legation quarter, you will find the representatives of all the nations of Europe, the diplomatic body, the legation guards from all the great nations, each importing their own customs and likes and dislikes into the city. There is the bearded patriarchal Russian of the old régime, the representative of new Russia full of ideals and hoping for the best. Interesting fellows these Russians, they seemed to provide a greater range of social and intellectual differences than almost any other foreigners in the city. I went with one once into one of the most disreputable of the places where foreigners gather. It had been alleged that there was a traffic in cocaine there. My friend ordered a liqueur, put his eyeglass in his eye, and looked round and said in German "This is an extremely vulgar place, I am a habitué." No doubt he was, but he had a wider knowledge of the languages of Europe and Asia than any one I have ever met.

Elsewhere also in the legation quarter, though not I think frequented very much by the *corps diplomatique*, was a quiet hotel where I used to go if I wanted to talk to some of my cosmopolitan friends. You

never knew whom you might meet there. I was surprised one day to find one of the most curious of the graduates of my own University. He came originally from Leland Stanford, and wrote a thesis which gained him in Oxford a B.Sc. He had been wandering about the world ever since from Cairo to Samarkand and thence to Darjeeling and Peking ; but here he floated in and stopped a day or two at the caravanserai where you may get the best beer outside Berlin. Not that he drank beer ; his weakness was now fruit and rice ; he had changed since the Oxford days. Here, too, one evening there was a great noise, and going in we found certain persons, five or six men, dancing and dancing well. Bacchus had little to do with their dance, so a Russian with me asked why they danced for they spoke little of any other tongue. They had just come from Harbin, and they were hungry but hard up, so they spent the evening dancing. One day some gypsies turned up. Unfortunately even in Babel I could find no one who really spoke a tongue they understood, for my learned friend with the eye-glass did not know Romany. How they had travelled, heaven alone knows, for they had no knowledge of Russian or Chinese. The last time their passports were visé-ed was in Moscow in 1915. Where they had been in the last seven years, we could not find out. Perhaps they did not know themselves, perhaps they would not tell. They had come overland and they disappeared again. I never heard where they went to. On the other side there were the noble Russians ; what charming people ! There was an old Russian general, a delightful man, who had formerly been the governor of a great province. The Chinese loved him, he was so much the father and mother of his people. I took him to see my friends the Moslems in Cow

Street. He was at once greeted as Emir; it seemed the only title to suit him as he sat there in his general's uniform, passing his fingers through his long beard. His daughter was very delighted because she had two adopted Chinese children. She had bought them for twenty cents each, in a famine district, from their starving parents and was bringing them up somewhere or other. There is a Russian community consisting of the descendants of the old Russian guards of the Emperors, rather like, I imagine, the Scotch guards of the kings of France, but I never succeeded in making their acquaintance. Outside these communities and outside the legations there are one or two other European settlements; perhaps the most important in their effect on the teaching of Peking are the two little compounds which house the staff of the Peking Union Medical College. There are, of course, many other foreigners living in the city outside the legation quarters, especially the religious communities of various sects, but we have discussed them elsewhere.

Of the Asiatics it is more difficult to speak. There are many Japanese in the city, from the members of the legation to geisha girls. There is a Japanese inn about half a mile north of Hatamen and if you pass at most hours of the day you will find a servant girl or two, in that delightful costume they wear, standing around chatting. Further up the street, near the great gateway in the Tatar City (it must be about a mile or so from the south wall) you may find a medley of nations shopping. There are probably one or two black-bearded soldiers from our Indian Army, in khaki uniform, very conspicuous in their racial differences from all the people round them. There are few or no Chinese Moslems here; they live in another quarter of the city and naturally

do not frequent these shops. There will probably be a Mongol or two, tall and cheery, in their claret-coloured robes, and perhaps even a Thibetan, though there are few of them in this city. A Manchu lady, in her elaborate head-dress and painted cheeks, goes by in a ricksha. A Chinese woman of the lower classes toddles past on her little bound feet. It may sometimes happen that something will annoy her; listen to her as she addresses the street. The Pekingese woman, once roused, is a master of invective. She does not limit her audience to one; she does not get out of breath but carries on with a continuous shrill scream of vindictive (I presume) language which embraces the immediate neighbourhood, the street and, it would seem ultimately, the quarter of the city. If you are lucky, a very conspicuous figure may stride past, though I think he belongs to a quarter of the city more to the east. He is a beggar and about six feet tall. He carries himself well and, striding along, bare to the waist, would be prominent anywhere. What makes him remarkable, however, is the fact that he has a great poll of bobbed, violent red hair, very unusual in a land of black hair. Many rickshas come past, the occupants holding up a fan to protect them from the sun, the coolies running bare-headed, wiping the sweat from their faces with a handkerchief. In the summer most of the shops have great mats erected in front of them to keep off the rays of the sun. In places, therefore, from the roadway one sees little but the front of these mats, giving the houses a curious appearance as though they were huge bales of goods done up in matting for transport. There are children everywhere, some mother-naked, others wearing the quaint trousers, split fore and aft, which they affect. They are happy, grinning little creatures

who love to be tapped on the head with a fan and respond smilingly to the greeting they probably do not understand. If it is dry they are smothered in dust which adheres to all parts of their grubby persons ; if it is wet, and the inequalities, especially along the side of the street, become full of mud and water, they splash about quite contentedly and I believe, alas, sometimes get drowned in these street-side pools. Their toys I have already mentioned ; mud-pies when mud is available are the heritage of children all the world over. Then they have insects, which they seem to find excellent pets and treat them, *ceteris paribus*, as European children treat kittens. It is rather harder on the dragonflies than on the kittens, as the habits of the latter more closely approximate to those of the children. Cats are not very common in Hatamen Ta chieh, the street in which we are lingering. I think that in a land where every grain is saved and hoarded there cannot be much occupation for cats ; or there may be some other reason. There are lots of dogs—such dogs—in infinite variety ; the Pekingese itself, in some quarters, and collie-like beasts, degenerate offspring of the same type as the great fierce woolly Mongol dogs. How they live I cannot think. I suppose they are clever thieves, and when this fails they take in one another's washing by eating each other ! They are the scavengers in a country where there is little to scavenge, and where it would be considered a waste to put into the incinerator anything that might be of value, however small. It is true that the poverty of Peking is appalling. Our great street is, on the whole, in a richer quarter. The direst poverty exists down where we rode past the silk-spinning ground. In the whole of Peking the police report nearly forty per cent. as being very

poor ; it is no exaggeration to say that " very poor " in Peking means utterly destitute according to Western standards and below the level of subsistence. It is small wonder then, that they preserve condensed milk-cans and old medicine bottles and trade precariously in these things. To a certain extent the social system contributes to this. We have already mentioned strikes, but we must revert to them in their relation to poverty. There are in Peking a number of guilds, some of them going back to remote antiquity and including most professions, even such ancient and honourable employments as begging being, as we have stated above, included in the guilds. It has, on the whole, been our experience in Europe that much of the trouble in industrial circles is due to a lack of understanding on both sides and to a failure of one side or the other, or perhaps both, to grasp the other's strength and difficulties. I have been told in responsible circles that the knowledge of the land and its necessities (which is part of the heritage of every agricultural labourer) has lightened the task of those who have been called in to discuss difficulties of employers and employees in agriculture. In industries it is difficult, if not impossible, for any but a few of the employees to understand thoroughly the condition of modern industrialism, because those conditions are developing, and subject to change. In Peking, on the other hand, matters have stabilized after the long continuance of similar conditions. Owing to the number of craftsmen who have an acquaintance with their craft, similar to that possessed by the agricultural labourer at home, but dissimilar from the skilled industrial worker who is necessarily a specialist, the conditions prevailing in the various trades are well known. In addition, the guilds know exactly one another's strength. Some writers have

urged that the condition of stagnation resulting from this industrial static equilibrium has been one of the greatest factors in the extreme poverty of the city. They urge that the absence of competition is an important factor and the guilds promote this. On the other hand, the very ethical aspect of the guilds must never be forgotten and their importance in regulating, if we may so call it, the manners of employers and employed in relation to each other and to one another. The idea of a maximum or a minimum wage, and the regulation of prices, is alien to the spirit of the guilds, nor have they regulated, as far as I am aware, competition between the members of the guild. It is possible, and no doubt probable, that some of these societies may have contributed to poverty, but there are other equally important factors at work which cannot be neglected. The very strong family spirit has been urged by some of my Chinese friends as contributing to the absence of ambition in many persons. The family, as a whole, relies on the support of its members, rather than the members each playing their own hand independently and having to suffer for their own losses. While, therefore, every Chinese is as anxious as possible to make money, there are probably greater calls on this money than in any country in the West. There operates in Peking a vast charity organization society which includes every successful householder. It is not the less strong because it has no organization and is regulated by custom alone. Vast though it is, it cannot cope with the immense poverty. Those, of course, who belong to no family or to a family that contains no successful member, have no claim on anyone's charity and, if they fail, they die in the streets unless some of the modern foreign organizations can deal

with them. There is a further factor which contributes to the poverty of the city, in that it has always a number of immigrants who have come there to seek their fortunes, though how much these immigrants contribute to the general poverty it is impossible to say.

A foreigner who has only been a few months in Peking is not in a position to discuss the social conditions which exist there. The most striking fact is, however, the very general absence of social distinctions as we know them in the West. In the old days the aristocracy was essentially that of scholarship and learning. Peking is a truer democracy than Athens ever was because there are no slaves, and with few exceptions very few hereditary distinctions. The social systems of Europe, on the whole, favour the accumulation of wealth in a few hands, those of China the opposite. The brother of a very distinguished man may be a coolie. So he may in the West, but there he would be considered a ne'er-do-well and kept out of sight. The Chinese might share this view, but would not feel the disgrace or the need of secrecy. There may be opinions on either side on the advantages of this great democracy. With the Chinese type, great material advances are difficult, and it seems to tend toward poverty. No one approves of poverty, but while some of the modern Chinese wish for the development of China along the lines of Western democracy, others prefer their own non-materialistic type.

This is the pageant that passes us as we stand in Hatamen Ta Chieh; a democratic and, on the whole, a merry poverty-stricken pageant. It is now mid-day and very hot. There are fewer people in the street; in most of the shops half the workers are curled up in strange attitudes asleep. I do not know

who it was who said that one of the characteristics of the Chinese coolie was his ability to sleep on his face across three wheel-barrows with his mouth open and a fly in it. I have never personally observed such an extreme, but often things very near it. If we look at the Chinese passers-by, now that they are fewer and it is possible to get a clearer view, we shall see that, on the whole, they are surprisingly tall. Most of the men have their bodies browned in the sun, although many of those whose occupations have protected them from the weather are yellow with little brown. A recent writer¹ has put it on record that, while the women of the common folk are not much smaller than their men, the higher-born ladies are small and frail. Such an observation, in general terms, might be made in any country, and China has suffered almost worse than others from generalizations which have not been based on scientific observations. At present there are few accurate observations on the Pekingese. Generally speaking, however, if we were to observe the people who passed our point of vantage and did not count those who came from distant provinces, if we took the first twenty, about seven of them would have round faces (I am going to leave out the word "about," but it must be understood that my figures are only approximate and are based on very few observations), nine would have square faces, and the remainder long or oval faces. In other words, we have two distinct types of face. Fifteen of the twenty would have yellow skins, if we could look at some part of their bodies like the inside of the fore-arm which was protected from sunburn. Very nearly every one (except, perhaps, two or three out of our twenty) would have a fold covering the inner corner of the eye. In a few cases this fold would form a semi-circle and

¹Ross, *The Changing Chinese*.

join the cheek below the eye, but such a condition is not usual. This fold is called, frequently, the Mongolian fold, and although it is by no means limited to the Yellow Race it is characteristic of them. We should find, then, among the passers-by two main physical types among those who said they came from Peking and the neighbourhood. If we were to include Chinese from all over China we should probably find more. All would, however, possess this thing in common, that they were either yellow-skinned or of a dark tawny colour, and most would possess this fold over the inner corner of the eye. We should find considerable differences in stature. If we watch the people in any street, anywhere, we can see tall and short people, but in Peking we should see a number of very tall men and not so many short. The average would therefore be higher than in the south.

Whether there really are two different races or sub-races which have gone to the making of the Pekingese it is difficult to say ; there seems to be an indication of it. Probably, however, these differences are not greater than those which have made certain ethnologists divide the races of Europe up into three.

CHAPTER VI

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF PEKING

THERE were certain Greek soldiers, mercenaries in the army of Psammettichus, who went sight-seeing nearly three thousand years ago. They scratched their names on the legs of the great statue of Rameses, and the inscription remains to this day. Modern tourists have not hesitated to follow an example which has certain antiquity in its favour, and much of the ground which I am going to describe in this chapter has been similarly defiled. But I am venturing to describe much-frequented ways because they deserve description, both for their natural beauty and as a contrast to the great city, which can be seen in the distance but whose life affects them but little. Three places especially struck my fancy in wandering round the city. They will be familiar to anyone who knows Peking :—Miao Feng Shan, the Nankow Pass, and the Ming tombs. The two latter are remarkable for their historical associations, the former for its beauty. I went there in June, when the roses were at their best, the loveliest time, perhaps, to see it.

We went along the western road, collecting our pack train in a village just on the east side of the Pei ho. They were building a bridge over it by the simple method of making piers of pebbles held together by wickerwork—giant baskets, in fact, with a plank gangway on the top. Some day a road will go over it. Then we climbed the hillside, covered

with loess, following a pretty, deep-sunken path, crowded with travellers, mostly charcoal-burners, coming down from the hills. There were a few flowers, veronicas and vetches, but all of them were strange to me. We came down to a very abrupt river valley, with a shallow broad sandy stream, a meander, I think, of the river we had crossed before. The ferry was very up-to-date, if the ferryman was not. The former was a large flat punt which ran along a wire rope, the latter a small boy, clad in a brown and, above the water-line, extremely dusty skin. He did not even trouble about the traditional bangle, but seemed to find a life's occupation, which included sand-larking in a cool river on a hot day, ideal. We travelled through a deep valley, full of orchards and stone walls, the path itself being paved. Then we turned up over the divide at the head of the valley, up a very steep incline, paved and perilous. Then down to the next valley again. In this valley, at first, there was no water in the stream, but when we got to higher waters we came first to a tiny and carefully preserved trickle and finally to a series of connected pools. The stream wound through a gorge till in its higher waters the valley opened out. At the head of the valley, where it was joined by three other valleys, in a strategic position of converging ways, we found a little village. Thence we climbed up to our destination, the temple of Miao Feng Shan—the Shrine of the Holy Mountain. The climb is a steep one up the hillside. Long ago steps were cut in the rock, or where there was soil, steps had been built up; but the feet of faithful pilgrims and the storms of a thousand years have played havoc with the stones.

The temple itself is built on the top of a jagged rock of the type very common in these hills. On

three sides are precipices, on the fourth a saddle connecting the jutting rock with the main hills, which rise above it. The place could be divided into three parts, the main temple, a series of rooms on the saddle, and a smaller temple on the hillside. The latter was barricaded up and we could not get inside. On the north side the wall had fallen, and a temporary wall had been made of old metal advertisements for Bryant and May's matches, not, apparently, originally intended for the Far East, for they were written in English ; and side by side with Chinese characters and the flaunting red pillars of an Oriental temple we discovered rather rusty and worn invitations to support home industries.

The main group of buildings, though not in so bad a state of repair, seemed to be devoted rather to insanitary than to religious purposes. The living rooms contained no monks ; even the Abbot, or whatever dignity he should be styled, looked little better than a grasping and extremely dirty coolie. Perhaps I wrong him. I hope I do, for who is the western traveller to criticize the guardians of temples in Asia, who, steeped as this one was, in rose-petals and filth, contrive to find happiness on a diet of rice and tea, and maybe, sometimes (but not, I think, very often), to contemplate the infinite ? All sorts of odds and ends of furniture, most of which might well have been thrown over the cliff long ago, were piled up in the rooms ; old prayer-wheels, tables, chairs, pictures, teapots, and rubbish was there, the mouldering bric-a-brac of three or more generations. The main court was swept if not garnished. It had a pleasant new bell, the old one, broken heaven knows when, lay in a corner. There was a court at the further side which might have been a garden long ago, but even in its neglected condition there was a

delightful feeling of quiet and charm. If the traveller would really appreciate the whole group of buildings—and appreciation of Miao Feng Shan must lie in the whole rather than in the parts—he must climb on to the hillside to the west and look down on the rugged pinnacle of rock and see all the colours—the yellow and green roofs, the red painted wall, the trees growing in every cranny in the rocks and the large pines on the more level places. Looking on the old holy place, it is not difficult to find one's heart comfortable and at peace ; but to discover the reason is more difficult. Our architecture, on the whole, despises colour. In England we may plead the excuse of grey days, but western architecture has found its place in so many different climates that such an excuse cannot hold. We pay attention to the elevation. I suppose that it is physically impossible for a building to lack an elevation. If it were, Maio Feng Shan could claim that distinction. The walls are just walls and the gates are means of entering through the walls. There are no towers, none of the solid ruggedness that characterizes and gives charm to our churches in England. On the other hand, to continue the analogy, I should say that if it were possible for a building to be without a roof, most of our western churches have none ; I mean roof, not ceiling or vaulting, which is the glory of many of our interiors. I have seen a lovely old church upon which some misguided person or persons had put a corrugated iron roof. While this piece of vandalism was one greatly to be deplored, it could not destroy the charm and beauty of the church. Now, suppose that the walls of that church had been repaired with the discarded advertisements for Bryant and May's matches ; I need not finish my sentence. It would be as bad to roof Miao Feng

Shan with corrugated iron as to repair an English village church wall with tin advertisements, for the charm of the place lies both in the colour and in the design of the roofs. That is the reason why I suggested that, if you would enjoy the place, you must climb up to the hillside above it and see the coloured roofs and the light and shade playing in the courtyard. The interior of our churches is one of their attractions. In Asia it is the courtyards which take the place of interiors. It is the same in each temple; if you would perceive their charm, look at their roofs and their courtyards. It is, however, fortunate that by a kind provision of the old gods, the holy places of the world are often situated amongst the most lovely natural scenery. We have, indeed, the authority of the sages that the gods of China esteem the contemplation of natural scenery their highest privilege.

He who stands on the balcony of the temple has in front of him a sheer cliff and a view into the valley so unimpeded by any obstruction that it seems more like an idealized landscape than something real. The Chinese painters of landscape have always aimed at eliminating themselves and portraying a scene that shall be famous, not because it was the work of a master, but because it was in itself beautiful. I do not think that the realism of the modern western school would have met with much sympathy at their hands, and yet they were necessarily realists holding such views as these. The view from Miao Feng Shan has seemed to me to possess in many ways the necessary ideal characters which might have commended itself to one of the old Chinese masters. There was little quaint or picturesque, little meretricious. Rather it depended for its beauty, as did the temple itself, on the whole landscape, the con-

verging green hills, the pine-trees, the distant rugged crests, the river and the plain far away. Look over the cliff I have described and you will see before you the valley opening, and hear far below the barking of dogs, and perhaps in the evening the distant clear tinkle of a temple gong. On the left, leading up through the village of Chien Kou, is a narrow paved way, a pilgrim-path climbing a steep green ravine. It disappears behind a ruined temple whose silhouette you can just see on the divide. A rounded green hill shuts off the view on the left beyond this path. In the centre (I can hardly call it foreground, it is so far below) the traveller or pilgrim, whichever he be, looks down a wide river valley shut in by hills but including within itself other small hills. Near at hand these latter are covered with pines, and dotted with one or two temples. The hills gradually close in and present two series which run directly across the line of sight in the middle distance. Half the horizon is filled by a high range, but to the left you can still follow out the valley, or it may be another valley, whose upper course is hidden by the folds of the hills. A winding river, shining silver (for there is water in it) glistens far away in the distance till it finally loses itself in the plain. The hills close at hand are rounded and very green; those in the distance are rugged and deeply eroded.

As we were climbing up to the temple, we were surprised to meet a coolie with a basket full of rose-petals on his back. All smells in China are strong smells. This was no exception, but it was a smell that might well be wafted from paradise. Later, we found the courtyards almost knee-deep in petals, purple and sweet-scented, drying in the sun. At one time we could hardly get to our rooms for rose-petals. We explored the hills and found little rose gardens

everywhere. They were not the conspicuous objects such gardens usually are, because the petals were plucked as soon as they opened and none were allowed to waste their sweetness on the hillside. Up and down, in little corners of the hills, we found a basket of purple petals and nearby an industrious farmer collecting his fragile, precious harvest.¹

On one wild bit of hillside I found a patch which had been left ungathered. They were either wild or had been left to run wild, for each flower had only five petals, like our common wild dog-rose. The cultivated ones were like our garden roses but usually smaller. Even the wild ones smelt very sweet and scented the whole hillside. Most of the cultivation on the hillside was devoted to roses, but here and there there were other gardens. Where it was too rugged, they pastured goats. Nearly at the head of one valley, on a steep slope, was a small terrace under the shadow of a great rock. Here, in the most unlikely place, they had dug a well from which the temple drew its water, which was carried down on the backs of donkeys. Here at noon the goat-herds collected with their flocks. The old rams settled down comfortably on projecting rocks and surveyed the distant mist-hidden view; the young males and the females sat in the shade or ate roses; the kids performed prodigious feats of mountaineering on a little cliff. The herdsmen drew water from the well and drank, they and their flocks. A coolie came along with food for someone or other up the hills. His front basket contained all sorts of delicacies, and the back one a bowl of yellow rice. He stopped at the well, and water was poured on the rice and poured off again. But, of course, a lot of moisture

¹The rose petals are dried and then used as a flavour for "wine." They apparently do not use them for flavouring food here or for rose water, as in the Near East.

remained, and he shouldered his pole to find that the loads did not balance any more.

We climbed up higher over a saddle and looked down a valley to the north-west in the direction of the Wall. Unfortunately it was very misty, so the hills, which are high and very striking, could only be seen, as it were, behind a white shroud. So we climbed down again and on to the hill above the temple. From here the view was almost better than from the temple itself. Although one missed the sharp descent to the valley, in its place there stood the jagged rock on which the temple was built, with the pines all round it; while behind, leading up the valley we had travelled up, was a paved pilgrims' way, ending in a temple on the ridge. Where it went to beyond, heaven knows. The roads in China go a long, long way. I believe that my predecessor as Kahn Fellow (Mr. Lowes Dickinson) came among these hills and compared them to those of Lombardy. I must confess that I cannot see the resemblance, except such as there must be on the same continent and in the same latitude. Shrubs, trees and flowers are sometimes of the same genera or of genera closely akin. There is the same general character of the vegetation which clothes rugged hillsides in the northern hemisphere, the same jagged pinnacles of rock; but there, to my mind, the resemblance ends. The rocks are different, the flowers are many (if not most of them) of different genera. The people, too, are different. Perhaps herein lies the point that makes the parallel to my mind so far away. Civilization here among these hills is old; most of the ruins are new. In Italy it is the other way, A few things in the valley may be old. The pilgrim way was quite likely a thoroughfare when the wolf suckled Romulus; as for the village site, no man

knows when that was first occupied. The Buddhist temple is an intruder. I should like to know whether these ruined Buddhist temples are still a power in the land, for, side by side with them, Confucius in true Chinese fashion certainly lives. I am much puzzled over the whole matter. I think we should have a parallel in Europe if Aristotle had conquered in the struggle with Mother Church, and we followed and learned by heart passages from the Ethics so that every schoolboy would know Aristotle's definition of virtue. We were sorry to leave the quiet, cool temple and go out into the sun again. We passed through the village, up a dry river-bed tenanted chiefly by goats, and struck a well-preserved way among the mountains. Then we went through slopes covered with roses, and after a long but pleasant climb reached a little rest-house with a view that was almost startling in its suddenness.

Up till now we had been among the hills ; our view shut in by broken ranges and deep valleys, rounded slopes and jagged pinnacles. Suddenly we came to a point like a cliff on the edge of the sea and looked down. There were no mountains. A paved way down in front of us, only just not too steep for pack animals, and then a flat plain 2,500 feet below us, just like the view from an aeroplane. The plain was yellow—is there ever a plain in China which is not ?—but dotted with little green villages and lines of trees along the roads or round graveyards. It was clear in the hills, but misty and hot on the plain, and dust and mist hid the horizon. We began the descent and dropped rapidly, winding from one side of the valley to the other, till we finally crossed a spur into the next. This was a much wider and broader valley and, meeting all sorts and conditions

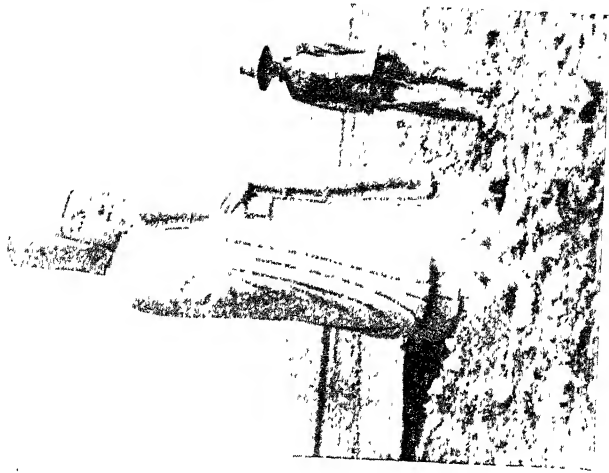
of men, we eventually found ourselves in a place which looked like a temple, but which was a soda-water factory. We stopped a while to inspect a temple, for there were quite a lot of flourishing temples in this valley, and we discovered the reason, or at least part of the reason. It was a fertile valley full of orchards. The peaches were not yet ripe, but the apricots were at their best; and out of the richness of the fruit of the earth men had built temples to the gods. We rode through the fields by pleasant ways to the monastery of the Pool of the Black Dragon. The temple was in the hands of the military, who had occupied it much in the same way that, at various times, our churches have been occupied by soldiers. The pool itself is about thirty yards across, absolutely clear with a blue-green bottom. A dragon lives in it, but, though I swam all round it, he never came up to show himself. Next morning we rode back to the wonderful city of Peking.

A place that every tourist to Peking visits is the Mings' tombs. They have been very thoroughly described; but I think it is worth while going over twice-trodden ground, because we have in them examples of the most magnificent burial mounds in the world, and I have not seen the question raised as to whether they should be included as a possible example of the evolution of a dolmenic type which can be linked up with those which (as has been so ingeniously suggested) belong to a heliolithic culture, or whether they are an independent invention of the Chinese genius.

We went there (the man with whom I shared a flat in Peking and myself) one week-end in July, partly as sight-seers, partly to observe the country folk, and partly to get fresh air. We went by train



DEITIES IN THE TEMPLE OF MIAO
FENG SHAN, NEAR PEKING



MARBLE FIGURE OF A SCHOLAR,
MING TOMBS, PEKING

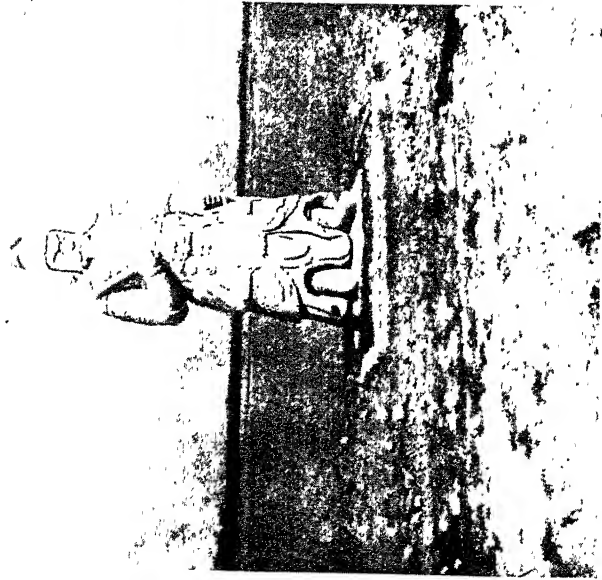


FIGURE OF A WARRIOR ON THE IMPERIAL
HIGHWAY



MARBLE LION ON THE IMPERIAL HIGHWAY

from Peking to Nankow, and thence we started at dawn with one donkey to ride and one to pack. The way begins through a dreary, uncultivated stretch which represents the somewhat extensive bed of the river which comes down through the pass of Nankow. Then we passed through a pleasant land, cultivated and full of cheery people, till we came to the great *pai'low* which forms the entrance to the sacred way leading to the tombs. It is the finest gate in all China, stands on a rocky eminence, and consists of five great arches of glistening marble. Through it the traveller looks down over the great plain towards Peking and up to that lovely amphitheatre of hills where the last great emperors and some small emperors, but all of Chinese blood, are buried. The great simplicity of the arch is its charm, but if the bases of the columns be examined, there is a type of restrained detail which is often absent from Oriental art. The cats struggling in low relief are among the finest examples I know of the representation of domestic animals; for the cats must have been carved with the skilful hand of an artist who could have carved a dragon had he been so minded—but he did carve a cat.

We went through the great entrance, a magnificent red gatehouse that might have been the entrance to a city, and then through a smaller gatehouse containing a memorial tablet, and surrounded by four columns of victory. The sacred way leads thence between statues of real and mythical animals and attendants, through another smaller *pai'low* into the cemetery area which covers many square miles. There are numerous paved roads and the ruins of great and stately bridges; but all are being pillaged and are falling into ruin. We finally stopped at the biggest tomb. Although they differ in detail, the

general plan of the tombs is similar. But the latest ones are much reduced in size and lack the space and number of courtyards possessed by the bigger ones. The general plan is as follows:—The tomb may be divided into three parts—a great mound containing the actual sepulchre, a long rectangular walled space divided into three courts, one of which contained stone models of offerings to the dead; a court round the temple to the spirit of the dead; and a gatehouse court outside this. Outside and in front of this was an outer court, greater in width than the inner courts and containing a memorial tablet to the dead. In some of the tombs this court has no wall round it. The big tomb is the only one with an inner and an outer gatehouse. In it alone did one climb the spirit-tower through a tunnel. In fact, the architecture of the spirit-tower, the great tower which guarded the entrance to the mound, seemed to be the one thing which varied most. Sometimes there was a raised platform in front of it. The stairway showed great differences. Inside the tower there was always a memorial tablet, and round the top of the wall, enclosing the mound, a battlement and a paved way inside the battlement. The temples all contained wooden vessels and magnificent columns. Unfortunately these monuments, some of the finest I have ever seen, are falling to bits very rapidly. There is no effort made to conserve them and the greatest havoc is being played by vegetation. Some of these tombs could be preserved from a lot of damage simply by keeping the trees down. It seems curious, in Northern China, to complain of a superfluity of trees, but the condition of the tombs shows how vegetation will flourish if it is given free play. The actual structures are falling down; the ground is covered with yellow dragon tiles, and in

places gaps in the walls have been stopped up with these priceless relics. Even in its ruined state there is an air of impressiveness about these monuments which it is difficult to exaggerate. The red walls and the yellow-tiled roofs stand out in the bright sunlight checkered by the deep green of the foliage. At night (and we were fortunate in having a nearly full moon) the marble balustrades seem still to retain a measure of their former dazzling splendour. If you see these vast monuments in the moonlight you can see that they still are the memorials of emperors, even though donkeys walk up and down the marble steps and browse in the temple courtyards. The huge tombs of the great ones among the Mings make a pathetic contrast with that of Hsi Tsung the last. This emperor committed suicide on Coal Hill in Peking. Before he did so, he wrote on the lapel of his coat his last valedictory decree:—"I, poor in virtue and of contemptible personality, have incurred the wrath of God. My Ministers have deceived me. I am ashamed to meet my ancestors; and therefore I myself take off my crown, and with my hair covering my face, await dismemberment at the hands of the rebels. Do not hurt a single one of my people."¹

The general plan of the tomb is the same, but the mound is reduced to a little heap about thirty yards across. In the bigger tombs it must be nearly a mile in circumference.

That charming and justly famous lady, Miss Bredon, who has written the most generally accepted guide-book to Peking, says that only one tomb is worth visiting; the others may be disregarded except for delightful situation. It is true that all are not equally well proportioned, but all follow the same

¹*China and the Manchus*, Herbert Giles, p. 24.

general plan. Yet there is a charm in the sameness and in the variety which Nature has made. I did not feel the same quiet calm which I have noticed, and everyone has noticed, in some Chinese temples. Nature has been too persistent and too active, and the wild, with its perpetual life-and-death struggle, rings them in. They lie on the slopes of the hills which crowd them around in an amphitheatre. The stage towards which they look is the great plain of China. Behind, the green room where the actors on that stage have assembled for many generations, lies the great Wall and the land of the northern barbarians beyond ; it is almost within sight, but the crests of the hills hide it from the valley.

It is at first sight very tempting to make of these great tombs a close parallel to the *allée couverte*. There is the walled entrance, the great mound with its fence round it. The plan is not dissimilar, but I am inclined to see in them the evolution of a simple mound into this form, and not the connection with a further culture.

Over the hills from this lovely valley lies the pass of Nankow. I have mentioned it once or twice already, but the pass deserves a more detailed description both from its historical associations and also because of its beauty.

When I first went up the pass, spring was only on the way ; the last time I came down was late in the summer. Everything was green ; all the rocks were covered with liverworts and the streams were full of water, making the fords quite an adventurous undertaking, if you wished to come through dry-shod. The gorge is very deep, but it is in no sense a canyon, but rather a rough valley, with innumerable side valleys, each with its little stream. The whole of the bottom is strewn with small boulders, so many

as to make the road very hard to travel. As we went through it, T'an Ch'in Hsia, the Gorge of the Singing Harp, deserved its name, as the babble of the streams echoed back from the cliffs. Alas! we saw no caravans now, none of the lines of camels which had been parading up and down when we were last through there; just a few pack donkeys with their drivers, much disgruntled at the wet. The people in the villages were very friendly, more so than usual, I thought. Everybody responded to my greeting, and the only people who fled at my approach were a little bevy of small girls who, under the chaperonage of an elder sister, showed sufficient regard for the conveniences to disappear into a gateway. The women had discarded their upper garments, an unusual feature in most of the villages round Peking. They seemed quite pleased to see us and grinned as we passed. One village seemed especially delighted, because I greeted the small boy who stood in my path—a small boy always does stand in one's path in China—with the greeting which is used in addressing a scholar; and one of the grey-beards, who had, I think, pretensions to that honourable title, bestowed distinctions upon me which, alas, I failed to understand.

There are two lines of fortifications through which we passed. Both are in the form of an ellipse, and the road passes through the long axis, which is set astride the pass. There is a gate through which you go inside the fortifications and another to leave them again. The wooden doors of the gates still survive. They have not been shut for a long, long time, and the wood seems very old; but they are still there, as a reminder that the wall had its practical, as well as its sentimental value, within the time that wood decays. The best gate of all is

the so-called "Language Gate." It is described in all the text-books, so I will only mention it briefly here. The arch is half a hexagon and all the inside is covered with inscriptions and carvings, as is also the border of the arch. When we passed through, the marble was dulled by the rain and the minute vegetation which covered it and looked green and yellow. In the sunshine the Buddhas and the old inscriptions have a very different appearance. It stands in the street of the village of Chu Yung Kuen, a street filled principally with pigs and children, both of whom bathed in the puddles among the stones with, apparently, great enjoyment. Only in few places here does the ancient paved way survive, just a few yards at a time. Generations of flooded streams and the feet of pack animals, ponies, mules, camels and donkeys, have destroyed the rest, and nobody mends a road in China. So we scrambled down. The pack train time from the top of the pass is five hours, forty-five li, they say. Just where the pass widens out, there are three watch towers, two on the west, one on the east; and below, the old walled city of the Southern Mouth, Nankow. The railway has cut through the wall of the city, and to the south lie the railway yards where locomotives continually utter fearful sounds. The pass has always been the scene of noise and turmoil, but the Tatar hordes ride there no longer on their shaggy little ponies. I wonder when I shall ride out beyond the Wall again.

CHAPTER VII

THE YANGTZE KIANG AND FOOCHOW

AT the beginning of August I left Peking by the same train that, some months before, I had travelled in to join the army. Although things were more settled now, and the railway was working properly, there was a talk of bandits all down the line; but our journey was peaceful enough. We left Peking at night, and next day travelled across the great plain. It was very pleasant; the crops were green and the orchards in full foliage. The yellow colour of the loess, which is so dominant when there is no vegetation, was quite hidden. We crossed the Hwang Ho; it is a wonderful sight; the river is actually higher than the plain through which it flows, as the farmers are always building up the banks and the river brings down such an enormous quantity of silt that it is always growing higher and higher. Except in flood time there are vast stretches of sand and small channels of turbid yellow water. The river looks like an evil yellow snake, the monotony of the surface being only broken by a junk or two beating along where there is sufficient water for navigation. Such is the destroyer of millions. It has been described many times, so I will not linger here.

We slept that night again in the train; next morning the country seemed to have changed. It was damper and warmer. Rice fields, rare round Peking, became the dominant feature of the land-

scape. Very often the familiar fawn-coloured oxen of the north, so like our south European draft oxen, were replaced by the black water buffaloes of south-eastern Asia. We reached our journey's end at Hankow and were extended that warm welcome the traveller in foreign parts receives. Our hosts included both old China hands and some of the restless younger generation. In Hankow, as in the other treaty ports, the relationship with the Chinese is quite different from that in Peking, where we are continually brought into close contact with them and almost feel it is, if not our duty, at least the demand of etiquette, to apologize for our lack of knowledge of Chinese. One of the officials, a man ten years my senior, and so, presumably, a man of discretion, was complaining bitterly about the official system and its deadening effect on everybody and the traditional policy in relation to new events. It does seem, not only in Hankow, but wherever I have been, that a change is coming over China. Among other things, the spirit of security, always an uncertain factor, has disappeared.

Hankow itself is disappointing, it is so European, with none of the advantages or amenities of Europe. The Yangtze Kiang is about a mile and a quarter broad here, with the walled city of Wuchang on the south bank. Our trip was uneventful. We went aboard in the evening, and next morning arrived at Kiukiang. As soon as it was light enough to see, hills were visible on the right bank, but the left bank is uninteresting. Kiukiang, when we got there, was in ruins, or partly so. It was smoking and, in places, still burning. The garrison had mutinied the night before, and burned and looted the town. In one quarter only walls and smouldering heaps remained. The foreign quarter, and a great part of the native

town, fortunately had survived. We cast off again and sailed downstream. It was very pleasant ; there were nearly always green hills to the south and plains to the north. I noticed that there was a good deal of change in the hills. Along quite a long stretch they were sandy, elsewhere the strata were much contorted. In places there were gaps which were filled either by tributary streams, or more often by lakes. We stopped at many little ports, each one exactly like the rest. I should not know them again ; pleasant little places with one or two foreign houses, some Chinese houses, many junks and several river steamers, either arriving or departing, for they waste little time. There were no more scenes of violence ; all was peaceful along the great river. As we got further to the north the river widens out. It takes a big sweep to the north and the hills, though nearly always visible, fade into the background. I could not estimate the width. I think it might be about three miles. I was surprised at the amount of traffic, both native and foreign, going up and down. The natives show considerable individual differences from place to place. The stream was running at about four to five knots, a turbid, placid stream, and we glided peacefully between the green banks and, at intervals, I taught the mate the use of logarithms. He was working for his master's ticket. Especially delightful are the little temples that are built on the south bank. Every now and then a steep bluff overhangs the river, usually a yellow-coloured rock, rising, I suppose, two or three hundred feet above the level of the stream. It is usually covered, partially or entirely, with free-growing vegetation, and on the top, perched, as it were, on the cusps of the crown, always you may see this little white temple, half hidden by trees, and by jutting-out

pieces of rock on most sides, but open where the view is best. Of *feng shui* and other geomancer's art, I know nothing ; but, whatever else there may be in their divination, it is certain that *feng shui* abounds most where the view is best. Those places which are held in special veneration, and where the spirits of the air and the water are especially kind and potent, are situated among the most delightful natural scenery. The general setting is nearly always the same. There are hills, if possible, on three sides, towering up, yet not so close as to overshadow the sacred spot. In front, if I understand rightly, there should be an open plain stretching away into the distance, a view where the dead can gaze into the distance for ever, and where the living can contemplate eternity. The view is just the opposite of that which, for the most part, we should prefer. I enjoy looking up at the lucky place ; the Chinese doors always face down the valley. Nearly all these little Yangtze temples come up to the best traditions, only they have in front of them the river and the plain. I did not see a single one on the left bank of the stream, but there are no hills worth considering there. So we went on down the river, the great and terrible Yangtze, second only to the Hwang Ho in its toll of human lives. We stopped at Nanking, but there was no time to see anything of the ancient southern capital. Then there were two or three little walled cities, after which we got into narrow waters where navigation was difficult, and finally came to Shanghai. I had introductions to a Chinese medical man who was educated at Harvard, and, together with a knowledge of medicine, had acquired American methods of bustle. Although, like so many of us, he disapproved of the introduction of tramways into Peking, yet he deplored that

city as being too "slow." We went around the city, he seeing patients *en route*. In most cases they lived in crowded parts of the Chinese city, and I thoroughly enjoyed the waits. Foreigners cause less excitement than in the interior, and it is possible to observe without collecting a crowd. One place in particular I enjoyed. The *dramatis personæ* of the little stage will unroll themselves. First there came the lady Chang, small, fat, aged perhaps six summers, somewhat given, I think, to the pleasures of the table and usually with several grains of rice adhering to various parts of her person; the corner of her lips, the tip of her nose and the right ear were so decorated when I first made her acquaintance. She stepped forward and introduced herself, and inspected the lamps of the car and my face; neither were to her satisfaction. On the curb next to the near front wheels sat Ma, an elderly gentleman, who smoked and scratched his leg in a contemplative fashion the whole time I was there. His part is purely passive; he never slept, but, on the other hand, he showed little signs of activity. Meanwhile Chang joined a small friend, the lady Ko, I think her sister, and less fat. Together they danced a kind of minuet quite gracefully and quietly, then they went to mind the baby. In that they were assisted by two middle-aged men, one, I think, Chang's father. He sat in an armchair made of bamboo, so placed that the front legs were on the pavement and the back in the street. He thus spanned the gutter and did not seriously impede the traffic. On his right, directly facing me, another man—"his foolish younger brother"—sat on a stool directly opposite the baby, whose back was thus towards me. Chang obtained a bowl of rice and chopsticks, and sat down, facing me, between her uncle and the

baby. She was not very skilful with the sticks and some of the rice got lost in transit between the bowl and her mouth or the baby's. She always made serious efforts to retrieve missing grains, even if they fell on the pavement. The lady Ko explained that, under the circumstances, fingers were made before chopsticks and a grain of rice might be more easily picked up from the pavement between the finger and thumb. At last the bowl was finished to the last grain, and such grains as had missed their destination were collected by her ladyship from the baby's face and her own and apparently enjoyed by the baby. Meanwhile, along comes Madame Wong. She served in a shop across the street and dealt in some kind of doughy stuff you cut from a large mass with a knife and handed out to customers in exchange for a copper. Business was slack and baby, another baby (there were many babies in the street), was fretful, so she went and sat down on a board near Ma and began to nurse her baby. She was joined by Miss Wong, of about ten summers, whose tousled locks seemed never to have known a comb, but in that I wronged her. Along comes the rightful owner of the board, so Madame is turned out, the board laid flat on the pavement and a piece of wood, 2 by 2 and 6 inches long, is ferreted out of a hidey hole. The man lays his head on this piece of wood, stretches out on the board and is sound asleep almost before Madame has found a stool, which was lying in a doorway, picked it up with her spare hand (she did not interrupt the baby's meal) and settled herself again. Baby, about this time, replete and happy, fell asleep. The lady Wong failed to observe it, but apparently for some time a customer had been calling from across the way. So she picked up the now unconscious baby and laid it in a cradle of bamboo which I had

not previously noticed. It was on the pavement under a small archway. Baby slept profoundly and Miss Wong was sent to fetch a coat to cover him up. Madame returned to the serving of customers. In the meanwhile, the ladies Chang and Ko had fallen out. The reason escaped me, but the former was much perturbed and wept copiously and vociferously. Realizing the value of advertisement, she went and stood in front of all her friends and, in the position of attention, she wept, so to say, in their faces. The matter was, however, treated with but slight regard even by her nearest and dearest. She eventually consented to scratch her father's back and in that soothing occupation dried her tears. Suddenly Miss Wong dashed across the road with some mysterious black instrument in her hand. She sat down on the stool vacated by her mother a few moments before and unbound her hair. The black object was a comb, which she passed assiduously through her tousled locks. Ma smoked and regarded eternity and the other side of the valley, the lady Ko danced a *pas seul* up and down the pavement, her sister scratched her father's back and he talked to his foolish younger brother. Men, women and children passed and repassed up and down the street. Most of the babies slumbered. We cranked up the car and drove off to see another patient.

On the way my host expounded his views on medical education in China. I started the ball rolling by quoting Ferguson's speech at the Peking Union Medical College, where the position of medical education had been put forward by a layman. New believed that only about half per cent. of the doctors practising in China had any qualification. He declared that the need for medical men was extraordinarily great, but suggested, as remedy, the

apprentice system, especially in the interior. In that way he believed that the want could in some way be met, each of the medical missionaries training a certain number of apprentices with a practical knowledge of the elements of medicine. New is very keen about the recognition of such apprentices and of the recognition of the various schools which exist by the Medical Association. In the absence of a stable government there is no hope for a State Board. Another one of New's hobbies is what he called an "open hospital." Apparently the situation is this. If a patient needs hospital treatment his medical man has no alternative but to send him to one of the hospitals and hand him over. New acquired the Red Cross Hospital and equipped it, with the idea that any medical man can send his patients there and still retain his interest in them. It is one of the few, if not the only, hospital in China, that is run entirely by Chinese for Chinese. It is divided into two parts: a charity section, with patients paying 20 cents or nothing at all a day, and half that number of paying patients in private or semi-private wards. It seemed a very nice place and to be efficiently run, although the building was not all that could be desired, and I thought the place might be cleaner. The chief value of such a place is the fact that here is an efficient native hospital of seventy-two beds which has only a budget of fifty thousand dollars Mex. a year. The News also run a clinique, where they do a certain amount of operating.

The voyage from Shanghai southwards is quite delightful; the coasting steamers are seldom, if ever, out of sight of land, and there are innumerable little rocky islets, a great many inhabited, between which the ship passes. The seas are crowded with a few

coasting steamers and very many junks; most of the latter are manned by crews who evidently prefer the discomforts caused by the direct rays of the sun to the discomforts of clothing. In the river-mouths the fishermen fasten their nets in position with tall bamboos, and there are so many of these in the shallow estuaries as to constitute a danger to navigation. Sailing up the Min river to Foochow is an experience which differs from most river travel because of the variety of the shipping. The hills are steep and usually come close to the river; they are terraced all the way up and, in the right season, are beautifully green. In places the river opens up into wider stretches, and the hills recede. The river is full of all kinds of craft, manned, if I may use the term, by men, women, children and dogs. The higher up the river one goes the less men there are; even the babies help to pull at an oar, and quite tiny children use the steering paddle.

Like other of the estuarine towns of China, the river streets of Foochow are made up of all sorts and conditions of junks, which seemed a little out of place, like massive buildings in a country village, to smaller boats in which everybody lives. Some even have gardens. My boatwomen only ran into two craft on the way, and we took on an addition to the crew about half-way, a comely damsel dressed after the fashion of the country, with three daggers in her hair and large silver earrings, a black smock, and short, loose trousers. The hair is coiled up at the back of the head and one dagger is stuck in with the hilt uppermost and the point directed straight downwards. The other two are put in, one on either side at an angle of forty-five degrees to the first. The last-arrived member of the crew carried my baggage when we arrived at my destination,

the Y.M.C.A. She demanded a perfectly preposterous sum for the ferry, preposterous in this country. I think sixpence would have covered it. When I not unnaturally protested, she proceeded to use language which I fear, though the Foochow talk was lost on me, was hardly appropriate to the Y.M.C.A. She argued for half-an-hour and got her way. To be exact, she carried my baggage, much too heavy for me, into my bedroom, against all the rules of the establishment (No woman shall, under ANY circumstances, enter the dormitories), and putting her hands on her hips because she had done so, and because I had been compelled by the violence of her tongue, in a language I did not understand, to pay her twopence more than I ought to have paid.

Next morning I started at dawn for the hills. The first two hours of the way lead through the alluvial plain of the Min river. We went along narrow stone-paved paths among the paddy fields, all very green and pleasant in the morning sun, and through little villages with paved streets so narrow that my chair could hardly pass through. Most of the people were engaged in the endless task of helping the rice to grow ; a few laggards were still on the road. We met many of the ladies with the daggers in their hair and a few travellers of higher social position. My bearers stopped at a village full of pigs, women and babies and surrounded by muddy pools. In one of these, about the size of an English village pond, there floated a fisherman on a raft of logs ; he was catching small fishes, casting at them with a seine net. We gradually approached the hills, and at the very bottom we stopped at a rest-house under a tree and drank tea. The way up follows a road made of stone steps, a steep but easy path. On either hand are deep gorges full of pines and covered with

vegetation, the most conspicuous of which is a little blue flower like our Selfheal (*Prunella*). I found a few white wild roses and a species of rock-rose with edible fruit, much sought after. The village of Kooliang, where there is a hill station, is built at the top of the first range north of the river. The Min runs south-east to Pagoda anchorage, then north-east, finally falling into the sea by two mouths. Foochow lies due west of the centre of Wu Fu island, which divides the two mouths. From the top of the divide at Kooliang there is a clear view down into the plain, a little to the north-west and far away to the mouth of the river and the sea. To the north run range after range of mountains; most of the valleys have a southward trend, but the ranges are interspersed with deep ravines and it is difficult to trace them exactly. The mountains seem to be old, geologically speaking, and a great deal of capturing of one stream by another has taken place, so that many of the valleys which ought to belong, apparently, to one river, actually empty their waters into another. Except in the wilder country, or where the valleys are exceedingly steep, they are terraced right up to their head waters for rice fields, the slopes on either side being often covered with tea plantations. Most of the best valleys on the lower slopes are cultivated in this way. The steeper valleys and those more inland are often left as jungle and are full of wild animals, especially pig, with an occasional tiger.

Somewhere in the mountains of the region south of the Min, an unusual breed of tigers seems to be developing. Mr. Caldwell, who knows both the country and the game very well, informed me that he believed that this breed, of which he has seen several specimens, and which he has reason to believe

is increasing, are a melanic variety similar to the blue Persian cat. I have not had the opportunity of examining any specimens, but Caldwell has spent most of his leisure collecting game animals, and his statement is probably to be regarded as in no way exaggerated. I hope that some more fortunate scientist than myself will be able to shoot and examine one of these most interesting big cats, and see whether a local variety is really developing or whether the darkness of the coat in the specimens seen by Caldwell was merely accidental.

My purpose in visiting Kooliang was to go to some of the villages higher up in the mountains, which were said to be inhabited by aborigines. Our way led over the hills, up and down the valleys, past paddy fields innumerable, through a country of deep ravines, the upper slopes of which were, on the whole, well wooded. At one time a great deal of tea was grown here, especially the grade which, made into bricks, used to be sent to Russia; but in recent years, since the Russian debacle, and the competition of Indian teas, the plantations have decreased in size.

Our destination and headquarters was a Chinese village called Guonka. It consists of a single street along a stream, the houses are built for the most part on one side only, though part of the street has houses on both sides. There is a roof over the street. About halfway down the local magistrate has his office; it is exactly opposite the village midden. The whole place is dirty beyond description, dirty even for China. Each house had only one story and, owing to the slope of the valley, each tier, kitchen, courtyard and living-room, was slightly higher than the one nearer the street. We lived in a room exactly opposite the entrance. For furniture, it had doors—we used them for beds—

some small tables, and a little shrine. During our stay at this inn we never shut our doors, and always had an interested audience, such that it was difficult often to say whether we studied their manners and customs or they ours. Our coolies, with the true democracy, and, it must be added, the perfect courtesy, of China, would come and sit on our beds and smoke and chat. Infants played knucklebones there, mothers nursed their babies, and there were always spectators when we dressed and undressed. In the living-room next to ours an old man sat always and smoked opium twice a day. Each smoke cost him ten cents, a nominal twopence halfpenny. In Amoy, it is interesting to note, opium smoking costs about five times as much. This old man had acquired great fame. He sold opium and made about two and a half dollars Mex. (something over five shillings), so he must have had at least twelve customers, a large number in a village which can hardly have had a hundred houses. He made no attempt to conceal his illicit traffic and never left his mat. He smoked either tobacco or opium all day long.

I was curious to see the effect on myself of the diet of the village. All they had was rice, peanuts, a kind of green vegetable like spinach which they call *waicho*, and one day they produced a vegetable marrow. A meal of this type cost ten cents in the inn. One day we bought a duck which cost 42 cents; our coolies, being opulent—we paid them 80 cents a day—also bought duck; but the villagers cannot often afford such a luxury. It is extremely hard to do much work on such a diet. All the people seem ill-nourished and very small. How far this is due to diet I am uncertain. Malaria is very prevalent in the village, and from the general physique of such

of them as I was able to examine, I am inclined to believe that we have here an area of ill-nutrition which has affected the general physique of the inhabitants, similar to those misery spots in Périgueux, to which attention has been called by Collignon and other French anthropologists. Many of the children were brought to me to examine, under the impression that every foreigner is a doctor. Every sick child I saw showed symptoms of malaria. Although I heard of no cases of female infanticide, I very much fear that some of the little sick girl babies were left for dead when they might with judicious treatment have survived.

The non-Chinese tribes lived still further inland among the mountains in a little-known country. The road leads down past the stream, across one big divide, down to another valley and across up over the next divide, then down again to the next valley. The country is very sparsely inhabited, but the natural beauty is difficult to surpass. Looking down from the top of the big divide, we had in front of us a deep ravine, a little to the right a broad valley with a stream winding through it and an open green expanse of rice fields, and terrace after terrace with little paths in between. Higher up, the slopes rose rapidly. They were covered with a thick jungle, the trees being mostly a species of pine with a thin, delicate foliage. Everywhere there were groves of bamboos, either growing in groups, or, more usually, singly, sending up their topmost shoots of a daintier green and of a more delicate tracery than the coarse, vivid undergrowth. The vegetation seemed to run right up to the summits of the mountains, but they unfortunately veiled their mysteries in clouds. We crossed the river on stepping-stones (it was shallow, and about forty yards broad), passed through some

paddy fields and skirted a village. Then we began to climb. The road was, I suppose, the work of some forgotten mandarin long ago. It is built of steps still in excellent condition, and runs right up the mountain side. It was hard enough to walk up—the stones must have been carried up to the sweat of many brows. The hillside was seared with a number of little valleys full of dense jungle. Just one or two had been levelled and cut out into terraces; but even in these cases usually only the lower part of the valleys was cultivated. The village of Nanbien, our destination, we found almost at the top of the next divide. There were said to be some ancient caves further inland, so we started off to find them. We were guided by a tiny tribesman, a gnome-like personage with a little scrubby beard. His quaint appearance was further heightened by his raincoat, the normal type worn in the hills where the rainfall is very heavy. It consists of a very broad-brimmed straw hat—to give his complete outfit—with a low conical crown, and a coat shaped like an Oxford “scholar’s gown,” but with some stick or other stiffening to make the top of the sleeves stand out straight from the shoulders, leaving the arms free. It reaches to the knees and is made of brown fibre. We climbed up a steep slope by a very slippery path, down which they had been sliding bamboos, dropped down to a little village and then wound among rugged hills apparently far from human habitation. There were no paddy fields here, only dense ravines full of bamboo thickets and a matted, impenetrable mass of vegetation. The valleys were full of babbling streams and pleasant waterfalls, yet the trail was well trodden, narrow and, in places, over-arched with bamboos. We finally came to the slopes of the high mountain that can

be seen due north of Foochow. The plant life on its slopes made all hope of climbing it impossible, and we did not find the cave we had gone out to find. Our gnome carried a lantern all day, but never discovered more than a rock shelter, which showed no trace of habitation.

I wish I could describe the scenery of this wild area ; I fear I cannot do justice to it. The ranges are very broken and rise one behind the other in a contorted mass. Most of the streams have worn down the valleys very deeply, and a great deal of capturing has taken place ; it is therefore impossible to follow up the valley as the traveller might expect to do ; it would lead him by a very round-about way. If you would reach your destination, you must tighten your belt, climb the ridge, cross the valley, climb the next ridge and on, till a day's journey seems to be a succession of going up and down stairs. Go where you will and look where you will, you may find it difficult to trace the main watershed. All you will find is a succession of ranges. Apart from the peak I have mentioned, there are practically no isolated summits, just sierra after sierra. In most places the rivers have not yet reached their flood plain, although in the bottom of some of the valleys they are slow and deep, unusually so for mountainous places. Usually they run swiftly over a rocky bed. A few waterfalls drop right over sheer cliffs. All the gorges are densely green, but the vegetation is seldom so thick as to present that green-carpet appearance when seen from above which is so typical of an equatorial rain forest. I think the charm lies as much in the lights and shades as in anything else, the mists rolling over the ridges, the shadows of the clouds on the valley bottoms, the entirely different vista that almost every step opens.

On looking over the country from a high point near Kooliang, where both the sea and the mountains are visible, I was reminded more than ever before of Homer's line, "range upon range of shadowy mountains, league after league of the unvintaged sea." They are shadowy mountains, yet they have not the barren ruggedness of the Greek hills or the terrific vital energy of the tropical sierras. In spite of the medley of hill and valley, in spite of the sparseness of human habitation, I never felt that these hills were really wild. They are the home of the tiger and the wild boar. In their fastnesses, so men say (for humanity is ever credulous), dragons still lurk, and no man knows where they are hid. The high hills have lawns where the mountain flowers are "more virginal and fresh than ours." I searched for, but never found, a ravine like the valley of the shadow of death. Green pastures beside still waters are unknown, but Nature, though she has scattered beauty with a lavish hand, has not given plentifully of the fruits of the earth. No doubt the valleys could be made into rice fields, some day, perhaps, they will be, when economic pressure demands; now we have only a few inhabited valleys, and the rest are jungle.

This is the home of the Tse li. The eagle circling over it would see the sharply-defined crests of the ridges usually, but not always, densely forested; he would see winding rivers in the bigger valleys, but the vegetation would hide the smaller streams except for a glint here and there. In places the lighter green of the paddy fields would strike the eye. Most of the landscape would probably be hidden in mists. In this land man lives hardly, and the stone steps of the mountain ways are soaked in the sweat of many generations. The people who live there, if

what they say is true, were driven from pleasanter homes. In this hard land they have learned to climb the steep paths, and to walk up the mountain sides, as we should walk up a street. They grow their little rice fields and gardens of sweet potatoes, yet even these they may not harvest unmolested; each little potato patch has a watch tower, and they get up in the middle of the night to drive off the wild pig. Too often the crops are rooted up in the short intervals they take for sleep. Leisure and amusements they have none, except opium smoking and gambling.

The women have an elaborate and very picturesque head-dress with a blue erection on the top of the head and a red flap at the nape of the neck. Unfortunately they were much too shy, both men and women, to permit of any anthropological examination being made. In general terms it may be said that the Tse li are short and stockily built. They have very brown skins and abundant hair. Mr. Sowerby told me, in the course of conversation, that he was very much impressed by the largeness of their eyes, but I am unable to confirm his observation. From such observations as I was able to make I was unable to distinguish them from their neighbours, the Chinese hill folk, though the distinctive dress of the women makes it possible always to know from which tribe they come. Both the Tse li and the hill folk are in the same ill-nourished condition to which I have already referred. They are both short, brachycephalic, brown people. To call the Tse li aborigines, as is currently done, is probably incorrect. They seem to have certain elements of mandarin in their language.¹

¹Professor Blakeney, of Foochow Christian University, who was with me during most of my stay in their villages, made a number of linguistic notes which, I hope, he intends to publish.

The Chinese call them by rude names—*Hsieh P'o gen*, the depraved old hag people (the real meaning cannot be printed here). Sometimes the name is shortened to *P'o gen*, the old hag people. They call themselves the people with peculiar ceremonies, the *Tse li gen*, which is the name I have adopted. The first village that I visited had the perfectly good Chinese name of Nanbien, "South Side," but south of what we failed to discover. Their houses do not differ from those of the Chinese, nor are they strictly endogamous. The school teacher, for instance, with whom we stopped, had a Chinese wife. On the whole, however, although they lead the same life as the Chinese hill men, they keep themselves apart from the latter. On a wet day (and I think that it often rains among the mountains) it is a very picturesque sight to see them, the little men with their brown overcoats and huge hats paddling about in the rice fields and the women with their blue and red head-dresses, short skirts barely coming to the knee and rolled-up trousers with healthy, well-formed brown legs. All were very shy of the strangers, but everybody, of course, came to have a peep and brought their babies with them, daggers and dogs alike, daggers for the hill women and dogs for the *Tse li*. This country is one of the few places where the term "son of a dog" is a compliment. They brought us a roll, made about thirty years ago, showing their descent.

Long ago the kingdom was threatened by a neighbouring emperor and proclamations were posted saying that the fairest of the emperor's three daughters would be given to any man who would deliver the kingdom. A certain dog read the proclamation and, tearing it down, carried it in his mouth to the court and asked permission to attempt

to win the prize. He was granted this permission, and went over the sea to the rival emperor's court. The latter was a drunkard, and when he was overcome with wine the dog bit off his head and, with the help of the god of the wind, came safely back across the sea to his own court. He kow-towed before the emperor and presented the head and claimed his reward. First of all they wanted to persuade him to accept another fair maiden, endowed with all accomplishments and of the imperial house, but he refused to accept her, so the three princesses were brought and the dog showed his choice by catching at the hem of her skirt with his teeth. He then bade them conceal him under a bell, saying that he would change to a man at the end of seven days. He was put under the bell, but the emperor was curious, and at the end of six days he ordered the bell to be raised. The dog's head only remained, the rest of the body had changed into that of a man. They lowered the bell and at the end of the seventh day the dog changed entirely into a man. This man was the ancestor of the present Tse li. The story naturally continues, but I was not able to follow the remainder. There are also one or two other versions current, although I have not seen any published. In some versions the transformation is never completed and the dog retains his own head. The head-dress of the women is supposed to recall this mythical ancestor.

Some authorities are inclined to associate the Tse li with the Hakkas, but the identification is by no means certain. It seems, however, to be current among most foreigners in Foochow and is probably based on sound traditions. Clementi, in his book dealing with the Chinese in British Guiana, has the

following very interesting footnote (p. 14)¹: "The Hakka (squatters, aliens) are located principally in Kwangtung and Kwanghsi, but are also found in small and scattered groups in Fukien, Kiangsi, Chekiang, Formosa and Hainan. Their original home was in Shantung, Shansi and Anhui. A first persecution (B.C. 249-209) drove them from Shantung and compelled them to settle down in Anhui, Honan and Kiangsi. A second persecution (A.D. 419) scattered them into the mountainous regions in the S.E. of Kiangsi and to the borders of Fukien. A third persecution in A.D. 620 compelled them again to take refuge in the mountains of Fukien and the high ranges which separate Kiangsi from Kwangtung. In A.D. 1368 they were driven from Fukien by disturbances which agitated that province and finally settled down in large numbers in the north of Kwangtung. Thence they spread over the west and south-west of Kwangtung and over different parts of Kwangsi."

There are certain difficulties in the way of identification of these various tribes. It has been suggested that some of them may be of Indonesian affinities. At present the case must be left *sub judice*. It seems clear, at least, that we have here people who do not, on a superficial examination, seem to differ physically from the Chinese hill tribes, although they do differ considerably from them linguistically. It seems not impossible that all the tribes in this southern coastal region may have some Indonesian blood in them, but there is no greater reason at present to suspect it among the so-called aborigines than among the rest.

We saw the scroll giving the history of the Tse li in the schoolroom, but owing to Chinese methods of

¹I have altered the spelling of place names in this quotation, to conform to the R.G.S. list.

reading the lesson at the top of the voice, in order that the teacher may know that the pupil is really minding his book, our presence did not materially affect their studies. The school contained twelve little boys and one little girl; the latter had rather a bad time. The presence of a female scholar up in these hills is very unusual. I visited one or two of the other Tse li villages, but they presented no features unlike the one I have described, except that each had a situation, if possible, surrounded by better natural scenery than the last.

We left Guonka at half-past three in the morning. Not that we liked getting up early, but rather because we felt that if we did not get foreign food soon we should be ill, and the thought of breakfast roused us. Imagine the state of bonhomie prevailing over a Chinese inn at that time of the morning. Men, women, pigs, dogs, chickens, and ducks in a medley of profound and cacophonous slumber. Everything dripped with the rain. The landlord and one coolie awoke and gave us tea. We packed up our beds, munched a cake, I lighted a pipe and we stumbled out into the darkness, up over the slippery stones, across the stream to the head of the valley and on to the crest; as it slowly got light through the dripping pines the sun came up with a rainbow and mists, but with none of the splendours of dawn. We climbed up and down ridges, through paddy fields along bare crests, with no vegetation except rank grass. We slipped in mud, we lost the trail once or twice, I lost a shoe, but we thoroughly enjoyed the journey. The mists roll up the valleys and hide the summits till all is a confused mass and the traveller can hardly tell in which direction he is travelling. Anon comes a coolie wearing sandals, "shorts" and an umbrella; I could pick

him up and throw him down the mountain side almost with one hand, yet he cheerfully carries ninety pounds for twenty miles, and his wife and daughter do almost as much.

On the hills to the north of Pagoda Anchorage lies the famous shrine of Kushan monastery, an interesting place because, in many ways, it suggested some of the elements of mediæval monasteries in Europe. The monastic buildings themselves lie on a wooded slope and there are several minor shrines nearby. The whole place is well kept up, and the floors are swept; everything seemed to be new and clean, almost, but not quite, imitating Japanese monasteries. The principle treasures are the tear and the tooth of Buddha. Of the nature of the former I am uncertain; the latter, as far as I could see, was the tooth of some fossil species of elephant. The library was the only part of the monastery which was not kept clean, and the method of caring for the books seemed to be that in use in other libraries, namely, that of not reading them. Some of the books are said to be written in human blood.

The monks have their own power plant and electric light, and they are building a hospital for charitable purposes. There are a number of foreign buildings, which spoil the picturesqueness of the place, and the beer bottles which decorate the shrines are also lacking in æsthetic value. The fishpond provides a convenient means of wiping out sins. The carp wax fat on the cakes which the pious pilgrims buy for them. When we were there they were feeding the fish on a kind of mushroom which appeared a quaint form of diet. The great monastic kitchens are like Oxford college kitchens, except that, of course, the food is entirely vegetarian. They have quite a big menagerie, and adhere very strictly to

the rule of not killing anything in the monastic precincts. One of the minor temples on the hillside has an ingenious arrangement for working the clapper of a bell. There is a spring of water which rises in the middle of the temple and turns an over-shot water-wheel; once in every revolution this turns a beam which is attached by a cord to a wooden fish. The fish is dragged back and as it falls forward strikes the bell. The whole monastery is, at the same time, a mixture of the old traditional cults of a thousand temples throughout the length of China, and a modern spirit. One of the students from Foochow University was stopping there, and it appears that many of the students do spend their vacations there, but they do not study except in so far as they have brought their own books with them. The monastery in no sense is a place of education. Yet the hospital which is being built suggested a real understanding of the ideas of western medicine, and the power plant is, perhaps, a still greater proof that even in remote corners a renaissance is taking place.

My journey down from the hills was another pleasant trip at dawn and was a true voyage through the clouds. It was pleasant and sunshiny on the hills with the coolness and freshness of the morning. The plain was a white billowy sea of mist, which spread from my feet across the river to the hills beyond. The road was very crowded, mostly with hill-women bringing up provisions, and a few coolies carrying wood and tiles for the foreign settlement. They were all delightful folk and smiled at us. There was one girl whose face I still remember. She was rather short even for the people here, with a round, brown, rather thin yellow face. Her clothes were black and consisted, as far as I know, of two pieces,

a smock reaching nearly down to the knees and short trousers rolled up to the knees. She wore three daggers in her hair ; in fact, the normal dress of the hill women. What was remarkable about this lady was that she had carried a heavy load up fifteen hundred feet along a steep path and could still smile at six-thirty in the morning. We left her behind and stopped at the tea-house at the bottom of the hill. It was a poor place, inhabited chiefly, it would appear, by women, babies, and pigs, with a floating population of coolies sharing a water-pipe which belonged to the house. They smoke a rich mixture flavoured with peanut oil. I had a pipeful. Perhaps the water-pipe softens the bite of the tobacco or the coolies need a strong smoke. The tea-house abuts on a pool inhabited by water buffaloes and has a glorious tree, and one or two little booths to shelter travellers. It reminded me of the story of the magistrate and the dishonest keeper of the tea-house—though that is really an Amoy story. A certain wise mandarin was travelling incognito. He stopped to drink tea at a roadside rest-house. As he was sipping his tea he noticed that the innkeeper had a little pile of chopped grass on a hidden shelf underneath the counter. He always put a little of this into the tea of coolies when they came in. The magistrate accused him of taking advantage of the coolies and making them pay their cash for hot water and straw, but the innkeeper said, No, he was doing good, not evil. When a coolie arrived hot and dusty from his journey, if pure tea were given to him he would gulp it down, not caring whether it were good or bad, and that made him sick. If he had chopped grass in his tea he had to drink slowly, stopping to spit out the grass, so he took by sips. Then, when he had had one cup he was given good,

clean tea, and, his first thirst having gone, he drank it slowly. So the magistrate praised the innkeeper for his thoughtfulness, saying that he cared even more for the people than a mandarin, who was father and mother to them. Now after many years the tea-house keeper died and was buried. After a short time a rich man wanted to have his burial place for there was much luck in the spot,¹ and he removed the innkeeper's bones. Whereat the relations of the dead man made a great to-do and said that the ancestral spirit would have no rest. The case was brought up before the same magistrate, who was now a very old man. In giving judgment he said that there was no reason why the family should think that they would have bad luck because their father's bones had been moved, "for," he said, "it is not where a man's body lies, but what he did in his life which affects his descendants. This man was virtuous while he lived and his virtue will still bring glory to his descendants were his bones scattered over the eighteen provinces." In one place where I was everybody knew this story but it did not affect their conduct.

I have taken longer to tell this story than the coolies did to smoke and have their tea. I climbed into my chair, and off we went again through crooked streets, past a sow with eighteen piglets (I counted; surely the number seems excessive?), into the little stone-paved ways among the paddy fields. By this time the sun was thoroughly up and everybody was busy. Especially in evidence were the water-wheels used for raising water from the stream to fields at a

¹I translate the Chinese word "fêng shui" here by the word "luck;" literally it means "wind" and "water" and refers to the spirits who haunt the place; the burial ground with the greatest amount of luck seems to be a place surrounded on three sides by hills. Some of the most lovely spots in the Far East, from the Ming tombs to a Chinese cemetery near Buitenzorg in Java, have a liberal allowance of this potent magic.

higher level. These wheels are carried about in two parts and are used all over the rice area. The first time I saw them was in Korea. The trough consists of three pieces of plank about six or eight feet long, nailed together so as to form a channel open at both ends. Along this channel there runs an endless chain with flat paddles. The second part consists of a beam with billets of wood driven into it at right-angles, and a bearing. This beam is set at right-angles to the trough and is turned by the feet—a kind of treadmill. Two or more work at it, and in the hot countries often have a matting roof. We met few passengers on the road, most of the people were burden bearers, carrying chiefly the odoriferous contents of the village stone tanks. China is economical. Manure is not allowed to waste by seeping into the ground or by the escape of nitrogen in any way. It is put into tanks of stone which are covered over; I think that the Chinese peasants are smell-blind. The general principle of Chinese agriculture is that anything which is taken off a field must, as far as possible, be restored to it. This logical and satisfactory principle has enabled them to develop intensive culture. The unsanitary nature, however, of such a proceeding need not be described. They realize, as the result, probably, of centuries of this type of agriculture, that if anything raw is eaten or drunk serious consequences are likely to occur, and their national drink probably saves them from many epidemics.

I wandered round the river-town along narrow, winding ways, as I wanted to purchase the four precious things—ink, an ink-stone, paper and Chinese pencils. They cost one thousand four hundred cash odd, about two shillings and ninepence at the then rate of exchange. I produced “big money,” and

after translating cash into coppers and coppers into "small money" and small money into big, it took quite a lot of arithmetic. I have always supposed that the Chinese have been so busy doing arithmetic that they have had no time for mathematics. The abacus is, once you understand it, an excellent instrument. The one in ordinary use contains a variable number of vertical bars containing beads. The number of the bars depends on the extent of work required of the instrument. There is one dividing horizontal bar. Above this are two beads on each of the vertical bars, and five below. When the abacus is cleared, that is, when it reads zero, the upper beads are moved to the top and the lower beads to the bottom. Each row counts ten times the value of the column on the right. The strictly decimal system is adhered to and it does not matter where on the instrument the digits begin. The top row on the abacus is never used, and in most Japanese forms has disappeared. In working, it is necessary to think in fives and in tens. In order to score, the beads are moved towards the centre; each of the beads below the horizontal bar counts one and the bead over the bar counts five. To put 568 on the abacus, move the bead above the bar on the third vertical bar from the right (or any other vertical bar more to the left) towards the centre so that it touches the horizontal bar, then on the vertical bar to the right of that chosen, move the bead above the line to the centre and one bead below the line to the centre. That will give the value of the tens. For the units, move down the top bead (this makes five) and move three of the beads below the line up to the centre, five and three make eight. In working the calculation is always completed as the calculator proceeds. As in most types of calculating machines,

multiplication is done by addition, and division by subtraction. In working it is necessary to think in decimals and in fives, *i.e.*, $8 = 5 + 3$ or $10 - 2$, according to the condition of the board. If you already have 2 or more in the right column, to add 8 to the sum, subtract 2 from the column by moving 2 beads down from the centre; and add 10 by moving one bead towards the centre in the column on the left. To subtract 8, unless your column reads 9, *i.e.*, one bead above the line and four below the line have been moved to the centre already, perform exactly the inverse operation by adding two to the right column and taking one away from the column on the left. For instance, to subtract 8 from 85, move the bead above the line down to the centre, and in the same column move three beads below the line up to the centre. In the column immediately on the right move the bead above the line to the centre. We now have our abacus ready. To perform the operation, follow our rule. Add two to the right-hand column by moving two beads up to the centre, and take away one from the left-hand column by moving a bead below the line away from the centre. Other figures have corresponding rules, $7 = 5 + 2$ or $10 - 3$, and so on. The Chinese calculator knows these rules off instinctively as we know our multiplication table. The average person is not very skilful. Indeed, it requires a lot of practice and it is difficult to understand without an instrument to practice on. The Japanese are most annoying. They use their abaci to work out four times five; it is troublesome if you want to catch a train. On the other hand, at a bank somebody worked out the value of £30 in dollars Mex. to four decimal places, *i.e.*, cash, with the dollar at $2/6$ and nine-sixteenths, and did it right long before

I had done it on paper. The calculation is, of course,

$$\frac{30 \times 240 \times 16}{(30 \times 16) + 9}$$

which is not very easy without a scrap of paper.

I was explaining to the man who was showing me round the mysteries of the abacus, on one which I borrowed for the purpose from the shop we happened to be in (for every shop has one as a matter of course), when the old man who sold me the ink-stone told me that if it was not satisfactory I could come and change it. I said that to-morrow I was leaving the middle kingdom. He replied that if I came back after a year he would know me and would change it if it had proved unsatisfactory.

I spent the rest of my time in Foochow in a sanpan, or nearly all of it, exploring the various by-ways of the river streets and watching the river traffic.

Owing to the stagnation of trade, especially the tea trade, Foochow does little business now. More settled conditions elsewhere have robbed the port of trade, and there does not seem to be the same market as of old for the finest Foochow tea. Some of the old crafts still flourish. They make very beautiful lacquer and endeavour, according to the quaintly-worded advertisement, to keep up the tradition of their ancestors.

CHAPTER VIII

AMOY AND THE CHINESE IN THE DUTCH INDIES

FROM Foochow I went on to Amoy in a coasting steamer and had one day at sea, coasting along wild green hills that call for little comment. There had been a bad typhoon a few weeks before. The centre of the typhoon hit the port of Swatow, but all the coastal population had felt the effect. The nets had been broken, the junks wrecked and there were few fishermen in the shallow seas.

We came to anchor opposite the Bund at Amoy at dawn. The hills round the harbour are covered, in places, with a dense vegetation, and everywhere with huge boulders which vary from mere pebbles to rocks many tons in weight. These hills rise precipitously out of the sea in all directions, giving the effect of a series of mountain ranges and no valleys, for the valleys are blue sea-water, which is always changing colour. You have always the same type of view wherever you look. Yet you cannot look in the same direction for any length of time without feeling that the whole view is changing as you look. The scenery of north Fukien, which I have described in the last chapter, is before your eyes and yet, where there should be rice fields and tea gardens there is an inland sea. Apart from the sea, there is a remarkable absence of colour, green hills, just green in the hard sunlight. But at the base of the hills, running up into great wide valleys and fiords, there is an ever-changing sea, which frowns or smiles, is

clean or dirty, calm or rough, according to the weather, the wind, and the state of the tide.

There were two cities which might be visited. I could go to Changchow, which has straight streets and is said (I do not know with how much truth) to be very up-to-date ; or I could choose an old Chinese city which had slept, it was alleged, for many centuries ; I chose the latter alternative and fate and my own inclinations led me to go up country and see the little city of Tong An. I had, as a servant, a nice quiet boy who gave every evidence of being devoted to my interests but, as he and I spoke different languages, we did not exchange a word all the time he was with me—an excellent character in a servant. The river-boat was supposed to start at daybreak, but we did not get under weigh till after nine.

The launch chugged up the broad stretch of the river, first through mountainous scenery and later through an alluvial plain with mountains in the distance. The stream is very wide. There are only a few villages visible, though many exist, as there are many fishermen on the stream. At the limit of tidal waters we got into a sanpan—a light boat—my boy and I, two or three Chinese ladies, a charming little girl of about six summers, four or five men, several pieces of baggage, some meat, three ants, two spiders and a cockroach ; that was, I think, the complete ship's company. The journey up-stream was pleasant in the extreme, except to the crew, for the wind helped but little and they had to toil with poles. We slowly glided past low banks covered with vegetation, not, on the whole, very unlike parts of the Thames in places. The mountains were far away. At the end of some hours our flotilla, for there were about ten boats, reached our destination.

The boats were large, unwieldy craft drawing very little water. The boatmen handled them with the utmost skill. My host, an American missionary, was fortunately at the landing-stage, and it began to rain, as it did most of the time I was in southern China. The streets here, as elsewhere in many of the old Chinese cities in the south, where there is no wheeled traffic, are extremely narrow; moreover, they are roofed, but not completely. In a heavy rain the result is deadly, as the rain pours into the centre of the street and may not be avoided. We sheltered first at a tobacconist; I was induced to buy some tobacco, flavoured with peanut oil. I understand, since then, why they use such small pipes. Then we went to the shop of a maker of cakes; he had four little boys to help him. The first took a bit of dough and roughly worked it to the right size, the second worked it to the right shape, the third put sweet stuff inside it and finished it off, number four wrapped up the cakes in paper after they had been cooked by the master of the shop. He had a barrel which had been converted into an oven by smearing inside with clay. He filled this with brushwood, fired it till it was hot, cleaned it out and then stuck the cakes round the inside, where they adhered till they were cooked. It started to rain very heavily again, so we turned in at the shop of a certain apothecary, a garrulous old gentleman with a beard like a goat. He lamented the evil condition of the city. In spite of the severity of the magistrate, he affirmed that the number of rogues was increasing daily. The magistrate had earned his reputation for severity by beginning his term of office by beheading eight of the worst malefactors.

The weather cleared a little and we went to have a further "look see" at the city. There was much

todo .In front of most of the houses were lanterns and bowls of rice and other foodstuffs, each with a joss stick burning in them, for it was the first day of the seventh moon, and therefore a feast of lanterns. The alleys looked very pretty when it grew dark, though I am built on too generous a scale to appreciate them. I am always bumping into something, pig, child or coolie. In strong contrast to the people of the North, the people here are very short, with curiously domed heads and very prominent cheek bones.

The physical anthropology of this part of China yet remains to be studied. Quite apart from the so-called aboriginal tribes like the Hakkas and the Miao there is an immense variation in the Chinese themselves. The racial types vary to a great extent from province to province. By types I do not mean those minor differences that one can always find almost from village to village, but differences as wide if not, as I suspect, wider, than those which in Europe Ripley has classified into three fundamental types. All those characters which an older generation of anthropologists considered to be good criteria of race vary in China. In most places it seems probable that the cephalic index tends towards brachycephaly. In Tung An this brachycephaly is very marked. On the other hand, of the Chinese skulls in the University Museum in Oxford coming from unknown parts of China there is not a single one that is brachycephalic. In Tung An again, I was of a stature that was very conspicuous. In the North my height was never considered remarkable. In the older text-books it was considered that a medium nose was a feature among the Chinese. Few, it is true, have a very narrow nose, yet the variations throughout the country are very great, sufficient to suggest that here, as elsewhere, the

nasal index corresponds, as Prof. Thomson has shown, to the climate to which the people or their ancestors have been subjected. The majority of the Chinese live under climatic conditions which would, according to Thomson's theory, tend to produce rather broader noses than those of white men. The colours of the skin seems to be the most decisive factor in differentiating the two races. Even admitting, however, that there is a great variation in the indices which seems probable, there is no reason to consider the method entirely discredited, as some ethnologists are inclined to do. I am inclined to put forward the tentative suggestion that a number of the factors which we consider at present to be racial characters are rather the effect of environment, but that, at the same time, different stocks are apt to react to environment in different ways. In this way the factors which, for instance, tend to produce round heads among the white races may produce a different degree of round-headedness among the Chinese. Until some worker does for China what Ripley has done for Europe, it will be difficult to gauge the value of this or similar theories.

Although China is popularly supposed to be the home of teeming millions, in a city like Tung An there are many empty houses. In some cases, perhaps, this is due to a shifting of the centres of population, although it is not always the case. There is a certain amount of honour and glory attached to the building of a house; any fool can repair one that is already built. There is certainly in this city and, where there is room, elsewhere, a tendency to live in a house till it is beyond any possibility of serving as a human habitation, and then to migrate elsewhere and to build a new house, leaving the old one desolate.

As always in Chinese cities, the place swarms with pigs. Many are tethered in the streets. I saw one ingeniously secured with a foreign paper clip and a cash, the clip was clipped to its ear through the cash, to which a string was tied through the hole in the middle. Inside some of the houses, if you look in, you may be surprised to find oxen. They are blindfolded with a leather mask and patiently walk round grinding rice in huge stone querns. Sitting on their front doorsteps were many women shelling peanuts, which forms a regular industry here, especially among the older women of the poorer class. The younger usually sewed or minded babies. Of one woman whom we saw nursing a baby, the following story was told. An old lady acquired a daughter-in-law in order that she might have someone to worship at the ancestral tablets. Having got the daughter-in-law she had to have a son for the girl to marry. She found one, but before the marriage could take place the girl died, so she had to find another girl for her son to marry. After about a year, she succeeded and the young people were happily married; then the old lady, having satisfactorily arranged for the worship of the ancestral ghosts, died herself. Soon after, the girl had a baby, which was unfortunately stillborn, not a very common occurrence here. So the young mother, to comfort her heart, to drink her milk and to have an heir to the ancestral worship, bought a baby from one of the poorer neighbours who had too many—that was the child she had at her breast. The family of the old woman's husband was continued to the third generation. Quite a lot of children seemed to be rather in dispute. There was one rather nice little girl who had been bought from her parents by a rich uncle who promised to marry her well, after

bringing her up as his own daughter. The child had changed houses rather too late, and for some reason preferred her own home to the luxury of her uncle's. So she ran away. This happened several times and her parents tried to buy her back, but the rich man refused as he had plenty of money, although the sum was a large one to the parents. He accused the parents of over-persuading the child; eventually, as the child would not stay with him, he let her go back. Another little boy seemed to belong conjointly to two women.

Normally, the daughters-in-law are introduced into the house at an early age in order that the mothers-in-law with whom they will have to live may have the training of them. In most parts of China these girls do not live with their husbands till the actual date of the marriage. In Tung An, unusual as it may seem, this does appear to be the case; there is said to be hardly a virgin of sixteen years old, in most cases because the betrothal being, of course, binding, the girls cohabit with their husbands before marriage. It is stated that some form of polyandry, that is, one woman having several legal husbands, prevails in the district. I do not know the source of this statement but it is possible that the story may be explained as follows. In an isolated district among the mountains of which Poa Nia is the principle village, considerable laxity of morals prevails. The country is very disturbed and the husbands are often away from home. The women accept lovers quite openly in the absence of their husbands, who do not seem to be particularly disturbed about the matter. The lovers have, however, no claim on the women and do not live with them in their houses. The matter can hardly be called polyandry, but may have given rise to the

story which has found its way into the books. The district, of course, has a very bad reputation as such a course is as shocking, if not more shocking, to the Chinese mind than it would be to our own. Hardly more than a thousand people are involved in this curious custom in certain isolated mountain villages, a geographical condition that usually accompanies polyandry. I have no data as to the children of such irregular unions, but believe that they belong to the woman's husband's family. One of the Chinese teachers suggested, though I think without much show of reason, that Poa Nia was in a tea-planting district and that both sexes go away from their homes during the season and that considerable moral laxity exists on the plantations. He admitted, however, that it also went on in the villages.

There are mountains all round Tung An, though not sufficiently near to shut it in, and the roads are very unsafe because of bandits. This is a typical story about the bandits. It could, of course, be paralleled throughout China to-day. There were two brothers, brigands. The older was formerly a robber chief, in August, 1922. I have no later clue to his movements—he was a southern patriot, a sort of Chinese *roi des montagnes*. The younger brother caught a schoolboy and held him to ransom. Men went out to see the elder brother, who said he would arrange matters. The captured boy escaped, which angered the younger brother, especially when the robber chief forbade reprisals. A little time before this there had been trouble between the boy's village and another village about certain rights which each claimed. The younger brother proceeded to stir up this trouble again, so men went to big brother, who called little brother off. Much arbitration ensued and finally the matter was settled to the satisfaction

of the boy's village, though not to the satisfaction of the younger bandit ; my informant sagely added that he was merely waiting to stir up more trouble.

Our neighbours outside the church (for I was living in a Chinese house, the main room of which had been converted into a church) were interesting people, although I felt forcibly after hearing the stories of most of the native Christians—there are exceptions—that on the whole, as in Rome in the early days, Christianity was the religion of those who had run life's race but ill. Just opposite was the house of an old lady and her husband. They had got into trouble and been thrown out of their own village. I did not meet the man, but the old lady was always around. Is it uncharitable to say I was not surprised at their misfortunes ? However, they had managed to get a house and a few acres and were now doing well again. Next to them was the house of a little shopkeeper ; he had managed to build up a little business as the Chinese will, labouring under the disadvantages of ill-health. He finally died of tuberculosis. Just beyond, there lived a man who was slightly deficient mentally, and things were going badly with him when he managed to secure an efficient wife, such a nice woman. She showed me how they sifted the rice ; and now he is better and they manage to carry on. The whole little community seemed to picture the beginnings of Christianity long ago ; the persecution of the relations was the same as had occurred in Rome because most of the Christians refused to take part in the family worship, and therefore are compelled to be practically endogamous, a serious disadvantage in a little community. Up at Guonka we found one solitary Christian, a young student, who belonged to a

wealthier family but who found it very difficult, even in the land of many religions, to follow yet one more. Beyond the houses I have been describing was the Roman church and school. It so happened that my hosts were always Protestants, who reviled the Church of Rome in no uncertain terms. I did not, therefore, get a chance of seeing the work of that devoted band of men to whom we really owe our earliest scientific knowledge of China. They have this advantage, that their thoughts are not taken up by consideration of their next furlough, for they do not leave China again in the majority of cases ; nor are they warped by the nagging of neurasthenic women. They also seem to collect their congregations from the outposts of society, the wrecks and the flotsam and jetsam of the struggle for economic existence.

I wandered about in spite of the rain and was introduced to some of the people. In one house I was interested to find some pigeon whistles similar to those which I have described as coming from Peking. Here I only found simple pipes, not the gourds with many whistles which are so common in Peking. They may sometimes be found in Foochow, but their use is by no means so general as in the North.

Next day I went to see the city proper, inside the walls. We went in at the west gate, inside which is a sort of military parade ground. The gate is narrow, I could touch the wall on either side at the same time with my outstretched hands. The wall itself is about fifteen feet high, six feet broad at the top and twelve to fifteen broad at the base. A moat runs round on two sides ; on the other two are rivers. In most places there is a little path just outside the wall, between it and the moat or river bank. There

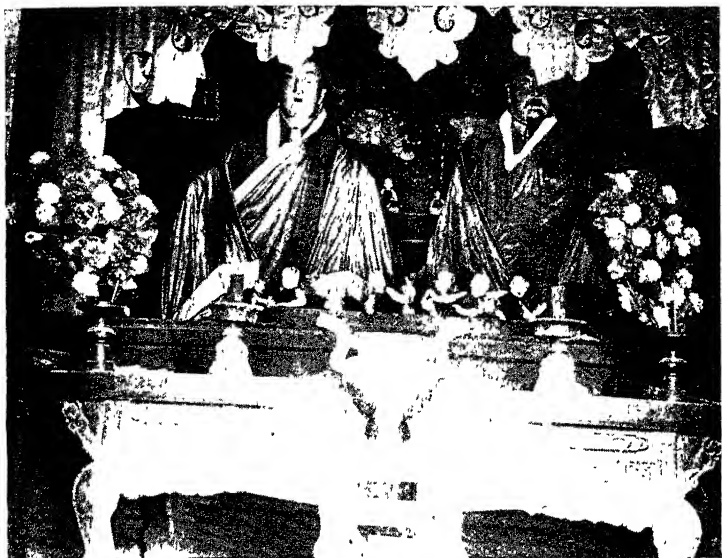
is a path on the top of the wall behind the battlements, only broad enough in a few places for two to walk abreast. There are remains of guard towers at intervals, and one or two brass cannon lying about ; from the inside the wall looks very decrepit, from the outside it appears in better condition. It has been in action, if I may so use the term, in the last few years. It seems so strange ; these old crumbling battlements, these forgotten guard towers. Elsewhere they are preserved, if they are preserved at all, as interesting relics of antiquity. Here in China they may crumble yet they still have a purpose to fulfil, and in a quaint way they fulfil that purpose. Fancy mounting guard on a brass cannon which you would use, if you knew how to. The drill ground inside the gate was not at the time being used for military purposes, as there did not happen to be a garrison. Children and goats had taken possession. The children came up to the usual Chinese standard, and one little boy knew enough Mandarin to understand me. Where he learned it I do not know, but he attached himself to the party, claiming as his perquisite the black papers from my film pack.

We turned down outside the walls to visit the temple of the " Heavenly Grandfather." The temple is in ruins, and many of the images have been carried away ; the great granite columns carved with dragons in high relief are falling, one after the other, yet the place is still revered and worship goes on. An old woman came in who had walked over the hills, half a day's journey ; her children were sick and her eldest daughter was expecting her first child. I think she may have meant her grand-daughter, as she was seventy. She tried the lots, two bamboo roots round on one side, flat on the other. She

threw them down before the altar and the omens were favourable the first time, as one root fell with round side uppermost, and the other with the flat side uppermost.¹ The gods were favourable and the old lady went through the ritual with the fullest assurance that all was well and that her prayers would be answered. She told us so, and, anyway, you could see it on her face. She burned money for the spirits. The notes were worth a thousand dollars in the underworld. It cost about eighty cents here, as the rate of exchange is in favour of the living rather than the dead; but eighty cents was a lot to the old lady. She said her prayers, and put rice, eggs and peanuts before the particular divinity she wished to honour, then lighted a joss-stick in them, so that the spirit of the food might go to the place of the gods. And though she said no one had been to that place to see if the money really arrived, she was convinced that it did. She was a dear old soul. When I am seventy I do not think I shall like to walk fifteen miles over the mountains in the rain to worship at a ruined shrine. I hope the old gods of China gave her daughter an easy labour. There is always a spirit of peace in the old Chinese temples which the traveller must feel, even if he knows nothing of the real religion of the people. They have from classical times an appreciation of the beauties of nature which in the West we hardly attained till the Romantic took the place of the Classical in our literature. The feeling is well expressed in the poem of Tu Fu.²

¹If both roots fall with the round or flat face uppermost, the omens are unfavourable, if unlike sides are uppermost, favourable.

²*Fir-Flower Tablets*, translated by Florence Ayscough and Amy Lowell, quoted by the former in an article on *The Chinese Idea of a Garden*. *The China Journal of Science and Arts*, January, 1923. I have slightly altered the translation.



DEITIES IN THE TAOIST TEMPLE, PEKING



A RUINED SHRINE IN THE WESTERN HILLS,
NEAR PEKING



CHINESE CHILDREN, PEKING



TWO CHILDREN STANDING IN THE RUINS OF THE
SUMMER PALACE, PEKING

A DESULTORY VISIT TO THE FENG HSIEN TEMPLE
AT THE DRAGON'S GATE

*I had already wandered away from the People's temple,
But I was obliged to sleep within the precincts of the
shrine.*

*The dark ravine was full of the music of silence,
The moon scattered bright shadows through the forest.
The Great Gate against the sky seemed to trespass upon
the paths of the planets.*

*Sleeping among the clouds, the raiment of my body was
cold.*

*Wishing to wake, I heard the sunrise bell
Commanding men to come forth and examine themselves
in meditation.*

We came out of the calm atmosphere of the temple into the busy suburb outside the wall, past the shops where they sold spirit-money and in through the south gate into the city. A magistrate always enters a city by the south gate; that is a good omen. There is a story of a magistrate of Tung An who came into the city along this southern road in the time of the Mings. There was great merry-making and he feasted all the people. In the afternoon a great hubbub arose and a certain seller of sweetmeats accused a boy of stealing cash from his tray on which he kept his takings. When the magistrate had discovered the cause of the uproar he ordered the gates of the city to be closed so that the case might receive summary jurisdiction. Evidence was taken, and it appeared that the sweetmeat seller had lost many cash, but there was nothing to show that the boy, who kept protesting his innocence, had taken them. So the magistrate released the boy, but in order that the sweetmeat seller might not suffer any loss he ordered everybody present to put a cash into

the tray, each man to pay his contribution singly. The magistrate paid in the first cash. So they all paid in turn, and the magistrate watched them as they filed past. Suddenly he ordered his guards to arrest a certain man. This they did and the man confessed, under torture, that he was the thief. The chief men of the city asked the magistrate how he had discovered the guilty man. He said that he had noticed formerly that the cash of a sweetmeat seller were always sticky, because his hands were sticky from handling his wares, and, as he watched the people paying their cash, he saw that a certain man would have put down a cash but it stuck to his fingers, so he knew that that was the thief.

We climbed up the wall and viewed the city. Much of it is in ruins ; times are sufficiently quiet for men to live outside the walls. The temples we saw were either in good condition or were being repaired. The present magistrate, I think I have mentioned, was a new broom. I am always interested in diet, so I made a special tour to the shops to see the things that people ate. In one place they were pressing out bean curd and making it into slabs which they stained with water in which gardenia seeds had been soaked. The provisions needed a greater knowledge than mine. The prominent articles of diet, apart from rice, which is, of course, the background to everything, were dried cuttle-fish and diminutive oysters. There were innumerable sea foods that I could not identify and a number of baby sharks about eighteen inches long. Taro is grown locally but apparently is not held in high favour. In an open space was the wood market. Most of the carriers were women, short, brown and swarthy, with bare arms and legs, a smock and those quaint little pointed hats they wear. The official

weigher was in attendance ; he gave each of them a slip on which the weight was written ; this is accepted by buyer and seller. The weigher gets a copper for his pains ; he has to give exact measure, otherwise he loses his post as his election depends entirely on popular favour. One evening there was a Punch and Judy show. I only caught a glimpse of it, as the missionary with whom I was, declared that the remarks put into the mouths of the puppets were so indecent that he could not stop. I could not understand, so it seemed that my morals were not endangered, but I was not allowed to stop. The stage was almost exactly like our own Punch and Judy shows, nor did the actions of the puppets seem very different. For costumes they were dressed as in the time of the Mings.

In the centre of the city is the Yamen (the office) of the local magistrate. It was a large and imposing house to which repairs were being done by prisoners in chains who seemed to be happy enough otherwise. It is difficult in a few brief notes to give a picture of what life is like in a small Chinese city of the South. There has been fighting there quite recently, and it is more or less dangerous to go up into the hills because of brigands. Life is very hard ; the women and the men carry the burdens, and animals are not used for transportation. Yet in spite of the hard life, and the great squalor, it is possible to find in the city beautiful works of art ; and there are one or two scholars in the place who can write with all the beauty of Chinese calligraphy, and who recognized on my visiting card the characters which are used conventionally to mean " Oxford." This University has the advantage over the sister university. " Oxford " can be written with the *ox* and the *ford* characters. There being no word for *cam* in the

Chinese language, scholars have compromised and call it "Golden Bridge."

The journey up to Tung An had been a great pleasure; that down was a torture. It rained steadily the whole way. In the sanpan I could neither stand (for it was not high enough) nor sit (because after a time Chinese methods of sitting are painful to a foreigner). On the launch we managed somehow to pack ourselves, a moist mass of seminaked humanity. The boy next to me would rest his elbow on my shoulder as I sat on the narrow bench. Umbrellas hung from the roof and dripped on us. What appeared to be the ship's toothbrush dangled in a prominent position. Rice strainers also hung from the awning and hit anybody who tried to stand up. Poultry were fastened in baskets all round the ship like the shields on a viking galley. By the intervention of Providence they were not drowned. Still, we arrived at Amoy. Amoy is like most of the cities in southern China. It has a wall, in this case that is not a conspicuous feature, little streets not very narrow and paved, with the sewers underneath the pavement. The city is divided into wards by gates which are shut at night to prevent the escape of thieves. As honest men as well as thieves may want to walk abroad at night, there is a small postern for them. Thieves are not, of course, supposed to use the postern. Part of Amoy, the bund along the shore, and the island of Kulingsu, is an international settlement. Times are bad and little trade is done; there is a certain amount of emigration especially to Singapore. One of the most interesting ventures from this port, and the other trading ports of South China, was the carrying of Chinese labour to the very remote district of British Guiana.¹

¹The story is told in full in Clementi *The Chinese in British Guiana*.

In spite of the ghastly difficulties of transporting the Chinese such a long distance in sailing ships the experiment seems, on the whole, to have been a successful one, but owing, either to conditions of climate or, still more probably, an insufficient number of Chinese women, the colony may be said now to have died out.

The scenery around Amoy, both in general—the green rocky islands standing up out of the sea—and in particular detail, is worthy of description. I climbed up behind the city to the Valley of Ten Thousand Rocks. Directly behind the town of Amoy is a gorge with a stream of water running down it in a series of cascades. At the top of the gorge temples have been built among the rocks, often incorporating them. They nestle down among the boulders almost as if they had grown up from them. To the traveller whom chance has taken by the road that I followed, and to whom, therefore, South China means the coastal strip of South Fukien, the contrast between the scenery of the southern and the northern hills is very great. The northern form a series of escarpments, strongly marked in outline, whose general order it is easy to determine. In the south this is impossible. In the north I always got the impression of distance ; distance in the hills of Fukien is limited to the next range. There are great ethnological contrasts. There seems to be a greater homogeneity in the north, the only boundary being the great escarpment. In the southern coastal strip there are contrasting languages, clans, customs, traditions, and, possibly, physique.

That there is a marked difference in physique is evident. The point of uncertainty is whether this difference is of fundamental importance or the effect of environment on closely-allied stocks. It seems a

curious thing that the traditions of so many of the mountain folks point to a northern origin. The southerners are a squat sturdy race, with round heads, often very prominent cheek bones and, out in the country, little superfluous flesh. Naturally, in the towns the obese type, who sits in his shop lazily fanning his too solid flesh, is common enough, but in the country I have seen few of them. The head has a curiously characteristic domed shape, both in men and in women, and there is usually no flattening at the vertex. The women are broad-hipped and small-breasted. Supernumerary mammæ are not uncommon among the men. They are unusual among the women. I was surprised to find what a degree of emaciation the people can reach, especially the men. Perhaps it is more noticeable among them, as they are normally only covered from the waist to the knee. The struggle for existence is a hard one and I suspect the majority of being insufficiently nourished all their lives.

I spent a short time in Hongkong while the ship was in port. It rained steadily, so that I really could not see the beauties of the place. One evening I went with a party of my Chinese friends to a Chinese restaurant. Restaurants are one of the most characteristic things in any town, and show the sociologist in a rapid survey much of interest in his studies. The dinner was a good one; I enjoyed it very much; and the party (all Chinese except myself) was a merry one. We ate shark's fins and other delicacies, which were nice to the taste but whose origin was baffling. We drank chrysanthemum tea and lager beer. A sing-song girl was sent for to make sweet music. One of my hosts said very truly that such music is anyway unpleasant to listen to for western ears, so we might

as well choose a girl who did not offend the eyes as well. However, our fair entertainer, dressed in pink, with cheeks to match, was not a great success, and seemed annoyed that we paid her so little attention. She played a kind of zither, hammering on the strings with a little hammer in each hand, singing the while. I am not educated up to it. I had misjudged previously the potentialities of the human voice. All the paraphernalia for smoking opium were provided, but we preferred tobacco.

The general idea of these restaurants is very different from a foreign restaurant. Each party has a private room, the rooms being separated by wooden partitions. Those who go to the restaurants go there frequently to do business, and in any case not just to dash through the meal, but to spend an evening. In fact, dinner does not usually come till about midnight. Everybody plays mahjong and listens to the singing girls and talks at the same time. Business deals made under these conditions are considered binding. Alcohol is conspicuous by its absence, or rather it does not obtrude itself upon the surroundings as it does in a European restaurant.

A gathering in a restaurant of this type in Hong-kong reminded me, or rather seemed to me to suggest, a kind of Oriental symposium; we used chairs, but the couches were there if we had wished to recline. The main object of the dinner was talk. We were prepared to keep it up all night if necessary, lingering over our dinner and waiting for long periods in between the courses. We had the same slave-girl orchestra and the same absence of women of a high social class. It so happened that we did not have any singing girl who knew the classics and could make antithetical verses, but I think we could have found one. It would, however, have profited me

little, as I should not even have understood her, much less have appreciated her verses.

My companions were an interesting trio. Of one I can give no particulars. My host for the evening was half white, half Chinese. The third was the man I saw a lot of in Hongkong. All three were medical men trained in the British School of Medicine in the colony. The third man had a curious history. He was a bought child, a slave boy, if we like to say so, in the household of a wealthy Chinese. I think things went badly, but his master wanted to treat the boy well. He had him taught English from the age of five, so that to-day he knows English better than he knows Chinese. When he was fourteen he went into business, cutting himself off, so I understood, from his foster father; he subsequently took up medicine as a career. His one idea is to found a dynasty, so to say.

He took me to see a Chinese hospital. The doctor sat and listened to the patient's account of his symptoms; he made a show of feeling the pulse but did not take the trouble to examine the patient in any way. He began to write a prescription before the patient had completed his account of himself and then hurried on to the next. Their pharmacopæia is mediæval in its intensity—dried beetles, centipedes, sea-horses, snake-skins and many kinds of herbs. These are pounded up together and a decoction is made of them in a sort of teapot, which is put on a stove to stew. A patient has to drink about a quart of this hell brew and one is almost inclined to suppose that this is one of the methods ordained by a far-sighted providence to prevent the over-population of China.

The traveller who wanders through China either feels that he has no wish whatever to visit the place

after he has once left it, or (and this is the fate of most) he longs with an infinite longing to go back there again. He who writes about China does not do so unless he has felt the magic of the country and then he lays down his pen, not because his task is finished but rather because he knows that as time must limit most journeys, so space must, happily for the human race, limit what may be written on any one subject.

It was my good fortune to travel from Amoy to Batavia on a ship which was carrying coolie immigrants. They were a cheerful company, mostly men but with a small proportion of women. Space does not permit me here to enter into the whole question of Chinese immigration to Malaya and the Dutch Indies. I shall limit myself to a discussion of the fate of the Chinese in Java. Many, if not most, of the Chinese arrive in Java as coolies. As a class they represent the lowest of the people. They have most of them an absence of manners which is most remarkable in the Chinese. They have been known to smoke what I can only describe as "gaspers" in the truest sense of the word, compounded as they are of tobacco, cannabis indica and opium.¹ They may often be less interesting personally than the Chinese we meet in their own land, but they present an extraordinarily interesting problem which no student of China can afford to neglect.

In Java some thinkers see a serious menace in China and Japan. Japan is at present not very much in evidence; China, on the other hand, plays a prominent part. Practically all the small trade is in the hands of the Chinese, who flourish exceedingly, and I have heard it stated that if there were no

¹I am much indebted to the director of the Government Opium factory in Batavia for showing me his collection of Chinese patent medicines, apparatus for illegal smoking, and other aids to forgetfulness.

western interference, the Dutch Indies would be at the mercy of these enterprising traders. They have not, up to the present, shown any political ability; or rather, it would be better to say that there has been little evidence of political ambitions; for in the Dutch Indies the Chinese have none of the political power that they are beginning to hold in Malaya. In Java, apart from a few Arabs, they have few or no rivals in the retail trade. In Sumatra there are a few native traders, but some Sumatrans have told me that they believe that the Chinese may capture this trade, too, later. The Chinese were in Java before the Dutch came; it is not that they have neglected their opportunities; far from it; they have always taken full advantage of them. On the other hand, they do not aspire to the same type of domination as that to which western nations aspire, nor are they supported by a government with a strong foreign and colonial policy.

The great expansion of European influence came with the renaissance. In spite of the present chaos in China, and the misery and grief that her people are going through, some enthusiasts would have us believe that she is but suffering the birth-pangs of a renaissance and that we shall have a similar expansion; the foundations of it are laid in the whole of the Pacific. The Chinese may be excellent colonists, but it seems very unlikely that such a consummation will ever happen, nor are we likely to get the conditions of European colonization repeated. In Java, at least, the Chinese are invading a thickly-populated area. It is, however, a remarkable thing to find the Chinese flourishing here like a green bay tree, in this case extending their commercial power and, up in the north, under entirely different conditions, pressing forward agriculturally over the great grass

lands, patiently breaking up the prairie with their wooden ploughs. Down in the south they are taking the tribute of commerce in a land of teeming millions; up in the north they are occupying a territory which is little inhabited. It is difficult to discover what the natives think about it. Java and Sunda are different. In Java there is an aristocratic power which has kept the people under subjection.¹

In Sunda a more republican spirit has always prevailed. The people could always fly into the mountains, and they never came under the power of the Sultans. They appear to mix freely with the Chinese, and most of the immigrant ships do not seem to bring enough women.

Every little township in Java has its Chinese merchants, often men of considerable wealth. They are, and have been long (before the time of the Dutch), the true pioneers in the islands. Although the majority in the Dutch Indies are domiciled in Java, there are very many elsewhere; nor are their activities limited to trade. They have distinguished themselves in the tobacco-planting industry in Sumatra, and the tin mines of Banka claim their yearly quota of Chinese. You will find them also in the diamond and gold mines of Western Borneo. Although for the most part they are engaged in trade and industry in Java, in the outer islands they are largely engaged in agriculture. I have met Chinese in Java, however, who were engaged in that most characteristic of all Chinese pursuits, the tending of gardens.

There is a little quarter of Batavia, where the Chinese live, a noisy bustling quarter, quite unlike

¹Java, in ordinary usage, includes the whole island. In using the term Java and Sunda I am referring to the local usage based on political and linguistic differences. Java is the central part of the island and Sunda the more westerly part.

the rest of the city. Here are no gaily-coloured sarongs. The women, clad decorously in black trousers, walk about on their own affairs; the men cheerfully jostle each other along the side walk. The kampongs of so much of the city have a rural character, with their bamboo palisades and waving palms. There is nothing rural about the Chinese city. Most of the shops contained things to eat, but in one, as I came round the corner, I was surprised to find, staring me in the face, a gaudy picture of the Summer Palace in Peking.

There are some delightful old temples, well kept up, and containing porcelain of great price. They have an appearance of great antiquity like an old parish church in England. They are neither decrepit, like so many Chinese temples, nor swept and garnished. One had some old Russian prints in it, historical scenes from the life of Catharine the Great. Some of the temples contain a series of ancestral shrines. Taoism is more in the ascendant than Buddhism. I found here, as I have so often found in my visits to Chinese temples, an atmosphere of peace. Outside, the going and coming of the busy street, the coolies carrying burdens up and down, the shops, the sados and the steam trams; inside, calm, hideous images, a lovely jade Buddha and many porcelain bases, the slow-burning smoke of the joss-sticks, the simple food of the gods, rice and tea and eggs. The instruments for divination, the sticks in a bowl, the bamboo roots lay casually on the altar. I wanted to try the *sortes* but was afraid of shocking my companion. It is remarkable that whatever people may say of the religions of China, that in spite of the awful realism of the hells, in spite of the laziness and filth of many of the priests, in spite of all the things that you can say against it, the people

who worship in these temples go away with that happy expression on their faces which people have when they leave an old church in France or Italy. Islam, in spite of a lofty monotheism, hardly appeals to me. I am a stranger in a mosque ; in a Buddhist temple, with a wider tolerance and, possibly, that subtle influence of western thought, I am at home. I can do little to describe these temples. They are like ten thousand Chinese temples in Asia. Few visitors go there. Of that I have sure proof—the priest never asked for a tip ! Their dominant note is this : they seem to me to represent that joyous pagan animism, a half-belief that it is as well to keep on the right side of heaven in times of trouble, because there may be some power in the old high gods, whoever they may be, after all.

If possible, the Chinese like to go home to die, in order that there may be pious hands to tend the ancestral tablets, and the ghost may find himself in a familiar land. There are, however, many Chinese cemeteries in Java. I can think of one especially. Here in this pleasant tropical island the builders of the tombs have not forgotten to consult the geomancers. The place is full of Feng shui, and endowed with all the natural beauty that the spirits of the earth and the water enjoy. The graveyard is built on the saddle of a hill. In front the ground drops sharply, and he who stands on the crest looks out over a wide green expanse of equatorial forest which runs almost unbroken up to the summit of Mount Salak. Near by are tea plantations and groves of rubber trees. Behind are little palm-sheltered villages and terraced rice fields. At noon the shadows are so hard that the contrast of light and shade is almost painful to the eye. The men work at the endless task of cultivating the rice

fields. From the villages, the sound goes up of the pounding of the rice. The evening comes on almost with the sad feeling that autumn brings in our northern lands. The fire-flies sparkle in and out of the palm trees. Here, far from the warring of Tuchans and the unrest of China, these coolies and merchant adventurers sleep side by side, and the black earth covers them, far from their dear, native land.